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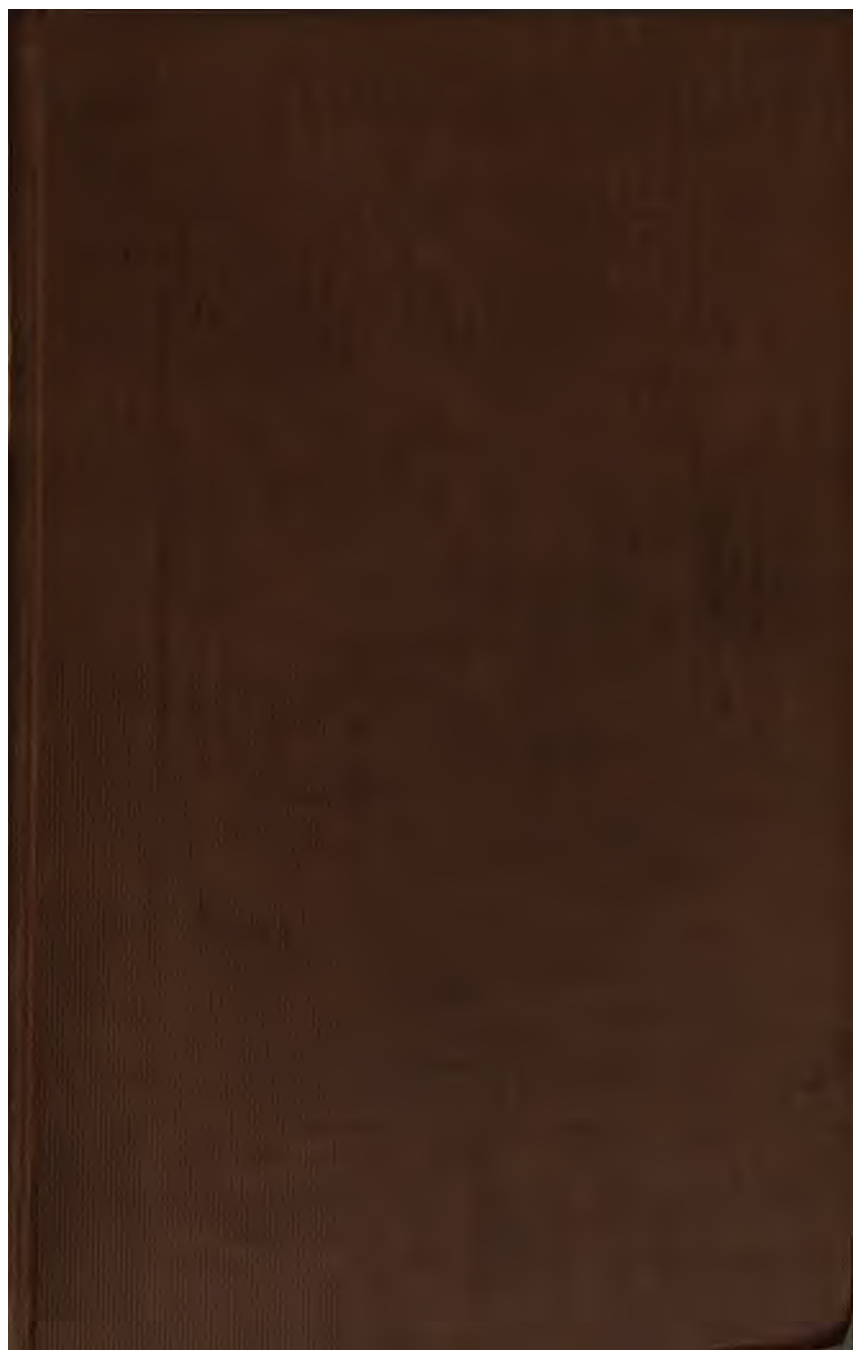
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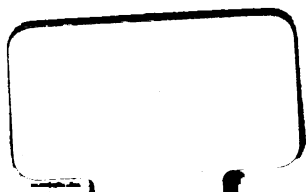
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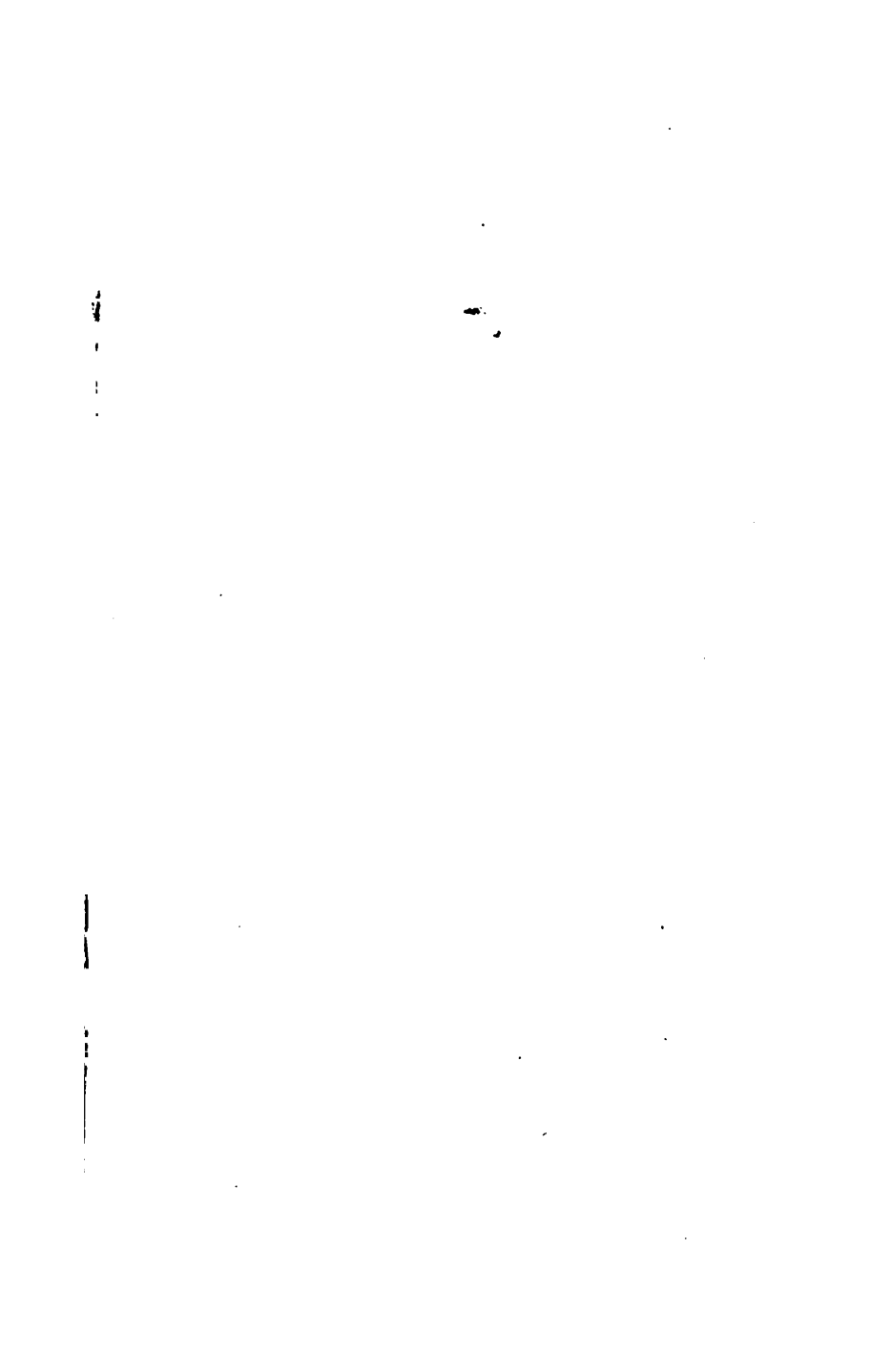
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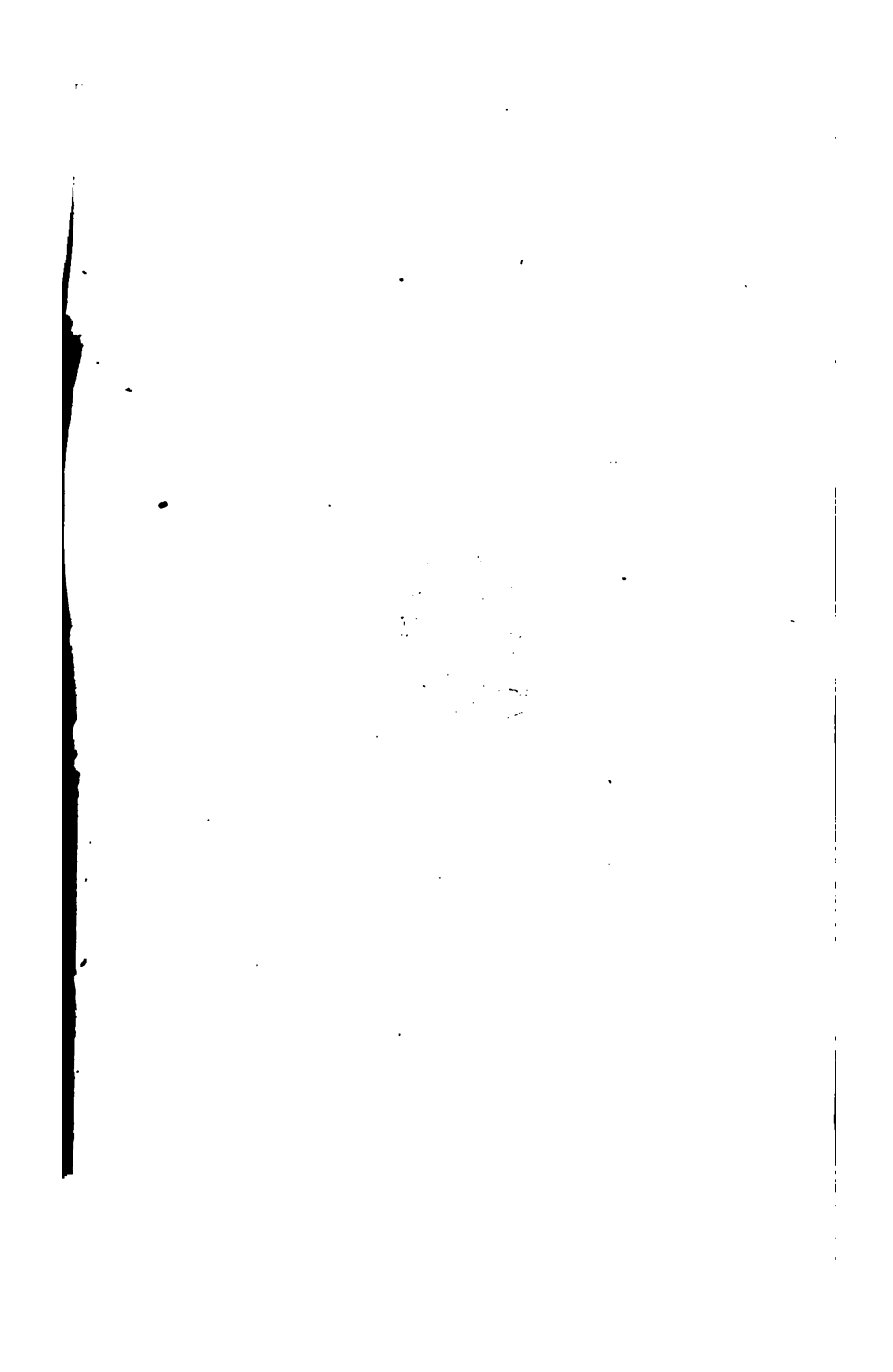


**HESPERIDES**  
**OR THE WORKS BOTH HUMANE**  
**AND DIVINE OF ROBERT**  
**HERRICK ESQ.**



**IN TWO VOLUMES**

**VOL. I.**









*Robert Hearick.*

*Published by William Pickering, Chancery Lane, 21-22.*

HESPERIDES  
OR THE WORKS BOTH HUMANE  
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VOL. I.



LONDON  
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1846





## Preface.



F the *Hesperides* of Herrick it has been said with truth, that "there is no collection of poetry in our language, which, in some respects, more nearly resembles the *Carmina* of Catullus," both in beauties and defects; but our countryman has the advantage of the poet of Verona, that in addition to his festive and amatory spirit, we are often charmed with pictures of country life and manners, notices of old customs and popular superstitions, and with playful incursions into Fairyland. Indeed, the versatility of Herrick in catching the spirit of Anacreon, of Horace, or the pathos of Tibullus, as the occasion required, gives a varied charm to his volume which it is to be regretted should ever be disturbed by pollutions which were the common vice of his age.

Our poet was descended in the male line from an ancient and honourable family in Leicestershire, Robert Eyrick, of Haughton, who lived in

the middle of the fifteenth century, being his immediate ancestor, many of whose descendants of mark are recorded in the ample account of the family collected by the diligence of the worthy John Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire. Thomas Eyrick settled in Leicester, and became a member of the Corporation in 1511. John Eyrick was admitted a freeman of the town in 1535, and afterwards held the office of Mayor; of whom Nicholas Heryck, the poet's father, was the second son. Nicholas, it appears, was articled about the year 1556, to a goldsmith in Cheapside, in which place and trade he afterwards himself settled, marrying, in 1582, Julian, daughter of William Stone, of Seghenoe, in Bedfordshire. The poet was one of the fruits of this union; he was born in Cheapside, and baptized at the church of St. Nicholas Vedaft, August 24, 1591. His father did not survive his birth much more than a year, for he died November 9th, 1592, of the injuries received in a fall from an upper window of his house into the street, and the circumstance of his will having been made but two days before this event, makes it more than probable that the fall was not accidental. Though not extremely wealthy, he appears to have been in very good circumstances, if we consider the difference in the value of money at that time. He estimated his property at 3000*l.* but it realised upwards of 5000*l.* The

poet's mother was then left a widow, and at the time of her husband's death was enceinte, giving birth to a posthumous son, William, in 1593.\*

By his father's will the children were left to the guardianship of their uncle, afterwards Sir William Heyrick, of Beaumanor, and there is therefore no reason to presume that the poet's "education as a boy was neglected." His youth appears to have been passed in London, and from more than one allusion to his "beloved Westminster" in the following poems, we may fairly presume that this venerable seminary of education may add him to her list of worthies.†

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\* He appears to have had two elder brothers, Thomas, who was placed with Mr. Maffam, a merchant in London, but in 1610 appears to have retired into the country, and to have been afterwards settled in a small farm. To him the poem of *A Country Life* is addressed. This Thomas, it is believed, was the father of Thomas, who in 1688 resided at Market Harborough, and grandfather of Thomas, curate of that town, who published in 1691 a volume of poems; he was of Peter House, Cambridge, and dedicated his poems to Katharine, third wife of Lord Roos, afterwards Duke of Rutland. The principal poem in the volume, *The Submarine Voyage*, is inscribed to the young Lord Roos.

Apothor brother, Nicholas, was a Levant merchant, and married Sufanna, daughter of Dr. William Salter.

The verses "TO HIS DYING BROTHER" were addressed to this posthumous child, William.

† In his *Tears to Thamyris*, he thus expresses his regret

So uncertain were the few circumstances recorded of Herrick's life, that Anthony a Wood lays claim to him as an Oxford worthy, though he could find no entry of his name upon the registers. Mr. Nichols has shewn that he was entered as a fellow commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1615, and from several letters to his uncle,† chiefly for pecuniary assistance in the purchase of books, it appears that he remained at St. John's about three years, and then removed to Trinity Hall, with the intention of studying for the law, but where, as he says, "by reason of the privacie of the house, the quantitie of expence will be shortened." It does not appear that his legal studies were long persevered in, as before he quitted the University he took his degree not in *law* but in *arts*.

He subsequently entered into holy orders, and

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at leaving the scenes of his youth :

*Never again shall I with sinny oar  
Put from or draw unto the faithful shore ;  
And landing here, or safely landing there,  
Make way to my beloved Westminster ;  
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth  
Of Julian Herrick gave to me my birth.*

† Four letters by the poet, which were selected from a great number addressed to his uncle, mostly for a remittance of money, have been printed by Mr. Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire, and are subjoined to this preface.

having obtained the patronage of the Earl of Exeter, it appears that by his recommendation he was presented by the King to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, in 1629, which became vacant by the promotion of Dr. Barnaby Potter to the see of Carlisle. Here he passed the next nineteen years of his life, and Wood tells us, that "he here exercised his muse as well in poetry as in other learning, and became much beloved by the gentry in those parts for his florid and witty discourses."

Whether he had acquired habits which made the tranquil life of a country clergyman irksome to him, or from whatever cause, if we may judge from passages in his poems, it would appear that he was not quite reconciled to the dulness and obscurity of his retirement. The river of Deanbourn, near which he resided, he describes as *rockie* and *rude*, and the inhabitants of its vicinity are characterized as

*A people curriſh ; churliſh as the ſeas ;  
And rude, almoſt, as rudeſt ſavages.*

And in another place he ſays :

*More diſcontents I never had,  
Since I was born, than here ;  
Where I have been, and ſtill am ſad,  
In this dull Devonſhire.*



Yet it was during this period of his life that, thrown upon the resources of his imagination, the beauties of surrounding nature seem to have awakened in his mind the love of song, and, as it has been happily said, "he acquired that love of flowers and of fragrance, which imparted to his verse the beauty of the one, and the sweetness of the other." He himself seems to be sensible of this, for he adds,

*Yet justly, too, I must confess  
I ne'er invented such  
Ennobled numbers for the press  
Than where I loath'd so much.*

The greater part of the poems contained in his *Hesperides* bear evidence of having been composed during his first residence at Dean Prior; many of the most beautiful are upon rural subjects, and others are addressed to natives of Devonshire, and we may fairly conjecture, that many of the impurities, which sully the brightness of his wreath, were added during his residence in London,\* in compliance with the taste and in emula-

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\* Yet we may also gather that some of them are to be attributed to the period previous to his taking orders, for he himself says :

*Before I went  
To banishment*

tion of the fashion of the wits about town, and, from some misgivings of his own mind, let us hope contrary to its better dictates.

In 1648, he was ejected from his vicarage by the predominant puritan party, to whom it is obvious that his loyal spirit must have rendered him obnoxious, but it appears that his departure from Dean Prior was accompanied by the regrets of all his flock.

If we may give credit to his own effusions upon this occasion, he rather hailed his expulsion as a deliverance than viewed it as a misfortune: he had probably long sighed for the intercourse of more congenial spirits, and the excitement attendant upon the wit-combats at the Mermaid; and for the converse of such men as Ben Jonson, Sel-den, Charles Cotton, Denham, and others, with whom he appears to have lived in habits of intimacy: and he thus exults in the prospect of exchanging what he considered as his banishment for more congenial scenes:

*From the dull confines of the drooping west,  
To see the day-spring from the pregnant east.  
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly*

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*Into the loathed West,  
I could rehearse  
A lyric verse,  
And speak it with the best.*

*To thee blest place of my nativity ;  
London my home is : though by hard fate sent  
Into a long and dreary banishment.*

With little expectation of being restored to his living, and perhaps with no wish to return, on his arrival in London, he took up his residence in St. Anne's, Westminster, and assumed the lay habit. The payment of fifths of the revenues of his vicarage, which was customary upon ejection, was soon cruelly discontinued, and Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Clergy*, states that he was subsisted by charity. The idea of collecting and publishing his poems at this period, therefore, may have originated in an honest desire to contribute to his own necessities. It is obvious that a volume by Robert Herrick, *Esquire*, would be received by those for whom it was intended with more favour than if he had styled himself the *Reverend*; and as he wrote for bread, we may charitably hope that it was rather from necessity than choice, that, to suit it to the depraved taste of the times, some things were now written and introduced, which under other circumstances his better feelings would have prompted him to omit.

There is a tradition at Dean Prior, that Herrick was the originator of Poor Robin's Almanack, and Nichols remarks, that his poverty during his residence in London renders this not impro-

bable ; but it appears that this almanack was first published in 1661 or 1662, so that if Herrick was the author, it can scarcely be attributed to his poverty, as he was then restored to his vicarage. That he may have engaged in other literary pursuits during his sojourn in London is highly probable, but none of the fruits of his labour are upon record. From an entry on the Stationers' Books in 1639 of "His Mistres's Shade by Robert Herrick," it appears that an earlier publication must have been intended. The entry, which probably relates to the *Hesperides*, was made in 1640, under the title of "The severall Poems written by Robert Herrick," but the volume itself was not published before 1648, though the "Noble Numbers" included in it are dated 1647.

Herrick's name is yet known to the older inhabitants of Dean Prior, and Mr. Nichols found that the "Farewell to Dean Bourn" was still traditionally remembered, though imperfectly, as it had never been committed to writing, but conveyed from father to son by oral instruction.

On the publication of Dr. Nott's *Selections* from Herrick's *Hesperides* in 1810, an article appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for August of that year, which, upon internal evidence, we may with some degree of certainty attribute to the pen of Southey, and as the account of a visit he made to Dean Prior in quest of traditional information

about our poet is brief and interesting, it may with propriety find a place here.

“ Being in Devonshire during the last summer, we took an opportunity of visiting Dean Prior, for the purpose of making some inquiries concerning Herrick, who, from the circumstance of having been vicar of that parish (where he is still talked of as a poet, a wit, and a hater of the country,) for twenty years, might be supposed to have left some unrecorded memorials of his existence behind him.

“ We found many persons in the village who could repeat some of his lines, and none who were not acquainted with his ‘ Farewell to Dean Bourn,’ which they said he uttered as he crossed the brook, upon being ejected by Cromwell from the vicarage to which he had been presented by Charles the First. But they added, with an air of innocent triumph, ‘ he did see it again ;’ as was the fact after the Restoration. And, indeed, though he calls Devonshire ‘ dull,’ yet as he admits at the same time, that he never invented such ennobled numbers for the press, as in that ‘ loathed spot,’ the good people of Dean Prior have not much reason to be dissatisfied.

“ The person, however, who knows more of Herrick than all the rest of the neighbourhood, we found to be a poor woman in the 99th year of her age, named Dorothy King. She repeated to

us, with great exactness, five of his "Noble Numbers," among which was the beautiful Litany. These she had learned from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's successor in the vicarage. She called them her prayers, which, she said, she was in the habit of putting up in bed, whenever she could not sleep; and she therefore began the Litany at the second stanza:

*When I lie within my bed, &c.*

Another of her midnight orisons was the poem beginning

*Every night thou dost me fright,*

*And keep mine eyes from sleeping, &c.*

She had no idea that these poems had been printed, and could not have read them if she had seen them. She is in possession of few traditions as to the person, manners, and habits of life of the poet; but in return, she has a whole budget of anecdotes respecting his ghost; and these she details with a careless but serene gravity, which one would not willingly discompose by any hints at a remote possibility of their not being exactly true. Herrick, she says, was a bachelor, and kept a maidservant,\* as his poems indeed discover, but she adds, which

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\* Prudence Baldwin, whose memory is enshrined in his verses, and who we may presume from her faithful services was deserving of the poet's esteem.

they do not discover, that he also kept a pet-pig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard. And this important circumstance, together with a tradition that he one day threw his sermon at the congregation, with a curse for their inattention, forms almost the sum total of what we could collect of the poet's life. After his death, indeed, he furnished more ample materials for biography, and we could fill a volume with the fearful achievements of his wandering spirit ;

*But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.*

These traditionary tales of two centuries old, serve to shew the respect in which a literary man is held even by the vulgar and uneducated."

Herrick was succeeded in the Vicarage of Dean Prior by John Sym, who held the incumbency from 1648 to 1660, soon after which it was restored to the author of the *Hesperides*, who died there, but we have no record of these his later years. It has been conjectured that his death took place in 1674, that being the year in which his successor was inducted into the living of Dean Prior.

As a loyalist and sufferer in the cause, there can be no doubt that Herrick was popular with the Cavalier party, and that his poems were received with the favour they deserved by his contempora-

ries, for that they were popular must be inferred from the number of them which were set to music by Henry Lawes, Lanier, Wilson, and Ramsay ; it is somewhat difficult to account for the seeming neglect which they experienced in after times. He is very briefly noticed by the earlier writers on English poetry ; the short notices of Phillips, Winstanley and Anthony a Wood, manifest that they were very slightly acquainted with his works, and the first of these unjustly represents him as inspired by no goddess but his maid Prue, but he quaintly adds, " A pretty flowry and pastoral gale of fancy, a vernal prospect of some hill, cave, rock, or fountain, but for the interruption of other trivial passages, might have made up none of the worst poetic landscapes."

Wood speaks more favourably of his poetry ; but Granger, in his Biographical History, after re-echoing Phillips, says flippantly enough, that " Prue was but indifferently qualified to be a tenth muse."

About the year 1796, Mr. Nichols, in his diligent researches after the worthies of Leicestershire, was naturally led to the examination of Herrick's poetry, and gave some notices in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1796 and 1797, which were the first attempts to awaken attention to its merits in recent times. The first edition of Mr. George Ellis's Specimens of the Early English



Poets omits any notice of him ; but in the second edition, four extracts are given, not all of them the best that might have been adduced.

At length, in 1798, Dr. Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, published three papers on the Life, Writings, and Genius of Robert Herrick, in which numerous specimens of his poetry were given, with such particulars of his life as he could collect, and an accurate and dispassionate critique upon his merits.

In the year 1810, Dr. Nott, a physician of Bristol, published a small volume containing Selections from the *Hesperides*, but as he had been anticipated by Dr. Drake in his notices of the poet, his preface is very brief ; he however added a few notes to the poems, which are principally illustrative, with an occasional critical remark, briefly calling the attention of the reader to their merits, and pointing out the classical imitations.

This publication was noticed in the article in the *Quarterly Review* for August 1810, which has been attributed to Southey, and which must no doubt have tended to make the poet's merits and defects more generally known.

It was not until 1823, that an entire reprint of the *Hesperides* was given, to which was prefixed a judicious preface, wherein the editor justly observes, that "*Selections* from the writings of an author are not popular. Readers, and above all,

readers of poetry, are fond of exercising their own judgment in *selecting*, upon which they naturally place greater reliance than upon that of any editor whatever. In this view, it has been thought advisable to republish the whole of the *Hesperides*, although the work certainly contains much that might have been omitted without injury to the fame of the author, and probably without diminishing the pleasure of the generality of his readers. At the same time, it has never been considered necessary with a view to publication to exclude the *Miller*, the *Reve*, or the *Wife of Bath*, with her facetious prologue, from the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*; or to prune the exuberance of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, or Dryden,—in all of whose writings as much of impurity is to be found as in the *Hesperides*. There is no good reason why Herrick should be differently dealt with, more especially as his poetry is generally illustrative of the taste and manners of the times. These must ever be subjects of interest, and the *Hesperides* is therefore now given precisely as it was presented by the author to the public in 1648."

"It appears to us," says a writer already cited, "that Herrick trifled in this way solely in compliment to the taste of the age; and that whenever he wrote to please himself he wrote from the heart to the heart."

His "*Night-piece*," his *Corinna going a May-ing*, his *Gather ye rose buds while ye may*, and his *Mad Maid's Song*, are not greater proofs of his taste and feeling than of his genius. Such real poetry as is to be found in his *When he would have his Verses read*, *No bashfulness in Begging*, *Upon his departure hence*, *His wish to Privacy*, *His Alms*, *His Winding Sheet*, and the *Epitaph on a Child*,

· *But born and like a short delight,*

*His Thanksgiving to God for his House*, and *His Litany*, are "Noble Numbers" indeed.

Herrick possessed a vigour of fancy, a warmth of feeling, a soundness of sense, and an ease of versification, sufficient to rank him very high in the scale of English minor poets; and we are quite convinced that when the list of these is made out in future his name will not be forgotten."

"Herrick," says Mr. Campbell, "were we to fix our eyes on a small portion of his works, might be pronounced a writer of delightful Anacreontic spirit. He has passages where the thought seems to dance into numbers from his very heart, and where he frolics like a being made up of melody and pleasure, as where he sings,

*Gather ye rose buds while ye may, &c.*

In the same spirit are his verses '*To Anthea*,' concluding,

*Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me ;  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.*

But his beauties are deeply involved in surrounding coarseness and extravagance. What is divine has much of poetry, that which is human has the frailty of flesh."

But his most enthusiastic admirer and warmest panegyrist, is a writer in the *Retrospective Review*, published in August 1823,\* and who gave, in that miscellany, selections from the *Hesperides* which abundantly justify the following eulogium :

" While the phlegmatic grace and pedantry of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Carew, have been the subjects of general observation, the varied modulation and exquisite harmony of Herrick's muse have been totally neglected. He who excels both, not only in structure of his verse, but in the more essential requisites of poetry, is less known than either. But forgetting the impurities of our author, and estimating the chaster effusions of his felicitous genius, we do not hesitate to pronounce him THE VERY BEST OF ENGLISH LYRIC POETS. He is the most joyous and gladsome of bards, singing like the grasshopper, as if he would never grow old. He is as fresh as the spring, as

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\* Vol. v. p. 156.

blithe as the summer, and as ripe as the autumn. We know of no English poet who is so *abandonné*, as the French term it, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings, who is so much heart and soul in what he writes, and this not on one subject only, but on all subjects alike. The spirit of song dances in his veins, and flutters around his lips—now bursting into the joyful and hearty voice of the epicurean ; sometimes breathing forth strains soft as the sigh of ‘buried love,’ and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness. It is that delicate pathos, which is at the same time natural and almost playful, which most charms us in the writings of Herrick. As for his versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of rhythmical harmony in the language, flowing with an almost wonderful grace and flexibility.”

The same writer observes, that “Herrick had so very high a notion of the value of his compositions, that he conceived it necessary only to mention his friends in this volume, in order to confer immortality upon them. He constituted himself high priest of the temple of fame, and assumed the power of apotheosizing such writers as he conceived deserving of that honour, never once dreaming of the possibility of both himself and his works being neglected or forgotten. Many addresses to his friends and relations, avowing his potency in this high vocation, are scattered through his works.

Some of them, however, have juster titles to immortality than the lay of the poet can confer—such as Selden and Ben Jonson, &c.”

Having indicated to the reader, and in some cases adduced the testimony to the claim our poet has to his attention, he can well dispense with any further observations on our part, and we cannot do better than to take our leave of him and the poet in the words of his most ardent admirer.

“ And now farewell, young Herrick ! for young is the spirit of thy poetry, as thy wisdom is old : mayest thou flourish in immortal youth, thou boon companion and most jocund songster ! May thy purest poems be piped from hill to hill, throughout England ; and thy spirit, tinged with superstitious lore, be gladdened by the music ! May the flowers breathe incense to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them unsung ! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises, as thou hast warbled theirs ! And may those, who live well, sing, and those, who love well, sigh sweet panegyrics to thy memory ! Ours shall not be wanting, for we have read thee much, and like thee much.”

*Thou shalt not all die ; for, while Love's fire shines  
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines.*

S. W. S.

MICKLEHAM, FEB. 1846.

*\*\* The following LETTERS of the Poet to Sir William Herrick, were selected by Mr. Nichols, and published in his History of Leicestershire, from a great number, most of them requesting a remittance of cash.*

1. " Sir, my dutie remembred to yourself and Lady; the cause essentiall is this: That I would entreat you to paye to this bringer to Mr. Adrian Marius, bookseller, in the Black Friars, the some of *XL*. the which my tutor hath receaved, to be payde at London. I have busines that drawes me from prolixitie; and I crave pardon for this rudeness, still expecting the sun-shine of youre favoure and the daye of happines. I end with my prayers for your preservation and health, the best terrestriall good. Long lyf and the aspections of Heaven fall upon you. Your ever obsequious, R. Hearick. Cambridge, 11th of October."

2. " Sir, I presume againe to present another embassador, who, in the best eloquence that was taught him, aboundly thanks you for the larg extent of your favor and kindness; which, though present time denies to mak any ostentation of desert, yet future . . . crownes the expectation of the hopefull; and because the urgent extreamite and unexpected occasion of chamber-roome instigate me to such importunate demands, I am bold to entreat you that the mony might this week be sent me, for necessitie fervently requires it; and I am sorrie to be the subject of so great a molestation to your Worship; but, trusting on your patience, I am bold to saye that generous minds still have the best contentment, and willingly healep where there is an evidencie of want. Thus hoping to triumph in the victorie of my wishes, by being not frustrated in my expectation, I take my leave, and eternally thank you; living to be commanded by you and yours to the end of mortallitie, ever most obsequious, R. Hearick.

"Be it known to all, that I Robert Hearick, fellow-commoner of St. John's Colledge in Cambridg, acknowledged myself to stand indebted unto my uncle, Sir William Hearick, Knight in the some of tenn pounds, for so much receaved of him; to be repayed unto him at all times, I saye, receaved tenn pounds. Robert Hearick."

3. From *St. John's in Cambridge*.—"Qui timide rogat, negare docet.—Are the minds of men immutable? and will they rest in one opinion without the least perspicuous shewe of chaing? O, no, they cannot; for, *tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis*: it is an old, but yet yoong, saying in our age, 'as times chaing, so men's minds are altered.' Oh! would . . . . . weere seene, for then some pittying planet would with a *drop of dew* refresh my withered hopes, and give a lyfe to that which is about to die. The bodie is preserved by foode, and lyfe by hope; which, but wanting either of these conservers, faint, feare, fall, frease, and die. 'Tis in your power to cure all, to infuse by a profusion a duple lyf into a single body. *Homo homini Deus*; man should be soe, and he is commanded so; but fraile and glasslik man proves brittle in many things. How kind Arcefilaus the philosopher was unto Apelles the painter, Plutarch in his Morals will tell you; which should I here depaint, the length of my letter would hide the light of my labour; which that it may not, I bridle-in my quill, and mildly, and yet I fear too rashely and too boldly, make knowne and discover, which modestie would conceale, and this is all: my studie craves but your assistance to furnish hir with books, wherein she is most desirous to laboure. Blame not her modest boldnes; but suffer the aspersions of your love to distill upon hir; and, next to Heaven, she will consecrate hir laboures unto you; and because that Time hath devoured some yeers, I am the more importunate in the craving. Suffer not the distance to hinder that which I know your disposition will not denie; and now is the time (that *florida aetas*), which promises fruitfulness for hir former barrenness, and wisheth all to hope. As every thing will have in time an end; so this, which though it would extend itself and overflow its bounds, I forcebly withstand it; wishing this world's happines to follow and attend you in this lyf; and that



with a triumphant crown of glorie you maye bee crowned in the best world to come. Robert Hearick."

4. "After my abundant thanks for your last great love (worthie Sir), proud of your favoure and kindness shewne by my Ladie to my unworthie selfe, thus I laye open myself; that, for as much as my continuance will not long confist in the spheare where I now move, I make known my thoughts, and modestly crave your counsell, whether it were better for me to direct my study towards the Lawe or not; which if I should (as it will not be impertinent), I can with facilitie laboure myself into another Colledg appointed for the like end and studye, where I assure myself the charge will not be so great as where I now exist; I make bold freely to acquaint you with my thoughts; and I entreat you answere me: this being most which checks me, that my time (I trust) beeing short, it may be to a lesser end and smaller purpose; but that shall be as you shall lend direction. Nothing now remains but my perfect thankfullness and remembrance of your hopeful promises; which when Heaven, working with you, shall bring them to performance, I shall triumph in the victorie of my wishes; till when, my prayers shall invoke Heaven to powre upon you and your posteritie the utmost of all essentiall happiness. Yours, ever-servicable, R. Hearick."

5. "Sir, the confidence I have of your both virtuous and generous disposition makes me (though with some honest reluctance) the seldomer to sollicite you; for, I have so incorporated beleeve into me, that I cannot chuse but perswade myself that (though absent) I stand imprinted in your memorie; and the remembrance of my last beeing at London servd for an earnest motive (which I trust lives yet unperisht) to the effectuating of my desire, which is not but in modesty ambitious, and consequently virtuous; but, where freeness is evident, there needs no feere for forwardness; and I doubt not (because fayth gives boldness) but that Heaven, together with yourself, will bring my ebbing estate to an indifferent tyde; meanwhile I hope I have (as I presume you know) changed my Colledg for one where the quantitie of expence will be shortned, by reason of the privacie of the house, where I propose to live

recluse till time contract me to some other calling, striving now with myself (retayning upright thoughts) both sparingly to live, thereby to shun the current of expence. This is my desire (which I entreat may be performd), that Mr. Adrian Marius, bookseller, of the Blackfryers, maye be payd ten pounds as heretofore, and to take his acquittance. Trusting whereto, Ile terminate your fight, and end; hoping to see your dayes many and good; and prosperitie to crown yourself and issue. Ever serviceable to your vertues,  
R. Hearick. Trinitie Hall, Cam."

"Sir, that which makes my letter to be abortive and borne before maturitie, is and hath been my Commencement, which I have now overgrown, though I confesse with many a throe and pinches of the purse; but it was necessaric, and the prize was worthie the hazarde; which makes me les sensible of the expence, by reason of a titular prerogative—*Et bonum est prodire in bono*. The essence of my writing is (as heretofore) to entreat you to paye for my use to Mr. Arthour Johnson, bookseller, in Paule's Churchyard, the ordinarie sume of tenn pounds, and that with as much sceleritie you maye, though I could wish chardges had leaden wings and tortice feet to come upon me; *sed votis puerilibus opto*. Sir, I fix my hopes on Time and you; still gazing for an happie flight of biroles, and the refreshing blast of a second winde, doubtfull as yet of either fortunes: I live, hoarding up provision against the assault of either. Thus I salute your vertues.

"Hopefull R. Hearick, Cambr. April 1617."

Prefixed to the original edition of the *Hesperides* is an engraved portrait of Herrick by Marshall, surrounded by emblematic devices ; under which is inscribed the following complimentary lines :—

*Tempora cinxisset foliorum densior umbra :*

*Debetur genio laurea sylva tuo.*

*Tempora et illa tibi mollis redimisset oliva ;*

*Scilicet excludis versibus arma tuis.*

*Admisce antiqua novis, jucunda severis :*

*Hinc juvenis discat, fœmina, virgo, senex.*

*Ut solo minores Phæbo, sic majores unus*

*Omnibus, ingenio, mente, lepore, stylo.*

J. H. C.

**Hesperides :**  
**Or, the Works both Humane and**  
**Divine of *Robert Herrick,***  
**Esq.**

---

OVID.  
*Effugient avidos Carmina nostra Rogos.*

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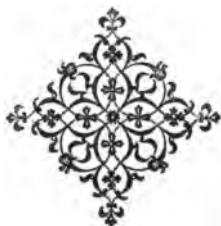


*To the*  
*Most Illustrious and Most Hopefull*  
PRINCE, CHARLES, PRINCE  
of WALES.



Ell may my Book come forth like Pub-  
lique Day,  
When such a *Light* as *You* are leads  
the way :

Who are my Works *Creator*, and alone  
The *Flame* of it, and the *Expansion*.  
And look how all those heavenly Lamps acquire  
Light from the Sun, that *inexhausted Fire* :  
So all my *Morne*, and *Evening Stars* from You  
Have their *Existence*, and their *Influence* too.  
Full is my Book of Glories ; but all These  
By You become *Immortall Substances*.





# Hesperides.

*The Argument of his Book.*



Sing of *Brooks*, of *Blossomes*, *Birds*, and  
*Bowers* :

Of *April*, *May*, of *June*, and *July*-  
*Flowers*.

I sing of *May-poles*, *Hock-carts*, *Wassails*, *Wakes*,  
Of *Bride-grooms*, *Brides*, and of their *Bridall-cakes*.

I write of *Youth*, of *Love*, and have Accesse  
By these, to sing of cleanly-*Wantonneffe*.

I sing of *Dewes*, of *Raines*, and piece by piece  
Of *Balme*, of *Oyle*, of *Spice*, and *Amber-Greece*.

I sing of *Times trans-shifting* ; and I write  
How *Roses* first came *Red*, and *Lillies White*.

I write of *Groves*, of *Twilights*, and I sing  
The Court of *Mab*, and of the *Fairie-King*.

I write of *Hell* ; I sing, and ever shall,  
Of *Heaven*, and hope to have it after all.



*To his Muse.*

W<sup>H</sup>ither, *mad Maiden*, wilt thou roame?  
Farre safer 'twere to stay at home;  
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please  
The poore and private *Cottages*.  
Since *Coats* and *Hamlets* best agree  
With this thy meaner Minstrallsie.  
There with the Reed, thou mayst expresse  
The Shepherds Fleecie happinesse:  
And with thy *Eclogues* intermixe  
Some smooth and harmlesse *Beucolicks*.  
There on a Hillock thou mayst sing  
Unto a handsome Shephardling;  
Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)  
With breath more sweet then Violet.  
There, there, perhaps, such Lines as These  
May take the simple *Villages*.  
But for the Court, the Country wit  
Is despicable unto it.  
Stay then at home, and doe not goe  
Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.  
Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell;  
No *Critick* haunts the Poore mans Cell:  
Where thou mayst hear thine own Lines read  
By no one tongue, there, censured.  
That man's unwise will search for Ill,  
And may prevent it, sitting still.

*To his Booke.*

**W**Hile thou didst keep thy *Candor* undefil'd,  
Deerely I lov'd thee, as my first-borne child:  
But when I saw thee wantonly to roame  
From house to house, and never stay at home;  
I brake my bonds of Love, and bad thee goe,  
Regardlesse whether well thou sped'st, or no.  
On with thy fortunes then, what e're they be;  
If good I'le smile, if bad I'le sigh for Thee.

*Another.*

**T**O read my Booke the Virgin shie  
May blush, while *Brutus* standeth by:  
But when He's gone, read through what's writ,  
And never stain a cheek for it.

*Another.*

**W**Ho with thy leaves shall wipe, at need,  
The place, where swelling *Piles* do breed:  
May every Ill, that bites, or smarts,  
Perplexe him in his hinder-parts.

*To the Soure Reader.*

**I**F thou dislikest the Piece thou light'st on first;  
Thinke that of All, that I have writ, the worst:

But if thou read'st my Booke unto the end,  
 And still do'st this, and that verse, reprehend :  
 O Perverse man ! If All disgustfull be,  
 The Extreame Scabbe take thee, and thine, for me.

*To his Booke.*

Come thou not neere those men, who are like  
*Bread*  
 O're-leven'd ; or like *Cheese* o're-renetted.

*When he would have his Verses read.*

IN sober mornings, doe not thou reherse  
 The holy incantation of a verse ;  
 But when that men have both well drunke, and fed,  
 Let my Enchantments then be sung, or read.  
 When Laurell spirts i'th' fire, and when the Hearth  
 Smiles to it selfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth ;  
 When up the *Thyrse*\* is rais'd, and when the sound  
 Of sacred *Orgies*† flies, A round, A round.  
 When the *Rose* raignes, and locks with ointments  
 Let rigid *Cato* read these Lines of mine. [shine,

*Upon Julia's Recovery.*

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,  
 Ye *Roses* almost withered ;

---

\* A *Javelin* twind with *Ivy*.

† Songs to *Bacchus*.

Now strength, and newer Purple get,  
 Each here declining *Violet*.  
 O *Primroses* ! let this day be  
 A Resurrection unto ye ;  
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,  
 Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood :  
 For Health on *Julia's* cheek hath shed  
 Clarret, and Creame commingled.  
 And those her lips doe now appeare  
 As beames of *Corrall*, but more cleare.

*To Silvia to wed.*

L Et us (though late) at last (my *Silvia*) wed ;  
 And loving lie in one devoted bed.  
 Thy Watch may stand, my minutes fly poste haste ;  
 No sound calls back the yeere that once is past.  
 Then, sweetest *Silvia*, let's no longer stay ;  
*True love, we know, precipitates delay.*  
 Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove ;  
*No man at one time, can be wise, and love.*

*The Parliament of Roses to Julia.*

I Dreamt the Roses one time went  
 To meet and sit in Parliament :  
 The place for these, and for the rest  
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast :  
 Over the which a State was drawne  
 Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne ;

Then in that *Parly*, all those powers  
 Voted the Rose, the Queen of flowers.  
 But so, as that her self should be  
 The maide of Honour unto thee.

*No Bashfulness in Begging.*

**T**O get thine ends, lay Bashfulness aside ;  
*Who feares to aske, doth teach to be deny'd.*

*The Frozen Heart.*

**I** Freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwells  
 In me but Snow, and *yficles*.  
 For pitties sake, give your advice,  
 To melt this snow, and thaw this ice ;  
 I'll drink down Flames, but if so be  
 Nothing but love can supple me ;  
 I'll rather keepe this frost, and snow,  
 Then to be thaw'd, or heated so.

*To Perilla.*

**A**H, my *Perilla* ! do'st thou grieve to see  
 Me, day by day, to steale away from thee ?  
 Age calls me hence, and my gray haire bid come,  
 And haste away to mine eternal home ;  
 'Twill not be long, *Perilla*, after this,  
 That I must give thee the *supremest* kisse :  
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring

Part of the creame from that *Religious Spring* ;  
 With which, *Perilla*, wash my hands and feet ;  
 That done, then wind me in that very sheet  
 Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou didst  
 implore

The Gods protection, but the night before) ;  
 Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there  
 Let fall a *Primrose*, and with it a teare :  
 Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be  
 Devoted to the memory of me :  
 Then shall my *Ghost* not walk about, but keep  
 Still in the coole and silent shades of sleep.

*A Song to the Maskers.*

1. **C**OME down, and dance ye in the toyle  
 Of pleasures, to a Heate ;  
 But if to moisture, let the oyle  
 Of Roses be your sweat.
2. Not only to your selves assume  
 These sweets, but let them fly ;  
 From this to that, and so Perfume  
 E'ne all the standers by.
3. As Goddess *Isis*, when she went,  
 Or glided through the street,  
 Made all that touch't her, with her scent,  
 And whom she touch't, turne sweet.

*To Perenna.*

WHen I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie  
 In any one, the least indecencie :  
 But every Line and Limb diffused thence,  
 A faire and unfamiliar excellence :  
 So that the more I look, the more I prove,  
 Ther's still more cause, why I the more should love.

*Treason.*

THE seeds of *Treason* choake up as they spring :  
*He acts the Crime, that gives it Cherishing.*

*Two Things Odious.*

TWO of a thousand things, are disallow'd,  
 A lying *Rich* man, and a *Poore* man proud.

*To his Mistresses.*

HELpe me ! helpe me ! now I call  
 To my pretty *Witchcrafts* all :  
 Old I am, and cannot do  
 That, I was accustom'd to.  
 Bring your *Magicks, Spels, and Charmes,*  
 To enflsh my thighs, and armes :  
 Is there no way to beget  
 In my limbs their former heat ?

*Æson* had, as *Poets* faine,  
 Baths that made him young againe :  
 Find that *Medicine*, if you can,  
 For your drie-decrepid man :  
 Who would faine his strength renew,  
 Were it but to pleasure you.

*The Wounded Heart.*

COME bring your *sampler*, and with Art,  
 Draw in't a wounded Heart ;  
 And dropping here, and there :  
 Not that I thinke, that any Dart,  
 Can make your's bleed a teare :  
 Or peirce it any where ;  
 Yet doe it to this end : that I,  
                                 May by  
                                 This secret see,  
                                 Though you can make  
 That *Heart* to bleed, your's ne'r will ake  
                                 For me.

*No Loathsomnesse in Love.*

W<sup>H</sup>at I fancy, I approve,  
     *No Dislike there is in Love :*  
 Be my *Mistresse* short or tall,  
 And distorted there-withall :  
 Be she likewise one of those,  
 That an *Acre* hath of Nose :



Be her forehead, and her eyes  
 Full of incongruities :  
 Be her cheeks so shallow too,  
 As to shew her *Tongue* wag through :  
 Be her lips ill hung, or set,  
 And her grinders black as jet ;  
 Ha's she thinne haire, hath she none,  
 She's to me a *Paragon*.

*To Anthea.*

**I**F, deare *Anthea*, my hard fate it be  
 To live some few-sad-howers after thee :  
 Thy *sacred Corse* with *Odours* I will burne ;  
 And with my *Lawrell* crown thy *Golden Urne*.  
 Then holding up, there, such religious Things,  
 As were, time past, thy holy *Filings* :  
 Nere to thy *Reverend Pitcher* I will fall  
 Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall :  
 So three in one small plat of ground shall ly,  
*Anthea*, *Herrick*, and his *Poetry*.

*The Weeping Cherry.*

**I**Saw a *Cherry* weep, and why ?  
 Why wept it ? but for shame,  
 Because my *Julia's* lip was by,  
 And did out-red the same.  
 But, pretty Fondling, let not fall  
 A teare at fall or that :

Which *Rubies, Coralls, Scarlets*, all  
For tincture, wonder at.

*Soft Musick.*

THE mellow touch of musick most doth wound  
The soule, when it doth rather figh, then found.

*The Difference betwixt  
Kings and Subjects.*

TWIXT Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty  
odds,  
Subjects are taught by *Men* ; Kings by the *Gods*.

*His Answer to a Question.*

SOME would know  
Why I so  
Long still doe tarry,  
And ask why  
Here that I  
Live, and not marry ?  
Thus I those  
Doe oppose ;  
What man would be here,  
Slave to Thrall,  
If at all  
He could live free here ?

*Upon Julia's Fall.*

**J**ULIA was carelesse, and withall,  
 She rather took, then got a fall :  
 The wanton *Ambler* chanc'd to see  
 Part of her leggs sinceritie :  
 And ravish'd thus, it came to passe,  
 The Nagge, like to the *Prophets Asse*,  
 Began to speak, and would have been  
 A telling what rare fights h'ad seen :  
 And had told all ; but did refraine,  
 Because his Tongue was ty'd againe.

*Expences Exhaust.*

**L**Ive with a thrifty, not a needy Fate ;  
*Small shots paid often, waste a vast estate.*

*Love what it is.*

**L**Ove is a circle that doth restlesse move  
 In the same sweet eternity of love.

*Presence and Absence.*

**W**Hen what is lov'd is Present, love doth spring ;  
 But being Absent, Love lies languishing.

*No Spouse but a Sister.*

**A** Bachelour I will  
Live as I have liv'd still,  
And never take a Wife  
To crucifie my life :  
But this I'll tell ye too,  
What now I meane to doe ;  
A Sister, in the stead  
Of Wife, about I'll lead ;  
Which I will keep embrac'd,  
And kisse, but yet be chaste.

*The Pomander Bracelet.*

**T**O me my *Julia* lately sent  
A Bracelet richly redolent :  
The Beads I kist, but most lov'd her  
That did perfume the Pomander.

*The Shooe-tying.*

**A** *Nthea* bade me tie her shooe ;  
I did ; and kist the Instep too :  
And would have kist unto her knee,  
Had not her Blush rebuked me.

*The Carkanet.*

**I**Nstead of Orient Pearls of Jet,  
I sent my Love a Karkanet :

About her spotlesse neck she knit  
 The lace, to honour me, or it :  
 Then think how wrapt was I to see  
 My Jet t'enthall such Ivorie.

*His sailing from Julia.*

WHEN that day comes, whose evening fayer I'm  
 Unto that watrie Desolation : [gone  
 Devoutly to thy *Closet-gods* then pray,  
 That my wing'd Ship may meet no *Remora*.  
 Those Deities which circum-walk the Seas,  
 And look upon our dreadfull passages,  
 Will from all dangers re-deliver me,  
 For one *drink-offering* poured out by thee.  
*Mercie* and *Truth* live with thee ! and forbear  
 In my short absence, to unsluce a teare :  
 But yet for Loves-sake, let thy lips doe this,  
 Give my dead picture one engendring kisse :  
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell  
 In thy remembrance, *Julia*. So farewell.

*How the Wall-flower came first, and  
 why so called.*

WHY this Flower is now call'd so,  
 Lift, sweet maids, and you shal know.  
 Understand, this First-ling was  
 Once a brisk and bonny Lasse,  
 Kept as close as *Danae* was :

Who a sprightly *Springall* lov'd,  
 And to have it fully prov'd,  
 Up she got upon a wall,  
 Tempting down to slide withall :  
 But the filken twist unty'd,  
 So she fell, and bruiſ'd, she dy'd.  
 Love, in pitty of the deed,  
 And her loving-luckleſſe ſpeed,  
 Turn'd her to this Plant, we call  
 Now, *The Flower of the Wall*.

*Why Flowers change colour.*

**T**Hese freſh beauties, we can prove,  
 Once were Virgins ſick of love,  
 Turn'd to Flowers. Still in ſome  
 Colours goe, and colours come.

*To his Miſtreſſe objecting to him neither  
 Toying or Talking.*

**Y**OU ſay I love not, 'cauſe I doe not play  
 Still with your curles, and kiſſe the time away.  
 You blame me too, becauſe I cann't deviſe  
 Some ſport, to pleaſe thoſe Babies in your eyes :  
 By *Loves Religion*; I muſt here confeſſe it,  
 The moſt I love, when I the leaſt expreſſe it.  
*Small griefs find tongues* : Full Caſques are ever  
 To give, if any, yet but little ſound. [found  
*Deep waters noiſe-leſſe are* ; and this we know,

*That chiding streams betray small depth below.*  
 So when Love speechlesse is she doth expresse  
 A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.  
 Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,  
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

*Upon the Loss of his Mistresses.*

I Have lost, and lately, these  
 Many dainty Mistresses :  
 Stately *Julia*, prime of all ;  
*Saphe* next, a principall :  
 Smooth *Anthea*, for a skin  
 White, and Heaven-like Chrystalline :  
 Sweet *Electra*, and the choice  
*Myrha*, for the Lute, and Voice.  
 Next, *Corinna*, for her wit,  
 And the graceful use of it :  
 With *Perilla* : All are gone ;  
 Onely *Herrick's* left alone,  
 For to number sorrow by  
 Their departures hence, and die.

*The Dream.*

ME thought, last night, Love in an anger came,  
 And brought a rod, so whipt me with the  
 same :  
*Mirtle* the twigs were, meerly to imply ;  
 Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle crueltie.

Patient I was : Love pitifull grew then,  
 And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen.  
 Thus like a Bee, *Love-gentle* stil doth bring  
 Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

*The Vine.*

I Dream'd this mortal part of mine  
 Was Metamorphoz'd to a Vine ;  
 Which crawling one and every way,  
 Enthrall'd my dainty *Lucia*.  
 Me thought, her long small legs & thighs  
 I with my *Tendrils* did surprize ;  
 Her Belly, Buttocks, and her Waste  
 By my soft *Nerv'ls* were embrac'd :  
 About her head I writhing hung,  
 And with rich clusters (hid among  
 The leaves) her temples I behung :  
 So that my *Lucia* seem'd to me  
 Young *Bacchus* ravish't by his tree.  
 My curles about her neck did craule,  
 And armes and hands they did enthrall :  
 So that she could not freely stir,  
 (All parts there made one prisoner).  
 But when I crept with leaves to hide  
 Those parts, which maids keep unesp'y'd,  
 Such fleeting pleasures there I took,  
 That with the fancie I awook ;  
 And found (Ah me !) this flesh of mine  
 More like a *Stock*, then like a *Vine*.



*To Love.*

I'M free from thee ; and thou no more shalt heare  
 My puling Pipe to beat against thine eare :  
 Farewell my shackles, (though of pearle they be)  
 Such precious thraldome ne'r shall fetter me.  
 He loves his bonds, who, when the first are broke,  
 Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

*On Himselfe..*

YOUNG I was, but now am old,  
 But I am not yet grown cold ;  
 I can play, and I can twine  
 'Bout a Virgin like a Vine :  
 In her lap too I can lye  
 Melting, and in fancie die :  
 And return to life, if she  
 Claps my cheek, or kisseth me ;  
 Thus, and thus it now appears  
 That our love out-lasteth our yeeres.

*Love's play at Push-pin.*

LOVE and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day  
 At childish Push-pin (for our sport) did play :  
 I put, he pusht, and heedless of my skin,  
 Love prickt my finger with a golden pin :  
 Since which, it fetters so, that I can prove  
 'Twas but a trick to poyson me with love :

Little the wound was ; greater was the smart ;  
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

*The Rosarie.*

O Ne ask'd me where the Roses grew ?  
I bade him not goe seek ;  
But forthwith bade my *Julia* shew  
A bud in either cheek.

*Upon Cupid.*

O Ld wives have often told, how they  
Saw *Cupid* bitten by a flea :  
And thereupon, in tears half drown'd,  
He cry'd aloud, Help, help the wound :  
He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some  
To bring him *Lint*, and *Balsamum*,  
To make a *Tent*, and put it in,  
Where the *Stiletto* pierc'd the skin :  
Which being done, the fretfull paine  
Asswag'd, and he was well again.

*The Parcæ, or, Three dainty Destinies.*

*The Armelet.*

THree lovely Sisters working were  
(As they were closely fet)  
Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire,  
A curious *Armelet*.

I smiling, ask'd them what they did?

(*Faire Destinies* all three)

Who told me, they had drawn a thred

Of Life, and 'twas for me.

They shew'd me then, how fine 'twas spun ;

And I reply'd thereto,

I care not now how soone 'tis done,

Or cut, if cut by you.

*Sorrows succeed.*

When one is past, another care we have,  
*Thus woe succeeds a woe ; as wave a wave.*

*Cherry-pit.*

**J**ULIA and I did lately sit

Playing for sport, at Cherry-pit :

She threw ; I cast ; and having thrown,

I got the Pit, and she the Stone.

*To Robin Red-breſt.*

**L**Aid out for dead, let thy laſt kindneſſe be  
 With leaves and moſſe-work for to cover me :

And while the Wood-nimphs my cold corps inter,

Sing thou my Dirge, ſweet-warbling Chorifter!

For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this,

*Here, here the Tomb of Robin Herrick is.*

*Discontents in Devon.*

**M**Ore discontents I never had  
 Since I was born, then here ;  
 Where I have been, and still am sad,  
 In this dull *Devon-shire* :  
 Yet justly too I must confesse ;  
 I ne'r invented such  
 Ennobled numbers for the Presse,  
 Then where I loath'd so much.

*To his Paternall Countrey.*

**O** Earth ! Earth ! Earth ! heare thou my voice,  
 Loving, and gentle for to cover me : [and be  
 Banish'd from thee I live ; ne'r to return,  
 Unlesse thou giv'st my small Remains an Urne.

*Cherrie-ripe.*

**C**Herrie-Ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,  
 Full and faire ones ; come, and buy :  
 If so be, you ask me where  
 They doe grow ? I answer, There,  
 Where my *Julia's* lips doe smile ;  
 There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile :  
 Whose Plantations fully show  
 All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

*To his Mistresses.*

**P**Ut on your filks ; and piece by piece  
 Give them the scent of Amber-Greece :  
 And for your breaths too, let them smell  
 Ambrosia-like, or *Nectarell* :  
 While other Gums their sweets perspire,  
 By your owne jewels set on fire.

*To Anthea.*

**N**Ow is the time, when all the lights wax dim ;  
 And thou, *Anthea*, must withdraw from him  
 Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me  
 Under that *Holy-oke*, or *Gospel-tree* :  
 Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think  
 Me, when thou yearly go'st Proceffion : [upon  
 Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe  
 In which thy sacred Reliques shall have roome :  
 For my Embalming, sweetest, there will be  
 No Spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

*The Vision to Electra.*

**I** Dream'd we both were in a bed  
 Of Roses, almost smothered :  
 The warmth and sweetnes had me there  
 Made lovingly familiar ;  
 But that I heard thy sweet breath say,

Faults done by night, will blush by day :  
 I kist thee panting, and I call  
 Night to the Record ! that was all.  
 But ah ! if empty dreames so please,  
 Love, give me more such nights as these.

*Dreames.*

**H**ere we are all, by day : By night w' are hurl'd  
 By dreames, each one, into a sev'rall world.

*Ambition.*

**I**N Man, Ambition is the common'st thing :  
 Each one, by nature, loves to be a King.

*His request to Julia.*

**J**ULIA, if I chance to die  
 Ere I print my Poetry ;  
 I most humbly thee desire  
 To commit it to the fire :  
 Better 'twere my Book were dead,  
 Than to live not perfected.

*Money gets the masterie.*

**F**ight thou with shafts of silver, and o'rcome,  
 When no force else can get the masterdome.

*The Scar-fire.*

Water, water I desire,  
 Here's a house of flesh on fire :  
 Ope' the fountains and the springs,  
 And come all to Buckittings :  
 What ye cannot quench, pull downe ;  
 Spoile a house, to save a towne :  
 Better 'tis that one shu'd fall,  
 Then by one, to hazard all.

*Upon Silvia, a Mistresse.*

When some shall say, Faire once my *Silvia* was ;  
 Thou wilt complaine, False now's thy Looking-glasse :  
 Which renders that quite tarnisht, which was green ;  
 And Priceless now, what Peerless once had been :  
 Upon thy Forme more wrinkles yet will fall,  
 And comming downe, shall make no noise at all.

*Cheerfulnesse in Charitie : or,  
 The sweet Sacrifice.*

'TIs not a thousand Bullocks thies  
 Can please those Heav'nly Deities,  
 If the Vower don't expresse  
 In his Offering, Cheerfulness.

*Once poore, still penurious.*

**G**Oes the world now, it will with thee goe hard :  
The fattest Hogs we grease the more with  
*To him that has, there shall be added more ; [Lard.*  
*Who is penurious, he shall still be poore.*

*Sweetnesse in Sacrifice.*

**'T**Is not greatnes they require,  
To be offer'd up by fire :  
But 'tis sweetnes that doth please  
*Those Eternall Effences.*

*Steame in Sacrifice.*

**I**F meat the Gods give, I the steame  
High-towring wil devote to them :  
Whose easie natures like it well,  
If we the roste have, they the smell.

*Upon Julia's Voice.*

**S**O smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,  
As, could they hear, the Damn'd would make  
no noise ;  
But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,  
Melting melodious words to Lutes of Amber.



*Again.*

WHEN I thy fingering next shall heare,  
 Ile with I might turne all to eare,  
 To drink in Notes, and Numbers, such  
 As blessed soules can't heare too much :  
 Then melted down, there let me lye  
 Entranc'd, and lost confusedly :  
 And by thy Musique stricken mute,  
 Die, and be turn'd into a Lute.

*All things decay and die.*

ALL things decay with Time : The Forrest sees  
 The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees ;  
 That Timber tall, which three-score *lustres* stood  
 The proud *Dictator* of the State-like wood :  
 I meane, the Sovereigne of all Plants, the Oke  
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleavers stroke.

*The Succession of the foure sweet months.*

FIRST, *April*, she with mellow shows  
 Opens the way for early flowers ;  
 Then after her comes smiling *May*,  
 In a more rich and sweet aray ;  
 Next enters *June*, and brings us more  
 Jems then those two that went before :  
 Then, lastly, *July* comes, and she  
 More wealth brings in then all those three.

*No Shipwrack of Vertue. To a friend.*

**T**Hou fail'ft with others in this *Argus* here ;  
 Nor wrack or *Bulging* thou haft cause to  
 But trust to this, my noble passenger ; [feare :  
 Who swims with Vertue, he shall still be sure  
*Ulysses*-like, all tempests to endure ;  
 And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

*Upon his Sister-in-Law, Mistresse*  
 Elizab: Herrick.

**F**irst, for Effusions due unto the dead,  
 My solemne Vowes have here accomplished :  
 Next, how I love thee, that my grieve must tell,  
 Wherein thou liv'ft for ever. Deare, farewell.

*Of Love. A Sonet.*

**H**OW Love came in, I do not know,  
 Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no ;  
 Or whether with the soule it came  
 At first, infused with the same ;  
 Whether in part 'tis here or there,  
 Or, like the soule, whole every where :  
 This troubles me ; but I as well  
 As any other, this can tell ;  
 That when from hence she does depart,  
 The out-let then is from the heart.

## To Anthea.

**A** H my *Anthea*! Must my heart still break?  
*Love makes me write, what shame forbids to*  
 Give me a kisse, and to that kisse a score; [*Speak.*  
 Then to that twenty, adde an hundred more:  
 A thousand to that hundred: so kisse on,  
 To make that thousand up a million.  
 Treble that million, and when that is done,  
 Let's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.  
 But yet, though Love likes well such Scenes as  
     these,  
 There is an Act that will more fully please:  
 Kissing and glancing, soothing, all make way  
 But to the acting of this private Play:  
 Name it I would; but being blushing red,  
 The rest Ile speak, when we meet both in bed.

*The Rock of Rubies: and The Quarrie  
 of Pearls.*

**S** Ome ask'd me where the *Rubies* grew?  
 And nothing I did say;  
 But with my finger pointed to  
     The lips of *Julia*.  
 Some ask'd how *Pearls* did grow, and where?  
 Then spoke I to my Girle,  
 To part her lips, and shew'd them there  
     The Quarelets of Pearl.

*Conformitie.*

CONformity was ever knowne  
A foe to Dissolution :  
Nor can we that a ruine call,  
Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

*To the King, upon his comming with his  
Army into the West.*

WElcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us,  
Most great, and universall *Genius* !  
The Drooping West, which hitherto has stood  
As one, in long-lamented-widow-hood,  
Looks like a Bride now, or a bed of flowers,  
Newly refresh't, both by the Sun, and showers.  
War, which before was horrid, now appears  
Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers !  
A deale of courage in each bosome springs  
By your accessse ; *O you the best of Kings* !  
Ride on with all white *Omens* ; so, that where  
Your Standard's up, we fix a Conquest there.

*Upon Roses.*

UUnder a Lawne, then skyes more cleare,  
Some ruffled Roses nestling were ;  
And snugging there, they seem'd to lye  
As in a flowrie Nunnery :

They blush'd, and look'd more fresh than flowers  
 Quickned of late by Pearly showers ;  
 And all, because they were possest  
 But of the heat of *Julia's* breast :  
 Which as a warme, and moistned spring,  
 Gave them their ever flourishing.

*To the King and Queene, upon their  
 unhappy distances.*

**W**Oe, woe to them, who, by a ball of strife,  
 Doe, and have parted here a Man and wife :  
 CHARLS the best Husband, while MARIA strives  
 To be, and is, the very best of Wives :  
 Like Streams, you are divorc'd ; but 't will come,  
 These eyes of mine shall see you mix agen. [when  
 Thus speaks the *Oke*, here ; *C.* and *M.* shall meet,  
 Treading on *Amber*, with their silver-feet :  
 Nor wil't be long, ere this accomplish'd be ;  
 The words found true, *C. M.* remember me.

*Dangers wait on Kings.*

**A**S oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne,  
 So oft, we'll think, we see a King new born.

*The Cheat of Cupid : Or, The ungentle  
 Guest.*

**O**Ne silent night of late,  
 When every creature rested,

Came one unto my gate,  
And knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there,  
And troubles thus the Sleepie?  
Cast off, said he, all feare,  
And let not Locks thus keep ye.

For I a Boy am, who  
By Moonlesse nights have swerved;  
And all with showrs wet through,  
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pittifull arose,  
And soon a Taper lighted;  
And did my selfe disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a Bow,  
And Wings too, which did shiver;  
And looking down below,  
I spy'd he had a Quiver.

I to my Chimney's shine  
Brought him, as Love professes,  
And chaf'd his hands with mine,  
And dry'd his dropping Tresses:

But when he felt him warm'd,  
Let's try this bow of ours,  
And string, if they be harm'd,  
Said he, with these late showrs.

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
 And wedded string and arrow,  
 And struck me that it went  
 Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew  
 Away, and thus said flying,  
 Adieu, mine Host, Adieu,  
 Ile leave thy heart a dying.

*To the reverend Shade of his religious Father.*

**T**Hat for seven *Lusters* I did never come  
 To doe the *Rites* to thy Religious Tombe;  
 That neither haire was cut, or true teares shed  
 By me, o'r thee, *as justments to the dead*:  
 Forgive, forgive me; since I did not know  
 Whether thy bones had here their Rest, or no.  
 But now 'tis known, behold, behold, I bring  
 Unto thy Ghost th' Effused Offering:  
 And look, what Smallage, Night-shade, Cypresse,  
 Unto the shades have been, or now are due, [Yew,  
 Here I devote; and something more then so;  
 I come to pay a Debt of Birth I owe.  
 Thou gav'st me life, but Mortall; for that one  
 Favour, Ile make full satisfaction;  
 For my life mortall, Rise from out thy Herse,  
 And take a life immortall from my Verse.

*Delight in Disorder.*

A Sweet disorder in the dresse  
 Kindles in cloathes a wantonneffe :  
 A Lawne about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction :  
 An erring Lace, which here and there  
 Enthralls the Crimfon Stomacher :  
 A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby  
 Ribbands to flow confusedly :  
 A winning wave (deserving Note)  
 In the tempestuous petticoate :  
 A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye  
 I see a wilde civility :  
 Doe more bewitch me, then when Art  
 Is too precise in every part.

*To his Muse.*

W Ere I to give thee *Baptime*, I wo'd chuse  
 To *Christen* thee, the *Bride*, the *Bashfull*  
 Or *Muse* of *Roses* : since that name does fit [*Muse*,  
 Best with those *Virgin-Verses* thou hast writ :  
 Which are so cleane, so chaste, as none may feare  
 Cato the *Censor*, sho'd he scan each here.

*Upon Love.*

L Ove scorch'd my finger, but did spare  
 The burning of my heart ;



To signifie, in Love my share  
Sho'd be a little part.

Little I love ; but if that he  
Wo'd but that heat recall :  
That joynt to ashes sho'd be burnt,  
Ere I wo'd love at all.

Dean-bourn, *a rude River in Devon,*  
*by which sometimes he lived.*

**D***Ean-bourn*, farewell ; I never look to see  
*Deane*, or thy warty incivility.  
Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streames,  
And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames ;  
To my content, I never sho'd behold,  
Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold.  
Rockie thou art ; and rockie we discover  
Thy men ; and rockie are thy wayes all over.  
O men, O manners ; now, and ever knowne  
To be *A Rockie Generation !*  
A people currish ; churlish as the seas ;  
And rude, almost, as rudest Salvages :  
With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when  
Rockes turn to Rivers, Rivers turn to Men.

*Kissing Usurie.*

**B***iancha*, let  
Me pay the debt

I owe thee for a kisse  
 Thou lend'st to me ;  
 And I to thee  
 Will render ten for this :

If thou wilt say,  
 Ten will not pay  
 For that so rich a one ;  
 Ile cleare the summe,  
 If it will come  
 Unto a Million.

By this I guesse,  
 Of happinesse  
 Who has a little measure :  
 He must of right,  
 To th'utmost mite,  
 Make payment for his pleasure.

To Julia.

**H**OW rich and pleasing thou, my *Julia*, art,  
 In each thy dainty, and peculiar part !  
 First, for thy *Queen-ship* on thy head is set  
 Of flowers a sweet commingled Coronet :  
 About thy neck a Carkanet is bound,  
 Made of the *Rubie*, *Pearle*, and *Diamond* :  
 A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb :  
 About thy wrist, the rich \* *Dardanium*.

---

\* A Bracelet, from Dardanus so call'd.

Between thy Breast, then Doune of Swans more  
 white,  
 There playes the *Saphire* with the *Chrysolite*.  
 No part besides must of thy felfe be known,  
 But by the *Topaz*, *Opal*, *Calcedon*.

*To Laurels.*

A Funerall stone,  
 Or Verse, I covet none ;  
 But onely crave  
 Of you, that I may have  
 A sacred Laurel springing from my grave :  
 Which being seene,  
 Bleft with perpetuall greene,  
 May grow to be  
 Not so much call'd a tree,  
 As the eternall monument of me.

*His Cavalier.*

GIVE me that man, that dares bestride  
 The active Sea-horse, & with pride,  
 Through that huge field of waters ride :  
 Who, with his looks too, can appease  
 The ruffling winds and raging Seas,  
 In mid't of all their outrages.  
 This, this a virtuous man can doe,  
 Saile against Rocks, and split them too ;  
 I ! and a world of Pikes passe through.

*Zeal required in Love.*

I'Le doe my best to win, when'ere I woove :  
*That man loves not, who is not zealous too.*

*The Bag of the Bee.*

A Bout the sweet bag of a Bee,  
 Two *Cupids* fell at odds ;  
 And whose the pretty prize shu'd be,  
 They vow'd to ask the Gods.

Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,  
 And for their boldness stript them :  
 And taking thence from each his flame ;  
 With rods of *Mirtle* whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,  
 When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,  
 She kist, and wip'd thir dove-like eyes ;  
 And gave the Bag between them.

*Love kill'd by Lack.*

L Et me be warme ; let me be fully fed :  
*Luxurious Love by Wealth is nourished.*  
 Let me be leane, and cold, and once grown poore,  
 I shall dislike what once I lov'd before.

*To his Mistress.*

**C**Hoofe me your Valentine ;  
 Next, let us marry :  
 Love to the death will pine,  
 If we long tarry.  
 Promise, and keep your vowes,  
 Or vow ye never :  
 Loves doctrine difallowes  
 Troth-breakers ever.  
 You have broke promise twice  
 Deare, to undoe me ;  
 If you prove faithlesse thrice,  
 None then will wooe you.

*To the generous Reader.*

**S**Ee, and not see ; and if thou chance t'espie  
 Some Aberrations in my Poetry ;  
 Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'rthelesse  
 Hide, and with them, their Father's nakednes.  
 Let's doe our best, our Watch and Ward to keep :  
*Homer* himself, in a long work, may sleep.

*To Criticks.*

**I**Le write, because Ile give  
 You Criticks means to live :

For sho'd I not supply  
The Cause, th'effect wo'd die.

*Duty to Tyrants.*

**G**ood Princes must be pray'd for : for the bad  
They must be borne with, and in rev'rence  
had.

Doe they first pill thee, next, pluck off thy skin ?

*Good children kisse the rods, that punish sin.*

Touch not the Tyrant ; Let the Gods alone

To strike him dead, that but usurps a Throne.

*Being once blind, his request to Biancha.*

**W**hen Age or Chance has made me blind,  
So that the path I cannot find :

And when my falls and stumblings are

More then the stones i'th'street by farre :

Goe thou afore ; and I shall well

Follow thy Perfumes by the smell :

Or be my guide ; and I shall be

Led by some light that flows from thee.

Thus held, or led by thee, I shall

In wayes confus'd, nor slip or fall.

*Upon Blanch.*

**B**lanch swears her Husband's lovely ; when a  
scald

Has blear'd his eyes : besides, his head is bald.  
 Next, his wilde eares, like Lethern Wings full  
 Flutter to flie, and beare away his head. [spread,

*No want where there's little.*

**T**O Bread and Water none is poore ;  
 And having these, what need of more ?  
 Though much from out the Cefs be spent,  
*Nature with little is content.*

*Barly-Break : or, Last in Hell.*

**W**E two are last in Hell : what may we feare  
 To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here ?  
 Alas ! if kissing be of plagues the worst,  
 We'll wish, in Hell we had been Last and First.

*The Definition of Beauty.*

**B**Eauty no other thing is, then a Beame.  
 Flasht out between the Middle and Extreame.

*To Dianeme.*

**D**Eare, though to part it be a Hell,  
 Yet, *Dianeme*, now farewell :  
 Thy frown, last night, did bid me goe ;  
 But whither, onely Grief do's know.  
 I doe beseech thee, ere we part,

(If mercifull, as faire thou art ;  
 Or else desir'st that Maids sho'd tell  
 Thy pittie by Loves-Chronicle)  
 O *Dianeme*, rather kill  
 Me, then to make me languish stil !  
 'Tis cruelty in thee to'th'height,  
 Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right :  
 Yet there's a way found, if thou please,  
 By sudden death to give me ease :  
 And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,  
 Bequeath to me one parting kisse :  
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be  
 The Executioner of me.

*To Anthea lying in bed.*

**S**O looks *Anthea*, when in bed she lyes,  
 Orecome, or halfe betray'd by Tiffanies :  
 Like to a Twi-light, or that simpring Dawn,  
 That Roses shew, when misted o're with Lawn.  
 Twilight is yet, till that her Lawnes give way ;  
 Which done, that Dawne, turnes then to perfect  
 day.

*To Electra.*

**M**Ore white then whitest Lillies far,  
 Or Snow, or whitest Swans you are :  
 More white then are the whitest Creames,  
 Or Moone-light tinselling the streames :



More white then *Pearls*, or *Juno's* thigh ;  
 Or *Pelops* Arme of *Ivorie*.  
 True, I confesse ; such Whites as these  
 May me delight, not fully please :  
 Till, like *Ixion's* Cloud, you be  
 White, warme, and soft to lye with me.

*A Country life : To his Brother,*  
*M. Tho: Herrick.*

**T**Hrice, and above blest, my soules halfe, art  
 In thy both Last, and Better Vow : [thou,  
 Could'st leave the City, for exchange, to see  
 The Countries sweet simplicity :  
 And it to know, and practice ; with intent  
 To grow the sooner innocent :  
 By studying to know vertue ; and to aime  
 More at her nature, then her name :  
 The last is but the least ; the first doth tell  
 Wayes lesse to live, then to live well :  
 And both are knowne to thee, who now can't live  
 Led by thy conscience ; to give  
 Justice to soone-pleas'd nature ; and to show,  
 Wisdome and she together goe,  
 And keep one Centre : This with that conspires,  
 To teach Man to confine desires :  
 And know, that Riches have their proper flint,  
 In the contented mind, not mint.  
 And can't instruct, that those who have the itch  
 Of craving more, are never rich.

These things thou know'st to'th'height, and dost  
prevent

That plague ; because thou art content  
With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,  
(More blessed in thy Brasse, then Land)

To keep cheap Nature even, and upright ;

To coole, not cocker Appetite.

Thus thou canst tearcely live to satisfie

The belly chiefly ; not the eye :

Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,

Lesse with a neat, then needfull diet.

But that which most makes sweet thy country life,

Is, the fruition of a wife :

Whom, Stars consenting with thy Fate, thou hast

Got, not so beautifull, as chaste :

By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep,

While Love the Centinell doth keep,

With those deeds done by day, which n'er affright

Thy filken slumbers in the night.

Nor has the darknesse power to usher in

Feare to those sheets, that know no sin.

But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,

Gives thee each night a Maidenhead.

The Damaskt meadowes, and the peebly streames

Sweeten, and make soft your dreames :

The Purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weav'd

Bows,

With fields enameled with flowers,

Present their shapes ; while fantasie discloses

Millions of *Lillies* mixt with *Roses*.

Then dream, ye heare the Lamb by many a bleat  
 Woo'd to come suck the milkie Teat :  
 While *Faunus* in the Vision comes to keep,  
 From rav'ning wolves, the fleecie sheep.  
 With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet  
 To make sleep not so sound, as sweet :  
 Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,  
 As not to rise when *Chanticleer*  
 Warnes the last Watch ; but with the Dawne dost  
 To work, but first to sacrifice ; [rise  
 Making thy peace with Heav'n, for some late fault,  
 With Holy-meale, and spiriting-salt.  
 Which done, thy painfull Thumb this sentence tells  
*Jove for our labour all things sells us.* [us,  
 Nor are thy daily and devout affaires  
 Attended with those desp'rate cares,  
 Th'industrious Merchant has ; who for to find  
 Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,  
 And back again ; tortur'd with fears, doth fly,  
 Untaught, to suffer Poverty.  
 But thou at home, blest with securest ease,  
 Sitt'st, and beleev'st that there be seas,  
 And watrie dangers ; while thy whiter hap,  
 But sees these things within thy Map.  
 And viewing them with a more safe survey,  
 Mak'st easie Feare unto thee say,  
*A heart thrice wall'd with Oke, and Brasse, that*  
*Had, first, durst plow the Ocean.* [man  
 But thou at home without or tyde or gale,  
 Canst in thy Map securely faile :

Seeing those painted Countries ; and so guesse  
By those fine Shades, their Substances :  
And from thy Compasse taking small advice,  
Buy'st Travell at the lowest price.  
Nor are thine eares so deafe, but thou canst heare,  
Far more with wonder, then with feare,  
Fame tell of States, of Countries, Courts, and  
And beleieve there be such things : [Kings ;  
When of these truths, thy happyer knowledge lyes,  
More in thine eares, then in thine eyes.  
And when thou hear'st by that too-true-Report,  
Vice rules the Most, or All at Court :  
Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,  
Vertue had, and mov'd her Sphere.  
But thou liv'st fearlesse ; and thy face ne'r shewes  
Fortune when she comes, or goes.  
But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd dost stand,  
To take her by the either hand :  
Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire ;  
*A wise man ev'ry way lies square.*  
And like a furlly *Oke* with storms perplext ;  
Growes still the stronger, strongly vext.  
Be so, bold spirit ; stand Center-like, unmov'd ;  
And be not onely thought, but prov'd  
To be what I report thee ; and inure  
Thy selfe, if want comes to endure :  
And so thou dost : for thy desires are  
Confin'd to live with private *Larr* :  
Not curious whether Appetite be fed,  
Or with the first, or second bread.

Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates :

Hunger makes coorse meats, delicates.

Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that Larded fare,

Which Art, not Nature, makes so rare ;

To taste boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and eate

These, and sowre herbs, as dainty meat ?

While soft Opinion makes thy *Genius* say,

*Content makes all Ambrosia.*

Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter size

So much for want, as exercise : [haste it,

To numb the sence of Dearth, which sho'd sinne

Thou might'st but onely see't, not taste it.

Yet can thy humble rooffe maintaine a Quire

Of singing Crickets by thy fire :

And the brisk Mousse may feast her selfe with crums,

Till that the green-ey'd Kitling comes.

Then to her Cabbin, blest she can escape

The sudden danger of a Rape.

And thus thy little-well-kept-stock doth prove,

*Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.*

Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend

(Counsell concurring with the end)

As well as spare : still conning o'r this Theame,

To shun the first, and last extreame.

Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,

Or to exceed thy Tether's reach :

But to live round, and close, and wisely true

To thine owne selfe ; and knowne to few.

Thus let thy Rurall Sanctuary be

*Elizium* to thy wife and thee ;

There to difport your felves with golden meafure :  
*For feldome ufe commends the pleafure.*  
 Live, and live bleff; thrice happy Paire; Let  
 But loft to one, be th'others death. [Breath,  
 And as there is one Love, one Faith, one Troth,  
 Be fo one Death, one Grave to both.  
 Till when, in fuch affurance live, ye may  
 Nor feare, or wifh your dying day.

*Divination by a Daffadill.*

WHen a Daffadill I fee,  
 Hanging down his head t'wards me;  
 Gueffe I may, what I muft be :  
 Firft, I fhall decline my head;  
 Secondly, I fhall be dead;  
 Laftly, fafely buried.

*To the Painter, to draw him a Picture.*

COME, skilfull *Lupo*, now, and take  
 Thy *Bice*, thy *Vmber*, *Pink*, and *Lake*;  
 And let it be thy Penfil's strife,  
 To paint a Bridgeman to the life :  
 Draw him as like too, as you can,  
 An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man :  
 His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue;  
 His nofe and lips of mulbrie hiew.  
 Then for an eafie fanfie, place  
 A Burling iron for his face :

Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,  
 And for to speak, if possible :  
 But do not so ; for feare, lest he  
 Sho'd by his breathing, poyson thee.

*Upon Cuffe. Epig.*

**C***uffe* comes to Church much ; but he keeps  
 his bed  
 Those Sundayes onely, when as Briefs are read.  
 This makes *Cuffe* dull ; and troubles him the most,  
 Because he cannot sleep i'th'Church, free-coft.

*Upon Fone a School-master. Epig.*

**F***One* sayes, those mighty whifkers he do's weare,  
 Are twigs of Birch, and willow, growing there :  
 If so, we'll think too, when he do's condemne  
 Boyes to the lash, that he do's whip with them.

*A Lyrick to Mirth.*

**W**Hile the milder Fates consent,  
 Let's enjoy our merrymment :  
 Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play ;  
 Kisse our *Dollies* night and day :  
 Crown'd with clusters of the Vine ;  
 Let us fit, and quaffe our wine.  
 Call on *Bacchus* ; chaunt his praise ;  
 Shake the *Thyrse*, and bite the *Bayes* :

Rouze *Anacreon* from the dead ;  
 And return him drunk to bed :  
 Sing o're *Horace* ; for ere long  
 Death will come and mar the song :  
 Then shall *Wilson* and *Gotiere*  
 Never sing, or play more here.

*To the Earle of Westmerland.*

**W**Hen my Date's done, and my gray Age  
 must die ;  
 Nurse up, great Lord, this my Posterity :  
 Weak though it be ; long may it grow, and stand,  
 Shor'd up by you, (*Brave Earle of Westmerland.*)

*Against Love.*

**W**hen ere my heart, Love's warmth, but en-  
 tertaines,  
 O Frost ! O Snow ! O Haile ! forbid the Banes.  
 One drop now deads a spark ; but if the same  
 Once gets a force, Floods cannot quench the flame.  
 Rather then love, let me be ever lost ;  
 Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

*Upon Julia's Riband.*

**A**S shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd ;  
 So smiles that Riband 'bout my *Julia's* waste :  
 Or like — Nay 'tis that *Zonulet* of love,  
 Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.



*The Frozen Zone : or, Julia disdainfull.*

**W**Hither? Say, whither shall I fly,  
 To slack these flames wherein I frie?  
 To the Treasures, shall I goe,  
 Of the Raine, Frost, Haile, and Snow?  
 Shall I search the under-ground,  
 Where all Damps, and Mists are found?  
 Shall I seek, for speedy ease,  
 All the floods, and frozen seas?  
 Or descend into the deep,  
 Where eternall cold does keep?  
 These may coole; but there's a Zone  
 Colder yet then any one:  
 That's my *Julia's* breast; where dwels  
 Such destructive Yficles;  
 As that the Congelation will  
 Me sooner starve, then those can kill.

*An Epitaph upon a sober Matron.*

**W**Ith blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here,  
 To' th' almost sev'n and fortieth yeare.  
 Stout sons I had, and those twice three;  
 One onely daughter lent to me:  
 The which was made a happy Bride,  
 But thrice three Moones before she dy'd.  
 My modest wedlock, that was known  
 Contented with the bed of one.

*To the Patron of Poets, M. End: Porter.*

**L** Et there be Patrons ; Patrons like to thee,  
 Brave *Porter* ! Poets ne'r will wanting be :  
*Fabius*, and *Cotta*, *Lentulus*, all live  
 In thee, thou Man of Men ! who here do'st give  
 Not onely subject-matter for our wit,  
 But likewise Oyle of Maintenance to it :  
 For which, before thy Threshold, we'll lay downe  
 Our Thyrse, for Scepter ; and our Baies for Crown.  
 For to say truth, all Garlands are thy due ;  
 The *Laurell*, *Mirtle*, *Oke*, and *Ivie* too.

*The sadnesse of Things for Sapho's Sicknesse.*

**L** Illies will languish ; Violets look ill ;  
 Sickly the Prim-rose ; pale the Daffadill :  
 That gallant Tulip will hang down his head,  
 Like to a Virgin newly ravished.  
 Pansies will weep ; and Marygolds will wither ;  
 And keep a Fast, and Funerall together,  
 If *Sapho* droop ; Daiesies will open never,  
 But bid Good-night, and close their lids for ever.

*Leanders Obsequies.*

**W**Hen as *Leander* young was drown'd,  
 No heart by love receiv'd a wound ;  
 But on a Rock himselfe fate by,  
 There weeping sup'rabundantly.



Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard sho'dst  
 prove, [love.  
 Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spake  
 Prethee (left Maids sho'd censure thee) but say  
 Thou shed'st one teare, when as I went away ;  
 And that will please me somewhat : though I know,  
 And Love will swear't, my Dearest did not so.

*The Teare sent to her from Stanes.*

1. **G**Lide, gentle streams, and beare  
 Along with you my teare  
 To that coy Girle ;  
 Who smiles, yet slayes  
 Me with delays ;  
 And strings my tears as Pearle.
2. See ! see, she's yonder set,  
 Making a Carkanet  
 Of Maiden-flowers !  
 There, there present  
 This Orient,  
 And Pendant Pearle of ours.
3. Then say, I've sent one more  
 Jem to enrich her store ;  
 And that is all  
 Which I can send,  
 Or vainly spend,  
 For tears no more will fall.

4. Nor will I seek supply  
Of them, the spring's once drie ;  
But Ile devise,  
(Among the rest)  
A way that's best  
How I may save mine eyes.
5. Yet say ; sho'd she condemne  
Me to surrender them ;  
Then say ; my part  
Must be to weep  
Out them, to keep  
A poore, yet loving heart.
6. Say too, She wo'd have this ;  
She shall : Then my hope is,  
That when I'm poore,  
And nothing have  
To send, or save ;  
I'm sure she'll ask no more.

*Upon one Lillie, who married with a Maid  
call'd Rose.*

**W**Hat times of sweetnesse this faire day fore-  
shows,  
When as the Lilly marries with the Rose !  
What next is lookt for ? but we all sho'd see  
To spring from these a sweet Posterity.

*An Epitaph upon a Child.*

V Irgins promis'd when I dy'd,  
 That they wo'd each Primrose-tide,  
 Duely, morne and ev'ning, come,  
 And with Flowers dresse my Tomb.  
 Having promis'd, pay your debts,  
 Maids, and here strew Violets.

*Upon Scobble. Epig.*

S Cobble for Whoredome whips his wife; and cries,  
 He'll slit her nose; But blubb'ring, she replies,  
 Good Sir, make no more cuts i'th'outward skin,  
 One slit's enough to let Adultry in.

*The Houre-glasse.*

T Hat Houre-glasse, which there ye see  
 With Water fill'd, Sirs, credit me,  
 The humour was, as I have read,  
 But Lovers tears inchriftalled.  
 Which, as they drop by drop doe passe  
 From th'upper to the under-glasse,  
 Do in a trickling manner tell,  
 (By many a watric syllable)  
 That Lovers tears in life-time shed,  
 Do restless run when they are dead.

*His Fare-well to Sack.*

**F**arewell, thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so  
deare

To me, as blood to life and spirit : Neare,  
Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, man,  
Male to the female, soule to body : Life [wife,  
To quick action, or the warme soft side  
Of the resigning, yet resisting Bride.  
The kisse of Virgins ; First-fruits of the bed ;  
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the Maiden-  
head :

These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be  
So neare, or deare, as thou wast once to me.  
O thou the drink of Gods, and Angels ! Wine  
That scatter'st Spirit and Lust ; whose purest shine,  
More radiant then the Summers Sun-beams shows ;  
Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those  
Comets we see by night ; whose shagg'd portents  
Fore-tell the coming of some dire events :  
Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,  
Throwing about his wild, and active fires.  
'Tis thou, above Nectar, O Divinest soule !  
(Eternall in thy self) that canst controule  
That, which subverts whole nature, grief and care ;  
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd Despaire.  
'Tis thou, alone, who with thy Mistick Fan,  
Work'st more then Wisdome, Art, or Nature can,  
To rouze the sacred madnesse ; and awake

The frost-bound-blood, and spirits ; and to make  
Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing through  
The soule, like lightning, and as active too.  
'Tis not *Apollo* can, or those thrice three  
*Castalian* Sisters, sing, if wanting thee.  
*Horace*, *Anacreon* both had lost their fame,  
Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.  
*Phæbean* splendour ! and thou *Thespian* spring !  
Of which, sweet Swans must drink, before they sing  
Their true-pac'd Numbers, and their Holy-Layes,  
Which makes them worthy *Cedar*, and the *Bayes*.  
But why ? why longer doe I gaze upon  
Thee with the eye of admiration ?  
Since I must leave thee ; and enforc'd, must say  
To all thy witching beauties, Goe, Away.  
But if thy whimpring looks doe ask me why ?  
Then know, that Nature bids thee goe, not I.  
'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine  
Uncapable of such a Sovereigne,  
As is thy powerfull selfe. Prethee not smile ;  
Or smile more inly ; lest thy looks beguile  
My vowes denounc'd in zeale, which thus much  
    show thee,  
That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know thee.  
Let others drink thee freely ; and desire  
Thee and their lips espous'd ; while I admire,  
And love thee ; but not taste thee. Let my Muse  
Faile of thy former helps ; and onely use  
Her inadult'rate strength : what's done by me  
Hereafter, shall smell of the Lamp, not thee.



*Upon Glasco. Epig.*

**G** *Lasco* had none, but now some teeth has got ;  
Which though they furre, will neither ake,  
or rot.

Six teeth he has, whereof twice two are known  
Made of a Haft, that was a Mutton-bone.  
Which not for use, but meerly for the fight,  
He weares all day, and drawes those teeth at night.

*Upon Mrs. Eliz: Wheeler, under the name  
of Amarillis.*

**S**weet *Amarillis*, by a Spring's  
Soft and soule-melting murmurings,  
Slept ; and thus sleeping, thither flew  
A *Robin-Red brest* ; who at view,  
Not seeing her at all to stir,  
Brought leaves and mosse to cover her :  
But while he, perking, there did prie  
About the Arch of either eye ;  
The lid began to let out day ;  
At which poore *Robin* flew away :  
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd ;  
He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav'd.

*The Custard.*

**F**Or second course, last night, a Custard came  
Toth'board, so hot, as none co'd touch the same :

*Furze*, three or foure times with his cheeks did blow  
Upon the Custard, and thus cooled so ;  
It seem'd by this time to admit the touch :  
But none co'd eate it, 'cause it stunk so much.

*To Myrrha hard-hearted.*

**F**Old now thine armes ; and hang the head,  
Like to a Lillie withered :  
Next, look thou like a sickly Moone ;  
Or like *Jocasta* in a swoone.  
Then weep, and sigh, and softly goe,  
Like to a widdow drown'd in woe :  
Or like a Virgin full of ruth,  
For the lost sweet-heart of her youth :  
And all because, Faire Maid, thou art  
Insensible of all my smart ;  
And of those evill dayes that be  
Now posting on to punish thee.  
The Gods are easie, and condemne  
All such as are not soft like them.

*The Eye.*

**M**Ake me a heaven ; and make me there  
Many a lesse and greater spheare.  
Make me the straight, and oblique lines ;  
The Motions, Latitudes, and the Signes.  
Make me a Chariot, and a Sun ;  
And let them through a Zodiac run :

Next, place me Zones, and Tropicks there ;  
 With all the Seasons of the Yeare.  
 Make me a Sun-set ; and a Night :  
 And then present the Mornings-light  
 Cloath'd in her Chamlets of Delight.  
 To these, make Clouds to poure downe raine ;  
 With weather foule, then faire againe.  
 And when, wise Artist, that thou hast,  
 With all that can be, this heaven grac't ;  
 Ah ! what is then this curious skie,  
 But onely my *Corinna's* eye ?

*Upon the much lamented, Mr. J. Warr.*

What Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth,  
 Youth, or sweet Nature, co'd bring forth,  
 Rests here with him ; who was the Fame,  
 The Volume of himselfe, and Name.  
 If, Reader, then thou wilt draw neere,  
 And doe an honour to thy teare ;  
 Weep then for him, for whom laments  
 Not one, but many Monuments.

*Upon Gryll.*

Gryll eates, but ne're sayes Grace ; To speake  
 the troth,  
 Gryll either keeps his breath to coole his broth ;  
 Or else because *Grill's* roste do's burn his Spit,  
 Gryll will not therefore say a Grace for it.

*The Suspition upon his over-much Familiarity  
with a Gentlewoman.*

**A**Nd must we part, because some say,  
 Loud is our love, and loose our play,  
 And more then well becomes the day?  
 Alas for pittie! and for us  
 Most innocent, and injur'd thus.  
 Had we kept close, or play'd within,  
 Suspition now had been the sinne,  
 And shame had follow'd long ere this,  
 T'ave plagu'd, what now unpunisht is.  
 But we as fearlesse of the Sunne,  
 As faultlesse; will not wish undone,  
 What now is done: since *where no sin*  
*Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.*  
 Then, comely and most fragrant Maid,  
 Be you more warie, then afraid  
 Of these Reports; because you see  
 The fairest most suspected be.  
 The common formes have no one eye,  
 Or eare of burning jealousie  
 To follow them: but chiefly, where  
 Love makes the cheek, and chin a sphere  
 To dance and play in: Trust me, there  
 Suspicion questions every haire.  
 Come, you are faire; and sho'd be seen  
 While you are in your sprightfull green:  
 And what though you had been embrac't

By me, were you for that unchast ?  
 No, no, no more then is yond' Moone,  
 Which shining in her perfect Noone ;  
 In all that great and glorious light,  
 Continues cold, as is the night.  
 Then, beauteous Maid, you may retire ;  
 And as for me, my chaste desire  
 Shall move t'wards you ; although I see  
 Your face no more : So live you free  
 From Fames black lips, as you from me.

*Single Life most secure.*

Suspicion, Discontent, and Strife,  
 Come in for Dowrie with a Wife.

*The Curse. A Song.*

GOE, perjur'd man ; and if thou ere return  
 To see the small remainders in mine Urne :  
 When thou shalt laugh at my Religious dust ;  
 And ask, Where's now the colour, forme and trust  
 Of Woman's beauty ? and with hand more rude  
 Rifle the Flowers which the Virgins strew'd :  
 Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that some wind  
 May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

*The wounded Cupid. Song.*

**C**upid as he lay among  
*Roses*, by a Bee was stung.  
 Whereupon in anger flying  
 To his Mother, said thus crying;  
 Help! O help! your Boy's a dying.  
 And why, my pretty Lad, said she?  
 Then blubbering, replied he,  
 A winged Snake has bitten me,  
 Which Country people call a Bee.  
 At which she smil'd; then with her hairs  
 And kisses drying up his tears:  
 Alas! said she, my Wag! if this  
 Such a pernicious torment is:  
 Come tel me then, how great's the smart  
 Of those, thou woundest with thy Dart!

*To Dewes. A Song.*

**I** Burn, I burn; and beg of you  
 To quench, or coole me with your Dew.  
 I frie in fire, and so consume,  
 Although the Pile be all perfume.  
 Alas! the heat and death's the same;  
 Whether by choice, or common flame:  
 To be in Oyle of *Roses* drown'd,  
 Or water; where's the comfort found?  
 Both bring one death; and I die here,

Unlesse you coole me with a Teare :  
 Alas ! I call ; but ah ! I see  
 Ye coole, and comfort all, but me.

*Some Comfort in Calamity.*

**T**O conquer'd men, some Comfort 'tis to fall  
 By th'hand of him who is the Generall.

*The Vision.*

**S**itting alone, as one forsook,  
 Close by a Silver-shedding Brook ;  
 With hands held up to Love, I wept ;  
 And after sorrowes spent, I slept :  
 Then in a Vision I did see  
 A glorious forme appeare to me :  
 A Virgins face she had ; her dresse  
 Was like a sprightly *Spartaneffe*.  
 A silver bow with green filk strung,  
 Down from her comely shoulders hung :  
 And as she stood, the wanton Aire  
 Dandled the ringlets of her haire.  
 Her legs were such *Diana* shows,  
 When tuckt up she a hunting goes ;  
 With Buskins shortned to descric  
 The happy dawning of her thigh :  
 Which when I saw, I made accesse  
 To kisse that tempting nakednesse :  
 But she forbad me, with a wand

Of Mirtle she had in her hand :  
 And chiding me, said, Hence, remove,  
*Herrick*, thou art too coorse to love.

*Love me little, love me long.*

**Y**OU say, to me-wards your affection's strong ;  
 Pray love me little, so you love me long.  
 Slowly goes farre : The meane is best : Desire  
 Grown violent, do's either die, or tire.

*Upon a Virgin kissing a Rose.*

**'T**Was but a single *Rose*,  
 Till you on it did breathe ;  
 But since, me thinks, it shows  
 Not so much *Rose*, as Wreathe.

*Upon a Wife that dyed mad  
 with Jealousie.*

**I**N this little Vault she lyes,  
 Here, with all her jealousies :  
 Quiet yet ; but if ye make  
 Any noise, they both will wake,  
 And such spirits raise, 'twill then  
 Trouble Death to lay agen.



*Upon the Bishop of Lincolne's  
Imprisonment.*

**N**Ever was Day so over-sick with showres,  
 But that it had some intermitting houres.  
 Never was Night so tedious, but it knew  
 The Last Watch out, and saw the Dawning too.  
 Never was Dungeon so obscurely deep,  
 Wherein or Light, or Day, did never peep.  
 Never did Moone so ebbe, or seas so wane,  
 But they left Hope-seed to fill up againe.  
 So you, my Lord, though you have now your stay,  
 Your Night, your Prison, and your Ebbe ; you may  
 Spring up afresh ; when all these mists are spent,  
 And Star-like, once more, guild our Firmament.  
 Let but That Mighty *Cesar* speak, and then,  
 All bolts, all barres, all gates shall cleave ; as when  
 That Earth-quake shook the house, and gave the  
     flout  
 Apostles, way, unshackled, to goe out.  
 This, as I wish for, so I hope to see ;  
 Though you, my Lord, have been unkind to me :  
 To wound my heart, and never to apply,  
 When you had power, the meanest remedy :  
 Well ; though my griefe by you was gall'd, the  
     more ;  
 Yet I bring Balme and Oile to heal your fore.

*Diffwasions from Idleneffe.*

**C**YNTHIUS pluck ye by the eare,  
 That ye may good doctrine heare.  
 Play not with the maiden-haire ;  
 For each Ringlet there's a snare.  
 Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin ;  
 These are traps to take fooles in.  
 Armes, and hands, and all parts else,  
 Are but Toiles, or Manicles  
 Set on purpose to enthrall  
 Men, but Slothfulls most of all,  
 Live employ'd, and so live free  
 From these fetters ; like to me  
 Who have found, and still can prove,  
*The lazie man the most doth love.*

*Upon Strut.*

**S**TRUT, once a Fore-man of a Shop we knew ;  
 But turn'd a Ladies Usher now, 'tis true :  
 Tell me, has *Strut* got ere a title more ?  
 No ; he's but Fore-man, as he was before.

*An Epithalamie to Sir Thomas Southwell  
 and his Ladie.*

## I.

**N**Ow, now's the time ; so oft by truth  
 Promis'd sho'd come to crown your youth.

Then Faire ones, doe not wrong  
 Your joyes, by staying long :  
 Or let Love's fire goe out,  
 By lingring thus in doubt :  
 But learn, that Time once lost,  
 Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.  
 Then away ; come, *Hymen*, guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

## II.

Is it, sweet maid, your fault these holy  
 Bridall-Rites goe on so slowly ?  
 Deare, is it this you dread,  
 The losse of Maiden-head ?  
 Beleeve me ; you will most  
 Esteeme it when 'tis lost :  
 Then it no longer keep,  
 Lest Issue lye asleep.  
 Then away ; come, *Hymen*, guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

## III.

These Precious-Pearly-Purling teares,  
 But spring from ceremonious feares.  
 And 'tis but Native shame,  
 That hides the loving flame :  
 And may a while controule  
 The soft and am'rous foule ;  
 But yet, Loves fire will waft  
 Such bashfulness at last.

Then away ; come, *Hymen*, guide  
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

IV.

Night now hath watch'd her self half blind ;  
Yet not a Maiden-head resign'd !  
    Tis strange, ye will not flie  
    To Love's sweet mysterie.  
    Might yon Full-Moon the sweets  
    Have, promis'd to your sheets ;  
    She soon wo'd leave her spheare,  
    To be admitted there.  
Then away ; come, *Hymen*, guide  
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

V.

On, on devoutly, make no stay ;  
While *Domiduca* leads the way :  
    And *Genius* who attends  
    The bed for luckie ends :  
    With *Juno* goes the houres,  
    And Graces strewing flowers.  
    And the boyes with sweet tunes sing,  
    *Hymen ! O Hymen !* bring  
Home the Turtles ; *Hymen*, guide  
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

VI.

Behold ! how *Hymen's* Taper-light  
Shews you how much is spent of night.

See, see the Bride-groom's Torch  
 Halfe wafted in the porch.  
 And now those Tapers five,  
 That shew the womb shall thrive :  
 Their silv'rie flames advance,  
 To tell all prosp'rous chance  
 Still shall crown the happy life  
 Of the good man and the wife.

## VII.

Move forward then your Rosie feet,  
 And make, what ere they touch, turn sweet.  
 May all, like flowrie Meads  
 Smell, where your soft foot treads ;  
 And every thing assume  
 To it, the like perfume :  
 As *Zephirus* when he 'spires  
 Through *Woodbine*, and *Sweet-bryers*.  
 Then away ; come, *Hymen*, guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

## VIII.

And now the yellow Vaile, at last,  
 Over her fragrant cheek is cast.  
 Now seems she to expresse  
 A bashfull willingnesse :  
 Shewing a heart consenting ;  
 As with a will repenting.  
 Then gently lead her on  
 With wise suspicion :

*HESPERIDES.*

71

For that, Matrons say, a measure  
Of that Passion sweetens Pleasure.

IX.

You, you that be of her neereſt kin,  
Now o're the threshold force her in.

But to avert the worſt ;  
Let her, her fillets firſt  
Knit to the poſts : this point  
Remembring, to anoint  
The ſides : for 'tis a charme  
Strong againſt future harme :  
And the evil deads, the which  
There was hidden by the Witch.

X.

O *Venus* ! thou, to whom is known  
The beſt way how to looſe the Zone  
Of Virgins ! tell the Maid,  
She need not be afraid :  
And bid the Youth apply  
Cloſe kiſſes, if ſhe cry :  
And charge, he not forbears  
Her, though ſhe wooe with teares.  
Tel them, now they muſt adven-  
ſure, ſince that Love and Night bid enter.

XI.

No Fatal Owle the Bedſted keeps,  
With direful notes to fright your ſleeps :

No Furies, here about,  
 To put the Tapers out,  
 Watch, or did make the bed :  
 'Tis *Omen* full of dread :  
 But all faire signs appeare  
 Within the Chamber here.  
*Juno* here, far off, doth stand  
 Cooling sleep with charming wand.

## XII.

Virgins, weep not ; 'twill come, when,  
 As she, so you'l be ripe for men.  
 Then grieve her not, with saying  
 She must no more a Maying :  
 Or by Rose-buds devine,  
 Who'l be her Valentine.  
 Nor name those wanton reaks  
 Y'ave had at Barly-breaks.  
 But now kisse her, and thus say,  
 Take time, Lady, while ye may.

## XIII.

Now barre the doors, the Bride-groom puts  
 The eager Boyes to gather Nuts.  
 And now, both Love and Time  
 To their full height doe clime :  
 O ! give them active heat  
 And moisture, both compleat :  
 Fit Organs for encrease,  
 To keep, and to release

That, which may the honour'd Stem  
Circle with a Diadem.

XIV.

And now, Behold ! the Bed or Couch  
That ne'r knew Brides, or Bride-grooms touch,  
Feels in it selfe a fire ;  
And tickled with Desire,  
Pants with a Downie breft,  
As with a heart possest :  
Shrugging as it did move,  
Ev'n with the soule of love.  
And, oh ! had it but a tongue,  
Doves, 'two'd say, yee bill too long.

XV.

O enter then ! but see ye shun  
A sleep, untill the act be done.  
Let kisses, in their close,  
Breathe as the Damask Rose :  
Or sweet, as is that gumme  
Doth from *Panchaia* come.  
Teach Nature now to know,  
Lips can make Cherries grow  
Sooner, then she, ever yet,  
In her wisdome co'd beget.

XVI.

On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years,  
Drop the fat blessing of the sphears.



That good, which Heav'n can give  
 To make you bravely live ;  
 Fall, like a spangling dew,  
 By day, and night on you.  
 May Fortunes Lilly-hand  
 Open at your command ;  
 With all luckie Birds to fide  
 With the Bride-groom, and the Bride.

## XVII.

Let bounteous Fate your spindles full  
 Fill, and winde up with whitest wooll.  
 Let them not cut the thred  
 Of life, untill ye bid.  
 May Death yet come at last ;  
 And not with desp'rate hast :  
 But when ye both can say,  
 Come, Let us now away.  
 Be ye to the Barn then born,  
 Two, like two ripe shocks of corn.

*Tearcs are Tongues.*

**W**Hen *Julia* chid, I stood as mute the while,  
 As is the fish, or tonguelesse Crocodile.  
 Aire coyn'd to words, my *Julia* co'd not heare ;  
 But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare :  
 By which, mine angry Mistresse might descry,  
 Tearcs are the noble language of the eye.

And when true love of words is destitute,  
The Eyes by tears speak, while the Tongue is mute.

*Upon a young Mother of many Children.*

**L** Et all chaste Matrons, when they chance to see  
My num'rous issue, praise, and pitty me.  
Praise me, for having such a fruitfull wombe ;  
Pity me too, who found so soone a Tomb.

*To Electra.*

**I** Le come to thee in all those shapes  
As *Jove* did, when he made his rapes :  
Onely, Ile not appeare to thee,  
As he did once to *Semele*.  
Thunder and Lightning Ile lay by,  
To talk with thee familiarly.  
Which done, then quickly we'll undresse  
To one and th'others nakednesse.  
And ravisht, plunge into the bed,  
Bodies and souls commingled,  
And kissing, so as none may heare,  
We'll weary all the Fables there.

*His Wish.*

**I** T is sufficient if we pray  
To *Jove*, who gives, and takes away :  
Let him the Land and Living finde ;  
Let me alone to fit the mind.

*His Protestation to Perilla.*

**N**Oone-day and Midnight shall at once be seene:  
 Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and  
 Fire and water shall together lye [greene :  
 In one-self-sweet-conspiring sympathie :  
 Summer and Winter shall at one time show  
 Ripe eares of corne, and up to th'eares in snow :  
 Seas shall be sandlesse ; Fields devoid of grasse ;  
 Shapelesse the world, as when all *Chaos* was,  
 Before, my deare *Perilla*, I will be  
 False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

*Love perfumes all parts.*

**I**F I kisse *Anthea's* brest,  
 There I smell the Phenix nest :  
 If her lip, the most sincere  
 Altar of Incense, I smell there.  
 Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all  
 Richly Aromaticall.  
 Goddesses *Iffs* cann't transfer  
 Musks and Ambers more from her :  
 Nor can *Juno* sweeter be,  
 When she lyes with *Jove*, then she.

*To Julia.*

**P**Ermit me, *Julia*, now to goe away ;  
 Or by thy love, decree me here to stay.

If thou wilt say, that I shall live with thee ;  
 Here shall my endless Tabernacle be :  
 If not, as banisht, I will live alone  
 There, where no language ever yet was known.

*On Himselfe.*

**L**Ove-sick I am, and must endure  
 A desp'rate grief, that finds no cure.  
 Ah me ! I try ; and trying, prove,  
*No Herbs have power to cure Love.*  
 Onely one Sovereign salve I know,  
 And that is Death, the end of Woe.

*Vertue is sensible of suffering.*

**T**Hough a wise man all pressures can sustaine ;  
 His vertue still is sensible of paine :  
 Large shoulders though he has, and well can beare,  
 He feesles when Packs do pinch him ; and the where.

*The cruell Maid.*

**A**Nd, Cruell Maid, because I see  
 You scornfull of my love, and me :  
 Ile trouble you no more ; but goe  
 My way, where you shall never know  
 What is become of me : there I  
 Will find me out a path to die ;  
 Or learne some way how to forget

You, and your name, for ever : yet  
 Ere I go hence ; know this from me,  
 What will, in time, your Fortune be :  
 This to your coyneffe I will tell ;  
 And having spoke it once, Farewell.  
 The Lillie will not long endure ;  
 Nor the Snow continue pure :  
 The Rose, the Violet, one day  
 See, both these Lady-flowers decay :  
 And you must fade, as well as they.  
 And it may chance that Love may turn,  
 And, like to mine, make your heart burn  
 And weep to see't ; yet this thing doe,  
 That my last Vow commends to you :  
 When you shall see that I am dead,  
 For pittie let a teare be shed ;  
 And, with your Mantle o're me cast,  
 Give my cold lips a kisse at last :  
 If twice you kisse, you need not feare,  
 That I shall stir, or live more here.  
 Next, hollow out a Tombe to cover  
 Me ; me, the most despised Lover :  
 And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*  
*Love kill'd this man.* No more but so.

To Dianeme.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,  
 Which Star-like sparkle in their skies :  
 Nor be you proud, that you can see

All hearts your captives ; yours, yet free :  
 Be you not proud of that rich haire,  
 Which wantons with the Love-sick aire :  
 When as that *Rubie*, which you weare,  
 Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,  
 Will last to be a precious Stone,  
 When all your world of Beautie's gone.

*To the King, To cure the Evill.*

TO find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did  
 feed,

And Leaves did heale, all sick of humane seed :  
 To finde *Bethesda*, and an Angel there,  
 Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here,  
 At last, I find, after my much to doe,  
 The Tree, *Bethesda*, and the Angel too :  
 And all in Your Blest Hand, which has the powers  
 Of all those suppling-healing herbs and flowers.  
 To that soft *Charm*, that *Spell*, that *Magick Bough*,  
 That high Enchantment I betake me now :  
 And to that Hand, the Branch of Heavens faire  
 Tree,

I kneele for help ; O ! lay that hand on me,  
 Adored *Cesar* ! and my Faith is such,  
 I shall be heal'd, if that my *KING* but touch.  
 The Evill is not Yours : my sorrow sings,  
 Mine is the Evill, but the Cure, the *KINGS*.

*His misery in a Mistresse.*

Water, Water I espie :  
Come, and coole ye ; all who frie  
In your loves ; but none as I.

Though a thousand showres be  
Still a falling, yet I see  
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas  
For to quench ye, or some ease  
From your kinder Mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,  
Of a thousand thousand known,  
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one, as will repeat  
Both the cause, and make the heat  
More by Provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despaire  
Of my cure, doe you beware  
Of those Girles, which cruell are.

*Upon Jollie's Wife.*

First, *Jollies* wife is lame ; then next, loose-hipt :  
Squint-ey'd, hook-nos'd ; and lastly, Kidney-  
lipt.

*To a Gentlewoman, objecting to him  
his gray haire.*

**A**M I despis'd, because you say,  
And I dare sweare, that I am gray ?  
Know, Lady, you have but your day :  
And time will come when you shall weare  
Such frost and snow upon your haire :  
And when, though long, it comes to passe,  
You question with your Looking-glasse ;  
And in that sincere *Chrifall* seek,  
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek :  
Nor any bed to give the shew  
Where such a rare Carnation grew.  
Ah ! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,  
It will be told  
That you are old ;  
By those true teares y'are weeping.

*To Cedars.*

**I**F 'mongst my many Poems, I can see  
One onely, worthy to be washt by thee :  
I live for ever ; let the rest all lye  
In dennes of Darknes, or condemn'd to die.

*Upon Cupid.*

**L**Ove, like a Gypsie, lately came ;  
And did me much importune



To see my hand ; that by the same  
He might fore-tell my Fortune.

He saw my Palme ; and then, said he,  
I tell thee, by this score here ;  
That thou, within few months, shalt be  
The youthfull Prince *D'Amour* here.

I smil'd ; and bade him once more prove,  
And by some crosse-line show it ;  
That I co'd ne'r be Prince of Love,  
Though here the Princely Poet.

*How Primroses came green.*

**V**Irgins, time-past, known were these,  
Troubled with Green-sicknesse,  
Turn'd to flowers : Stil the hieu,  
Sickly Girles, they beare of you.

*To Jos: Lo: Bishop of Exeter.*

**W**HOM sho'd I feare to write to, if I can  
Stand before you, my learn'd *Diocesan* ?  
And never shew blood-guiltinesse, or feare  
To see my Lines *Excathedrated* here.  
Since none so good are, but you may condemne ;  
Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.  
If then, my Lord, to sanctifie my Muse  
One onely Poem out of all you'l chuse ;

And mark it for a Rapture nobly writ,  
'Tis Good Confirm'd ; for you have Bishop't it.

*Upon a black Twist, rounding the Arme of  
the Countesse of Carlile.*

**I** Saw about her spotlesse wrist,  
Of blackest filk, a curious twist ;  
Which, circumvolving gently, there  
Enthrall'd her Arme, as Prisoner.  
Dark was the Jayle ; but as if light  
Had met t'engender with the night ;  
Or so, as Darknesse made a stay  
To shew at once, both night and day.  
I fancie more ! but if there be  
Such Freedome in Captivity ;  
I beg of Love, that ever I  
May in like Chains of Darknesse lie.

*On Himselfe.*

**I** Feare no Earthly Powers ;  
But care for crowns of flowers :  
And love to have my Beard  
With Wine and Oile besmeared.  
This day Ile drowne all sorrow ;  
Who knowes to live to morrow ?

*Upon Pagget.*

**P**AGGET, a School-boy, got a Sword, and then  
He vow'd Destruction both to Birch, and Men :  
Who wo'd not think this Yonker fierce to fight ?  
Yet comming home, but somewhat late, last night ;  
Untrusse, his Master bade him ; and that word  
Made him take up his shirt, lay down his sword.

*A Ring presented to Julia.*

**J**ULIA, I bring  
To thee this Ring,  
Made for thy finger fit ;  
To shew by this,  
That our love is  
Or sho'd be, like to it.  
Close though it be,  
The joynt is free :  
So when Love's yoke is on,  
It must not gall,  
Or fret at all  
With hard oppression.  
But it must play  
Still either way ;  
And be, too, such a yoke,  
As not too wide,  
To over-slide ;  
Or be so strait to choak.

So we, who beare,  
 This beame, must reare  
 Our selves to such a height :  
 As that the stay  
 Of either may  
 Create the burden light.

And as this round  
 Is no where found  
 To flaw, or else to sever :  
 So let our love  
 As endless prove ;  
 And pure as Gold for ever.

*To the Detrafter.*

**W**Here others love, and praise my Verses ; still  
 Thy long-black-Thumb-nail marks 'em out  
 for ill :

A fellow take it, or some Whit-flaw come  
 For to unslate, or to untile that thumb !  
 But cry thee Mercy : Exercise thy nailes  
 To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue not railes :  
 Some numbers prurient are, and some of these  
 Are wanton with their itch ; scratch, and 'twill  
 please.

*Upon the same.*

**I** Ask't thee oft, what Poets thou hast read,  
 And lik'st the best ? Still thou reply'st, The  
 dead.

I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be ;  
Then sure thou't like, or thou wilt envie me.

Julia's *Petticoat*.

THy Azure Robe, I did behold,  
As ayrie as the leaves of gold ;  
Which erring here, and wandring there,  
Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where :  
Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,  
As if to stir it scarce had leave :  
But having got it ; thereupon,  
'Two'd make a brave expansion.  
And pounc't with Stars, it shew'd to me  
Like a *Celestiall Canopie*.  
Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate,  
Like to a flame growne moderate :  
Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling ;  
Then to thy thighs so closely cling,  
That some conceit did melt me downe,  
As Lovers fall into a swoone :  
And all confus'd, I there did lie  
Drown'd in Delights ; but co'd not die.  
That Leading Cloud, I follow'd still,  
Hoping t'ave seene of it my fill ;  
But ah ! I co'd not : sho'd it move  
To Life Eternal, I co'd love.

**B**Egin to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine  
eares

*Distrust.*

Corinna's going a Maying.

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morn  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.  
See how *Aurora* throws her faire  
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :  
Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see  
The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.  
Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,  
Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,  
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?

When all the Birds have Mattens seyed,  
 And sung their thankfull Hymnes : 'tis fin,  
 Nay, profanation to keep in,  
 When as a thousand Virgins on this day,  
 Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise ; and put on your Foliage, and be seene  
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and  
 And sweet as *Flora*. Take no care [greene ;  
 For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire :  
 Feare not ; the leaves will strew  
 Gemms in abundance upon you :  
 Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,  
 Against you come, some *Orient Pearls* unwept :  
 Come, and receive them while the light  
 Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night :  
 And *Titan* on the Eastern hill  
 Retires himselfe, or else stands still [ing :  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in pray-  
 Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my *Corinna*, come ; and comming, marke  
 How each field turns a street ; each street a Parke  
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how  
 Devotion gives each House a Bough,  
 Or Branch : Each Porch, each doore, ere this,  
 An Arke a Tabernacle is  
 Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;  
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
 Can such delights be in the street,  
 And open fields, and we not see't ?

Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obay  
 The Proclamation made for May :  
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;  
 But, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,  
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
     A deale of Youth, ere this, is come  
     Back, and with *White-thorn* laden home.  
     Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,  
     Before that we have left to dreame :  
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted  
     Troth,  
 And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth :  
     Many a green-gown has been given ;  
     Many a kisse, both odde and even :  
     Many a glance too has been sent  
     From out the eye, Love's Firmament :  
 Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying  
 This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a  
     Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;  
 And take the harmlesse follie of the time.  
     We shall grow old apace, and die  
     Before we know our liberty.  
     Our life is short ; and our dayes run  
     As fast away as do's the Sunne :  
 And as a vapour, or a drop of raine  
 Once lost, can ne'r be found againe :  
     So when or you or I are made



A fable, fong, or fleeting shade ;  
 All love, all liking, all delight  
 Lies drown'd with us in endleffe night.  
 Then while time ferves, and we are but decaying';  
 Come, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

*On Julia's breath.*

**B** Reathe, *Julia*, breathe, and Ile protest,  
 Nay more, Ile deeply sweare,  
 That all the Spices of the East  
 Are circumfused there.

*Upon a Child. An Epitaph.*

**B** Ut borne, and like a short Delight,  
 I glided by my Parents fight.  
 That done, the harder Fates deny'd  
 My longer stay, and so I dy'd.  
 If pittying my sad Parents Teares,  
 You'l spil a tear, or two with theirs :  
 And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,  
 Love and they'l thank you for't. Adieu.

*A Dialogue betwixt Horace and Lydia,  
 Translated Anno 1627. and set  
 by Mr. Ro : Ramsey.*

*Hor.* **W** Hile, *Lydia*, I was lov'd of thee,  
 Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me

To hug thy whitest neck : Then I,  
The Persian King liv'd not more happily.

*Lyd.* While thou no other didst affect,  
Nor *Cloe* was of more respect ;  
Then *Lydia*, far-fam'd *Lydia*,  
I flourish't more then Roman *Ili*a.

*Hor.* Now *Thracian Cloe* governs me,  
Skilfull i' th' Harpe, and Melodie :  
For whose affection, *Lydia*, I,  
So Fate spares her, am well content to die.

*Lyd.* My heart now set on fire is  
By *Ornithes* sonne, young *Calais* ;  
For whose commutuell flames here I,  
To save his life, twice am content to die.

*Hor.* Say our first loves we sho'd revoke,  
And sever'd joyne in brazen yoke :  
Admit I *Cloe* put away,  
And love againe love-cast-off *Lydia* ?

*Lyd.* Though mine be brighter then the Star ;  
Thou lighter then the Cork by far :  
Rough as th' *Adratick sea*, yet I  
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

*The captiv'd Bee : or, The little Filcher.*

**A**S *Julia* once a slumb'ring lay,  
It chanc't a Bee did flie that way,

After a dew, or dew-like shower,  
To tipple freely in a flower.  
For some rich flower, he took the lip  
Of *Julia*, and began to sip ;  
But when he felt he suckt from thence  
Hony, and in the quintessence :  
He drank so much he scarce co'd stir ;  
So *Julia* took the Pilferer.  
And thus surpriz'd, as Filchers use,  
He thus began himselſe t'excuse :  
Sweet *Lady-Flower*, I never brought  
Hither the least one theeving thought :  
But taking those rare lips of yours  
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers ;  
I thought I might there take a taste,  
Where so much sirrop ran at waste.  
Besides, know this, I never sting  
The flower that gives me nourishing :  
But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay  
For Honie, that I beare away.  
This said, he laid his little *scrip*  
Of honie, 'fore her Ladiship :  
And told her, as some tears did fall,  
That, that he took, and that was all.  
At which she smil'd ; and bade him goe  
And take his bag ; but thus much know,  
When next he came a pilfring so,  
He sho'd from her full lips derive,  
Hony enough to fill his hive.

*Upon Prig.*

**P**RIG now drinks Water, who before drank  
Beere :

What's now the cause? we know the cause is cleere :  
Look in *Prig's* purse, the chev'rell there tells you  
*Prig* many wants, either to buy, or brew.

*Upon Batt.*

**B**ATT he gets children, not for love to reare 'em ;  
But out of hope his wife might die to beare 'em.

*An Ode to Master Endymion Porter,  
upon his Brother's death.*

**N**Ot all thy flushing Sunnes are set,  
*Herrick*, as yet :  
Nor doth this far-drawn Hemisphere  
Frown, and look fullen ev'ry where.  
Daies may conclude in nights ; and Suns may rest,  
As dead, within the West ;  
Yet the next Morne, re-guild the fragrant East.

Alas for me ! that I have lost  
E'en all almost :  
Sunk is my fight ; set is my Sun ;  
And all the loome of life undone :  
The staffe, the Elme, the prop, the shelt'ring wall,

Whereon my Vine did crawl,  
Now, now, blowne downe ; needs muſt the old  
ſtock fall.

Yet, *Porter*, while thou keep'ſt alive,  
In death I thrive :  
And like a *Phoenix* re-aſpire  
From out my *Narde*, and Fun'rall fire :  
And as I prune my feather'd youth, ſo I  
Doe mar'l how I co'd die,  
When I had Thee, my chiefe Preferver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and bleſſe that hand,  
Which makes me ſtand  
Now as I doe ; and but for thee,  
I muſt confeſſe, I co'd not be.  
The debt is paid : for he who doth reſigne  
Thanks to the gen'rous Vine ;  
Invites freſh Grapes to fill his Preſſe with Wine.

*To his dying Brother, Maſter*  
William Herrick.

L Ife of my life, take not ſo ſoone thy flight,  
But ſtay the time till we have bade Good night.  
Thou haſt both wind and Tide with thee ; Thy way  
As ſoone diſpatcht is by the Night, as Day.  
Let us not then ſo rudely henceforth goe  
Till we have wept, kiſt, figh't, ſhook hands, or ſo.

There's paine in parting ; and a kind of hell,  
 When once true-lovers take their last Fare-well.  
 What ? shall we two our endlesse leaves take here  
 Without a sad looke, or a folemne teare ?  
 He knowes not Love, that hath not this truth proved,  
*Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.*  
 Pay we our Vowes, and goe ; yet when we part,  
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart  
 Into thy loving hands : For Ile keep none  
 To warme my Breast, when thou my Pulse art gone.  
 No, here Ile last, and walk, a harmles shade,  
 About this Urne, wherein thy Dust is laid,  
 To guard it so, as nothing here shall be  
 Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

*The Olive Branch.*

SAdly I walk't within the field,  
 To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld :  
 And as I went my private way,  
 An Olive-branch before me lay :  
 And seeing it, I made a stay.  
 And took it up, and view'd it ; then  
 Kissing the *Omen*, said Amen :  
 Be, be it so, and let this be  
 A Divination unto me :  
 That in short time my woes shall cease ;  
 And Love shall crown my End with Peace.

*Upon Much-more. Epig.*

**M**UCH-MORE provides, and hoords up like  
 an Ant ;  
 Yet *Much-more* still complains he is in want.  
 Let *Much-more* justly pay his tythes ; then try  
 How both his Meale and Oile will multiply.

*To Cherry-blossomes.*

**Y**E may simper, blush, and smile,  
 And perfume the aire a while :  
 But, sweet things, ye must be gone ;  
 Fruit, ye know, is comming on :  
 Then, ah ! then, where is your grace,  
 When as Cherries come in place ?

*How Lillies came white.*

**W**Hite though ye be ; yet, Lillies, know,  
 From the first ye were not so :  
 But Ile tell ye  
 What befell ye ;  
*Cupid* and his Mother lay  
 In a Cloud ; while both did play,  
 He with his pretty finger prest  
 The rubie niplet of her breast ;  
 Out of the which, the creame of light,  
 Like to a Dew,  
 Fell downe on you.  
 And made ye white.

*To Pansies.*

AH, cruell Love ! must I endure  
 Thy many scorns, and find no cure ?  
 Say, are thy medicines made to be  
 Helps to all others, but to me ?  
 Ile leave thee, and to *Pansies* come ;  
 Comforts you'l afford me some :  
 You can ease my heart, and doe  
 What Love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

*On Gelli-flowers begotten.*

WHAT was't that fell but now  
 From that warme kisse of ours ?  
 Look, look, by Love I vow  
 They were two *Gelli-flowers*.  
 Let's kisse, and kisse agen ;  
 For if so be our closes  
 Make *Gelli-flowers*, then  
 I'm sure they'l fashon *Roses*.

*The Lilly in a Christal.*

YOU have beheld a smiling *Rose*  
 When Virgins hands have drawn  
 O'r it a Cobweb-Lawne :  
 And here, you see, this Lilly shows,  
 Tomb'd in a *Christal* stone,



More faire in this transparent cafe,  
Then when it grew alone ;  
And had but fingle grace.

You see how *Creame* but naked is ;  
Nor daunces in the eye  
Without a *Strawberrie* :  
Or some fine tincture, like to this,  
Which draws the sight thereto,  
More by that wantoning with it ;  
Then when the paler hieu  
No mixture did admit.

You see how *Amber* through the streams  
More gently stroaks the sight,  
With some conceal'd delight ;  
Then when he darts his radiant beams  
Into the boundlesse aire :  
Where either too much light his worth  
Doth all at once impaire,  
Or set it little forth.

Put *Purple Grapes*, or *Cherries* in-  
To *Glasse*, and they will send  
More beauty to commend  
Them, from that cleane and subtile skin,  
Then if they naked stood,  
And had no other pride at all,  
But their own flesh and blood,  
And tinctures naturall.

Thus Lillie, Rose, Grape, Cherry, Creame,  
 And Straw-berry do stir  
 More love, when they transfer  
 A weak, a soft, a broken beame ;  
 Then if they sho'd discover  
 At full their proper excellence ;  
 Without some Scean cast over,  
 To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this *Chrystal'd Lillie* be  
 A Rule, how far to teach,  
 Your nakednesse must reach :  
 And that, no further, then we see  
 Those glaring colours laid  
 By Arts wise hand, but to this end  
 They sho'd obey a shade ;  
 Lest they too far extend.

So though y'are white as Swan, or Snow,  
 And have the power to move  
 A world of men to love :  
 Yet, when your Lawns & Silks shal flow ;  
 And that white cloud divide  
 Into a doubtful Twi-light ; then,  
 Then will your hidden Pride  
 Raise greater fires in men.

*To his Booke.*

**L**ike to a Bride, come forth, my Book, at last,  
 With all thy richest jewels over-cast :

Say, if there be 'mongst many jems here ; one  
 Deservelesse of the name of *Paragon* :  
 Blush not at all for that ; since we have set  
 Some *Pearls* on *Queens*, that have been counterfet.

*Upon some Women.*

**T**Hou who wilt not love, doe this ;  
 Learne of me what Woman is.  
 Something made of thred and thrumme ;  
 A meere Botch of all and some.  
 Pieces, patches, ropes of haire ; .  
 In-laid Garbage ev'ry where.  
 Out-side filk, and out-side Lawne ;  
 Sceanes to cheat us neatly drawne.  
 False in legs, and false in thighes ;  
 False in breast, teeth, haire, and eyes :  
 False in head, and false enough ;  
 Onely true in shreds and stufte.

*Supreme Fortune falls soonest.*

**W**Hile leanest Beasts in Pastures feed,  
*The fattest Oxe the first must bleed.*

*The Welcome to Sack.*

**S**O soft streams meet, so springs with gladder  
 smiles  
 Meet after long divorcement by the Iles :

When Love, the child of likenesse, urgeth on  
Their Chrystal natures to an union.  
So meet stolne kisses, when the Moonie nights  
Call forth fierce Lovers to their wisht Delights :  
So *Kings & Queens* meet, when Desire convinces  
All thoughts, but such as aime at getting Princes,  
As I meet thee. Soule of my life, and fame !  
Eternall Lamp of Love ! whose radiant flame  
Out-glares the Heav'ns *Osiris* ;\* and thy gleams  
Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams.  
Welcome, O welcome my illustrious Spouse ;  
Welcome as are the ends unto my Vowes :  
I ! far more welcome then the happy soile,  
The Sea-scourg'd Merchant, after all his toile,  
Salutes with tears of joy ; when fires betray  
The smoakie chimneys of his *Ithaca*.  
Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,  
Poore pittied Exile ? Tell me, did thy Graces  
Flie discontented hence, and for a time  
Did rather choose to blesse another clime ?  
Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me,  
By thy short absence, to desire and love thee ?  
Why frowns my Sweet ? Why won't my Saint  
Favours on me, her fierce Idolater ? [confer  
Why are Those Looks, Those Looks the which  
have been  
Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in  
Like a dull Twi-light ? Tell me ; and the fault

---

\* The Sun.

Ile expiate with Sulphur, Haire, and Salt :  
And, with the Christal humour of the spring,  
Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.  
Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse ?  
Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse,  
Too temp'rate in embracing ? Tell me, ha's desire  
To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire  
Left in this rak't-up Ash-heap, as a mark  
To testifie the glowing of a spark ?  
Have I divorc't thee onely to combine  
In hot Adult'ry with another Wine ?  
True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale  
'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,  
And double my affection on thee ; as doe those,  
Whose love growes more inflam'd, by being Foes.  
But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be  
A thought of such like possibilitie ?  
When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy Iles shall lack  
Grapes, before *Herrick* leaves Canarie Sack.  
Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,  
Like *Iphyclus*, upon the tops of Corn.  
Thou mak'st me nimble, as the winged howers,  
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,  
And ride the Sun-beams. Can there be a thing  
Under the heavenly *Isis*,\* that can bring  
More love unto my life, or can present  
My *Genius* with a fuller blandishment ?  
Illustrious Idoll ! co'd th' *Ægyptians* seek

---

\* The Moon.

Help from the *Garlick*, *Onyon*, and the *Leek*,  
And pay no vowes to thee? who waft their best  
God, and far more transcendent then the rest?  
Had *Cassus*, that weak Water-drinker, known  
Thee in thy Vine, or had but tasted one  
Small Chalice of thy frantick liquor; He  
As the wise *Cato* had approv'd of thee.  
Had not *Joves*\* son, that brave *Tyrinthian* Swain,  
(Invited to the *Thesbian* banquet) ta'ne  
Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood; his spright  
Ne'r had kept heat for fifty Maids that night.  
Come, come and kisse me; Love and lust com-  
mends  
Thee, and thy beauties; kisse, we will be friends  
Too strong for Fate to break us: Look upon  
Me, with that full pride of complexion,  
As *Queenes* meet *Queenes*; or come thou unto me,  
As *Cleopatra* came to *Anthony*;  
When her high carriage did at once present  
To the *Triumvir*, Love and Wonderment.  
Swell up my nerves with spirit; let my blood  
Run through my veines, like to a hasty flood.  
Fill each part full of fire, active to doe  
What thy commanding soule shall put it to.  
And till I turne Apostate to thy love,  
Which here I vow to serve, doe not remove  
Thy Fiers from me; but *Apollo's* curse  
Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse;

---

\* Hercules.

When these Circumstants shall but live to see  
 The time that I prevaricate from thee.  
 Call me *The sonne of Beere*, and then confine  
 Me to the Tap, the Toft, the Turfe ; Let Wine  
 Ne'r shine upon me ; May my Numbers all  
 Run to a sudden Death, and Funerall.  
 And last, when thee, deare Spouse, I disavow,  
 Ne'r may Prophetique *Daphne* crown my Brow.

*Impossibilities to his Friend.*

**M**Y faithful friend, if you can see  
 The Fruit to grow up, or the Tree :  
 If you can see the colour come  
 Into the blushing Peare, or Plum :  
 If you can see the water grow  
 To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow :  
 If you can see, that drop of raine  
 Lost in the wild sea, once agalne :  
 If you can see, how Dreams do creep  
 Into the Brain by easie sleep :  
 Then there is hope that you may see  
 Her love me once, who now hates me.

*Upon Luggs. Epig.*

**L**UGGS, by the Condemnation of the Bench,  
 Was lately whipt for lying with a Wench.  
 Thus Paines and Pleasures turne by turne succeed :  
*He smarts at last, who do's not first take heed.*

*Upon Gubbs. Epig.*

**G**UBBS calls his children *Kitlings* : and wo'd  
bound  
(Some say) for joy, to see those *Kitlings* drown'd.

*To live merrily, and to trust to Good Verses.*

**N**OW is the time for mirth,  
Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe :  
For with the flowrie earth,  
The golden pomp is come.

The golden Pomp is come ;  
For now each tree do's weare,  
Made of her Pap and Gum,  
Rich beads of *Amber* here.

Now raignes the *Rose*, and now  
Th' *Arabian* Dew besmeares  
My uncontrolled brow,  
And my retorted haire.

*Homer*, this Health to thee,  
In Sack of such a kind,  
That it wo'd make thee see,  
Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

Next, *Virgil*, Ile call forth,  
To pledge this second Health  
In Wine, whose each cup's worth  
An Indian Common-wealth.



A Goblet next Ile drink  
To *Ovid*; and suppose,  
Made he the pledge, he'd think  
The world had all *one Nose*.

Then this immenfive cup  
Of *Aromatike* wine,  
*Catullus*, I quaffe up  
To that Terce Muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;  
O *Bacchus*! coole thy Raies!  
Or frantick I shall eate  
Thy *Thyrse*, and bite the *Bayes*.

Round, round, the roof do's run;  
And being ravisht thus,  
Come, I will drink a Tun  
To my *Propertius*.

Now, to *Tibullus*, next,  
This flood I drink to thee:  
But stay; I see a Text,  
That this presents to me.

Behold, *Tibullus* lies  
Here burnt, whose smal return  
Of ashes, scarce suffice  
To fill a little Urne.

Trust to good Verses then;  
They onely will aspire,  
When Pyramids, as men,  
Are lost, i'th'funerall fire.

And when all Bodies meet  
 In *Lethe* to be drown'd ;  
 Then onely Numbers sweet,  
 With endleſs life are crown'd.

*Faire Dayes : or, Dawnes deceitfull.*

**F**Aire was the Dawne ; and but e'ne now the  
 Skies  
 Shew'd like to Creame, enſpir'd with Strawberries :  
 But on a ſudden, all was chang'd and gone  
 That ſmil'd in that firſt-ſweet complexion.  
 Then Thunder-claps and Lightning did conſpire  
 To teare the world, or ſet it all on fire.  
 What truſt to things, below when as we ſee,  
 As Men, the Heavens have their Hypocriſie ?

*Lips Tongueleſſe.*

**F**Or my part, I never care  
 For thoſe lips, that tongue-ty'd are :  
 Tell-tales I wo'd have them be  
 Of my Miſtreſſe, and of me.  
 Let them prattle how that I  
 Sometimes freeze, and ſometimes frie :  
 Let them tell how ſhe doth move  
 Fore or backward in her love :  
 Let them ſpeak by gentle tones,  
 One and th'other's paſſions :  
 How we watch, and ſeldome ſleep ;

How by Willowes we doe weep :  
 How by stealth we meet, and then  
 Kisse, and sigh, so part agen.  
 This the lips we will permit  
 For to tell, nor publish it.

*To the Fever, not to trouble Julia.*

**T**H'ast dar'd too farre; but, Furie, now forbear  
 To give the least disturbance to her haire :  
 But lesse presume to lay a Plait upon  
 Her skins most smooth, and cleare expansion.  
 'Tis like a Lawnie-Firmament as yet  
 Quite dispossess'd of either fray, or fret.  
 Come thou not neere that Filmne so finely spread,  
 Where no one piece is yet unlevelled.  
 This if thou dost, woe to thee Furie, woe,  
 Ile send such Frost, such Haile, such Sleet, and Snow,  
 Such Flesh-quakes, Palsies, and such Feares as shall  
 Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all.  
 And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be  
 More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorch't by thee.

*To Violets.*

**W**elcome, Maids of Honour,  
 You doe bring  
 In the Spring;  
 And wait upon her.

She has Virgins many,  
 Fresh and faire ;  
 Yet you are  
 More sweet then any.  
 Y'are the Maiden Posies,  
 And so grac't,  
 To be plac't,  
 'Fore Damask Roses.  
 Yet though thus respected,  
 By and by  
 Ye doe lie,  
 Poore Girles, neglected.

*Upon Bunce. Epig.*

**M**Ony thou ow'ft me ; Prethee fix a day  
 For payment promi'd, though thou never  
 pay :  
 Let it be Doomes-day ; nay, take longer scope ;  
 Pay when th'art honeft ; let me have some hope.

*To Carnations. A Song.*

**S**Tay while ye will, or goe ;  
 And leave no scent behind ye :  
 Yet trust me, I shall know  
 The place, where I may find ye :  
 Within my *Lucia's* cheek,  
 Whose Livery ye weare,

Play ye at *Hide* or *Seek*,  
I'm fure to find ye there.

*To the Virgins, to make much of Time.*

**G**Ather ye Rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a flying :  
And this same flower that smiles to day,  
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a getting ;  
The sooner will his Race be run,  
And neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,  
When Youth and Blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;  
And while ye may, goe marry :  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

*Safety to look to one's selfe.*

**F**Or my neighbour Ile not know,  
Whether high he builds or no :  
Onely this Ile look upon,  
Firm be my foundation.  
Sound, or unsound, let it be ;

'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.  
He who to the ground do's fall,  
*Has not whence to sink at all.*

*To his Friend, on the untuneable Times.*

**P**Lay I co'd once ; but, gentle friend, you see  
My Harp hung up, here on the Willow tree.  
Sing I co'd once ; and bravely too enspire,  
With luscious Numbers, my melodious Lyre.  
Draw I co'd once, although not stocks or stones,  
*Amphion-like*, men made of flesh and bones,  
Whether I wo'd ; but, ah ! I know not how,  
I feele in me, this transmutation now. [strung ;  
Griefe, my deare Friend, has firft my Harp un-  
Wither'd my hand, and palfie-struck my tongue.

*His Poetrie his Pillar.*

**O**Nely a little more  
I have to write,  
Then Ile give o're,  
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute,  
That I muft stay,  
Or linger in it ;  
And then I muft away.

O Time that cut't down all !  
And scarce leav'ft here  
Memoriall  
Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot  
 In Vaults beneath?  
 And piece-meale rot  
 Without a fame in death?  
 Behold this living stone,  
 I reare for me,  
 Ne'r to be thrown  
 Downe, envious Time, by thee.  
 Pillars let some set up,  
 If so they please,  
 Here is my hope,  
 And my *Pyramides*.

*Safety on the Shore.*

What though the sea be calme? Trust to  
 the shore: [before.  
 Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc't

*A Pastorall upon the Birth of Prince Charles,  
 presented to the King, and Set by  
 Mr. Nic: Lanier.*

*The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.*

*Amin.* Good day, *Mirtillo*. *Mirt.* And to you  
 no lesse:

And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardeffe.

*Amar.* With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But  
 say, what news

Stirs in our Sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that my Ewes,

My Weathers, Lambes, and wanton Kids are well, Smooth, faire, and fat; none better I can tell:

Or that this day *Menalchas* keeps a feast

For his Sheep-shearers. *Mir.* True, these are the

But, dear *Amintas*, and, sweet *Amarillis*, [least.

Rest but a while here, by this bank of Lillies.

And lend a gentle eare to one report

The Country has. *Amint.* From whence? *Amar.*

[From whence? *Mir.* The Court.

Three dayes before the shutting in of *May*,

(With whitest Wool be ever crown'd that day!)

To all our joy, a sweet-fac't child was borne,

More tender then the childhood of the Morne.

*Chor.* Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and Let Lullaby the pretty Prince asleep! [sheep,

*Mirt.* And that his birth sho'd be more singular,

At Noone of Day, was seene a silver Star, [them

Bright as the Wise-men's Torch, which guided

To God's sweet Babe, when borne at *Bethlehem*;

While Golden Angels (some have told to me)

Sung out his Birth with Heav'nly Minstralsie.

*Amint.* O rare! But is't a trespassse if we three

Sho'd wend along his Baby-ship to see?

*Mir.* Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance to

At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love. [prove

*Amar.* But, deare *Mirtillo*, I have heard it told,

Those learned men brought *Incense*, *Myrrhe*, and

*Gold*,



From Countries far, with store of Spices, sweet,  
And laid them downe for Offerings at his feet.

*Mirt.* 'Tis true indeed ; and each of us will bring  
Unto our smiling, and our blooming King,  
A neat, though not so great an Offering.

*Amar.* A Garland for my Gift shall be  
Of flowers, ne'r suckt by th'theev'ing Bee :  
And all most sweet ; yet all lesse sweet then he.

*Amint.* And I will beare along with you  
Leaves dropping downe the honyed dew,  
With oaten pipes, as sweet, as new.

*Mirt.* And I a Sheep-hook will bestow,  
To have his little King-ship know,  
As he is Prince, he's Shepherd too.

*Chor.* Come let's away, and quickly let's be drest,  
And quickly give, *The swiftest Grace is best.*  
And when before him we have laid our treasures,  
We'll blesse the Babe, then back to Countrie pleasures.

*To the Lark.*

**G**ood speed, for I this day  
Betimes my Mattens say :  
Because I doe  
Begin to woove :  
Sweet singing Lark,  
Be thou the Clark,  
And know thy when  
To say, *Amen.*

And if I prove  
Blest in my love ;  
Then thou shalt be  
High-Priest to me,  
At my returne,  
To Incense burne ;  
And so to solemnize  
Love's, and my Sacrifice.

*The Bubble. A Song.*

TO my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares,  
Flie, thou made Bubble of my sighs and tears.  
In the wild aire, when thou hast rowl'd about,  
And, like a blasting Planet, found her out ;  
Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare  
Like to a dreadfull Comet in the Aire :  
Next, when thou dost perceive her fixed sight,  
For thy revenge to be most opposite ;  
Then like a Globe, or Ball of Wild-fire, flie,  
And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

*A Meditation for his Mistresse.*

YOU are a *Tulip* seen to day,  
But, dearest, of so short a stay ;  
That where you grew, scarce man can say.  
You are a lovely *July-flower*,  
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,  
Will force you hence, and in an houre.

You are a sparkling *Rose* i'th'bud,  
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood  
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

You are a full-spread faire-set Vine,  
And can with Tendrills love intwine,  
Yet dry'd, ere you distill your Wine.

You are like Balme inclosed, well,  
In *Amber*, or some *Chrystall* shell,  
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty *Violet*,  
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set  
Within the Virgin's Coronet.

You are the *Queen* all flowers among,  
But die you must, faire Maid, ere long,  
As He, the maker of this Song.

*The bleeding Hand : or, The Sprig of  
Eglantine given to a Maid.*

FROM this bleeding hand of mine,  
Take this sprig of *Eglantine*.  
Which, though sweet unto your smell,  
Yet the fretfull bryar will tell,  
He who plucks the sweets shall prove  
Many thorns to be in Love.

*Lyrick for Legacies.*

**G**Old I've none, for use or show,  
 Neither Silver to bestow  
 At my death ; but thus much know,  
 That each Lyrick here shall be  
 Of my love a Legacie,  
 Left to all posterity.  
 Gentle friends, then doe but please,  
 To accept such coynes as these ;  
 As my last Remembrances.

*A Dirge upon the Death of the Right Valiant  
 Lord, Bernard Stuart.*

I.

**H**Ence, hence, profane ; soft silence let us have ;  
 While we this *Trentall* sing about thy Grave.

II.

Had Wolves or Tigers seen but thee,  
 They wo'd have shew'd civility ;  
 And, in compassion of thy yeeres,  
 Washt those thy purple wounds with tears.  
 But since th'art slaine ; and in thy fall,  
 The drooping Kingdome suffers all.

*Chor.* This we will doe ; we'll daily come  
 And offer Tears upon thy Tomb :  
 And if that they will not suffice,  
 Thou shalt have soules for sacrifice.

Sleepe in thy peace, while we with spice perfume  
thee,  
And *Cedar* wash thee, that no times consume thee.

Live, live thou dost, and shalt ; for why ?  
*Soules doe not with their bodies die :*  
Ignoble off-springs, they may fall  
Into the flames of Funerall :  
When as the chosen seed shall spring  
Fresh, and for ever flourishing.

*Cho.* And times to come shall, weeping, read thy  
glory,  
Lesse in these Marble stones, then in thy story.

*To Perenna, a Mistresse.*

**D**Eare *Perenna*, prethee come,  
And with *Smallage* dresse my Tomb :  
Adde a *Cypresse*-sprig thereto,  
With a teare ; and so *Adieu*.

*Great Boast, small Roft.*

**O**F Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth *Gorrell*  
boast  
He has at home ; but who tafts boil'd or roft ?  
Look in his Brine-tub, and you shall find there  
Two stiffe blew Pigs-feet, and a sow's cleft eare.

*Upon a Bleare-ey'd Woman.*

W<sup>I</sup>ther'd with yeeres, and bed-rid *Mamma*  
 lyes ;  
 Dry-rosted all, but raw yet in her eyes.

*The Fairie Temple : or, Oberon's Chappell.*  
*Dedicated to Mr. John Merrifield,*  
*Counsellor at Law.*

R Are Temples thou hast seen, I know,  
 And rich for in and outward show :  
 Survey this Chappell, built, alone,  
 Without or Lime, or Wood, or Stone :  
 Then say, if one th'ast seene more fine  
 Then this, the Fairies once, now *Thine*.

*The Temple.*

A Way enchac't with glasse & beads  
 There is, that to the Chappel leads :  
 Whose structure, for his holy rest,  
 Is here the *Halcion's* curious nest :  
 Into the which who looks shall see  
 His *Temple of Idolatry* :  
 Where he of *God-heads* has such store,  
 As *Rome's Pantheon* had not more.  
 His house of *Rimmon*, this he calls,  
 Girt with small bones, instead of walls.

Firſt, in a *Neech*, more black then jet,  
 His Idol-Cricket there is ſet :  
 Then in a Poliſht Ovall by  
 There ſtands his *Idol-Beetle-flie* :  
 Next in an Arch, akin to this,  
 His *Idol-Canker* ſeated is :  
 Then in a Round, is plac't by theſe,  
 His golden god, *Cantharides*.  
 So that where ere ye look, ye ſee,  
 No *Capitoll*, no *Corniſh* free,  
 Or *Freeze*, from this fine Fripperie.  
 Now this the Fairies wo'd have known,  
 Theirs is a mixt Religion.  
 And ſome have heard the Elves it call  
 Part Pagan, part Papifticall.  
 If unto me all Tongues were granted,  
 I co'd not ſpeak the Saints here painted.  
 Saint *Tit*, Saint *Nit*, Saint *Is*, Saint *Itis*,  
 Who 'gainſt *Mabs-ſtate* plac't here right is.  
 Saint *Will o'th' Wiſpe*, of no great bignes,  
 But *alias* call'd here *Fatuus ignis*.  
 Saint *Frip*, Saint *Trip*, Saint *Fill*, S. *Fillie*,  
 Neither thoſe other-Saint-ſhips will I  
 Here goe about for to recite  
 Their number, almoſt, infinite,  
 Which one by one here ſet downe are  
 In this moſt curious Calendar.  
 Firſt, at the entrance of the gate,  
 A little-Puppet-Prieſt doth wait,  
 Who ſqueaks to all the commers there,

*Favour your tongues, who enter here.*  
*Pure hands bring hither, without stain.*  
 A second pules, *Hence, hence, profane.*  
 Hard by, i'th'shell of halfe a nut,  
 The Holy-water there is put :  
 A little brush of Squirrils haire,  
 Compos'd of odde, not even paires,  
 Stands in the Platter, or clofe by,  
 To purge the Fairie Family.  
 Neere to the Altar stands the Priest,  
 There off'ring up the Holy-Grist :  
 Ducking in Mood, and perfect Tenfe,  
 With (much-good-do't him) reverence.  
 The Altar is not here foure-square,  
 Nor in a forme Triangular ;  
 Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone,  
 But of a little Transverce bone ;  
 Which boyes, and Bruckel'd children call  
 (Playing for Points and Pins) *Cockall.*  
 Whose Linnen-Drapery is a thin  
 Subtile and ductile Codlin's skin ;  
 Which o're the board is smoothly spread,  
 With little Seale-work Damasked.  
 The Fringe that circumbinds it too,  
 Is Spangle-work of trembling dew,  
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,  
 Like Frost-work glitt'ring on the Snow.  
 Upon this fetuous board doth stand  
 Something for *Shew-bread*, and at hand  
 (Just in the middle of the Altar)



Upon an end, the *Fairie-Psalter*,  
Grac't with the Trout-flies curious wings,  
Which serve for watched Ribbanings.  
Now, we must know, the Elves are led  
Right by the Rubrick, which they read.  
And if Report of them be true,  
They have their Text for what they doe ;  
I, and their Book of Canons too.  
And, as Sir *Thomas Parson* tells,  
They have their Book of Articles :  
And if that Fairie Knight not lies,  
They have their Book of Homilies :  
And other Scriptures, that designe  
A short, but righteous discipline.  
The Bason stands the board upon  
To take the Free-Oblation :  
A little Pin-duft ; which they hold  
More precious, then we prize our gold :  
Which charity they give to many  
Poore of the Parish, if there's any.  
Upon the ends of these neat Railes  
Hatcht, with the Silver-light of snails,  
The Elves, in formall manner, fix  
Two pure, and holy *Candlesticks* :  
In either which a small tall bent  
Burns for the Altar's ornament.  
For sanctity, they have, to these,  
Their curious *Copes* and *Surplices*  
Of cleaneft *Cobweb*, hanging by  
In their *Religious Vesterie*.

They have their *Asb-pans*, & their *Brooms*  
To purge the Chappel and the rooms :  
Their many *mumbling Masse-priests* here,  
And many a dapper *Chorister*.  
Their ush'ring *Vergers*, here likewise,  
Their *Canons*, and their *Chaunteries* :  
Of *Cloyster-Monks* they have enow,  
I, and their *Abby-Lubbers* too :  
And if their legend doe not lye,  
They much affect the *Papacie* :  
And since the last is dead, there's hope,  
*Elve Boniface shall next be Pope*.  
They have their *Cups* and *Chalices* ;  
Their *Pardons* and *Indulgences* :  
Their *Beads* of Nits, *Bels*, *Books*, & *Wax*  
*Candles*, forsooth, and other knacks :  
Their *Holy Oyle*, their *Fasting-Spittle* ;  
Their *sacred Salt* here, not a little.  
Dry *chips*, old *shoes*, *rags*, *grease*, & *bones* ;  
Beside their *Fumigations*,  
To drive the Devill from the Cod-piece  
Of the Fryar, of work an odde-piece.  
Many a trifle too, and trinket,  
And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.  
Next, then, upon the *Chanters* side  
An *Apples-core* is hung up dry'd,  
With ratling *Kirnils*, which is rung  
To call to Morn, and Even-Song.  
The Saint, to which the most he prays  
And offers *Incense* Nights and dayes,

The *Lady* of the *Lobster* is,  
 Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse ;  
 And, humbly, chives of Saffron brings,  
 For his most cheerfull offerings.  
 When, after these, h'as paid his vows,  
 He lowly to the Altar bows :  
 And then he dons the Silk-worms shed,  
 Like a *Turks Turbant* on his head,  
 And reverently departeth thence,  
 Hid in a cloud of *Frankincense* :  
 And by the glow-worms light wel guided,  
 Goes to the Feast that's now provided.

*To Mistresse Katherine Bradshaw, the lovely,  
 that crowned him with Laurel.*

**M**Y Muse in Meads has spent her many houres,  
 Sitting, and sorting severall sorts of flowers;  
 To make for others garlands ; and to set  
 On many a head here, many a Coronet :  
 But, amongst All encircled here, not one  
 Gave her a day of Coronation ;  
 Till you, sweet Mistresse, came and enterwove  
 A *Laurel* for her, ever young as love,  
 You first of all crown'd her ; she must of due,  
 Render for that, a crowne of life to you.

*The Plaudite, or End of Life.*

**I**F after rude and boystrous seas,  
 My wearyed Pinnacle here finds ease :

If so it be I've gain'd the shore  
 With safety of a faithful Ore :  
 If having run my Barque on ground,  
 Ye see the aged Vessell crown'd :  
 What's to be done ? but on the Sands  
 Ye dance, and sing, and now clap hands.  
 The first Act's doubtfull, but we say,  
 It is the last commends the Play.

*To the most vertuous Mistresse Pot, who  
 many times entertained him.*

WHEN I through all my many Poems look,  
 And see your selfe to beautifie my Book ;  
 Me thinks that onely lustre doth appeare  
 A Light ful-filling all the Region here.  
 Guild still with flames this Firmament, and be  
 A Lamp Eternall to my Poetrie.  
 Which if it now, or shall hereafter shine,  
 'Twas by your splendour, Lady, not by mine.  
 The Oile was yours ; and that I owe for yet :  
*He payes the halfe, who do's confesse the Debt.*

*To Musique, to becalme his Fever.*

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so  
 With thy Delicious Numbers ;  
 That being raviſht, hence I goe  
 Away in easie slumbers.  
 Ease my sick head,

And make my bed,  
Thou Power that canst sever  
From me this ill :  
And quickly still :  
Though thou not kill  
My Fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire,  
Into a gentle-licking flame,  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep  
My paines asleep ;  
And give me such repofes,  
That I, poore I,  
May think, thereby,  
I live and die  
'Mongft Rofes,

Fall on me like a filent dew,  
Or like thofe Maiden showrs,  
Which, by the peepe of day, doe ftrew  
A Baptime o're the flowers.  
Melt, melt my paines,  
With thy foft ftaines ;  
That having eafe me given,  
With full delight,  
I leave this light ;  
And take my flight  
For Heaven.

*Upon a Gentlewoman with a sweet Voice.*

SO long you did not sing, or touch your Lute,  
We knew 'twas Flesh and Blood, that there  
fate mute.

But when your Playing, and your Voice came in,  
'Twas no more you then, but a *Cherubin*.

*Upon Cupid.*

AS lately I a Garland bound,  
'Mongst Roses, I there *Cupid* found :  
I took him, put him in my cup,  
And drunk with Wine, I drank him up.  
Hence then it is, that my poore brest  
Co'd never since find any rest.

*Upon Julia's Breasts.*

D If play thy breasts, my *Julia*, there let me  
Behold that circummortall purity :  
Betweene whose glories, there my lips Ile lay,  
Ravisht, in that faire *Via Lactea*.

*Best to be merry.*

F Ooles are they, who never know  
How the times away doe goe :  
But for us, who wisely see

Where the bounds of black Death be :  
 Let's live merrily, and thus  
 Gratifie the *Genius*.

*The Changes. To Corinna.*

**B**E not proud, but now encline  
 Your soft eare to Discipline.  
 You have changes in your life,  
 Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife :  
 You have ebbes of face and flowes,  
 As your health or comes, or goes ;  
 You have hopes, and doubts, and feares  
 Numberlesse, as are your haire.  
 You have Pulses that doe beat  
 High, and passions lesse of heat.  
 You are young, but must be old,  
 And, to these, ye must be told,  
 Time, ere long, will come and plow  
 Loathed Furrowes in your brow :  
 And the dimnesse of your eye  
 Will no other thing imply,  
     But you must die  
     As well as I.

*No Lock against Letcherie.*

**B**Arre close as you can, and bolt fast too your  
     doore,  
 To keep out the Letcher, and keep in the whore :

Yet, quickly you'l see by the turne of a pin,  
The Whore to come out, or the Letcher come in.

*Neglect.*

**A** *Rt quickens Nature ; Care will make a face :*  
*Neglected beauty perisheth apace.*

*Upon himselfe.*

**M**Op-ey'd I am, as some have said,  
Because I've liv'd so long a maid :  
But grant that I sho'd wedded be,  
Sho'd I a jot the better see ?  
No, I sho'd think, that Marriage might,  
Rather then mend, put out the light.

*Upon a Physitian.*

**T**Hou cam'st to cure me, Doctor, of my cold,  
And caught'st thy selfe the more by twenty  
Prethee goe home ; and for thy credit be [fold :  
First cur'd thy selfe ; then come and cure me.

*Upon Sudds, a Laundresse.*

**S***Udds* Launder Bands in pisse ; and starches  
them  
Both with her Husband's, and her own tough fleame.



*To the Rose. Song.*

**G**Oe, happy Rose, and enterwove  
 With other Flowers, bind my Love.  
 Tell her too, she must not be,  
 Longer flowing, longer free,  
 That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretfull, I have bands  
 Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands :  
 Tell her, if she struggle still,  
 I have Mirtle rods, at will,  
 For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and goe,  
 And tell her this, but doe not so,  
 Lest a handsome anger flye,  
 Like a Lightning, from her eye,  
 And burn thee up, as well as I.

*Upon Guesse. Epig.*

**G**uesse cuts his shooes, and limping, goes about  
 To have men think he's troubled with the  
 Gout :

But 'tis no Gout, beleeve it, but hard Beere,  
 Whose acrimonious humour bites him here.

*To his Booke.*

**T**Hou art a plant sprung up to wither never,  
 But like a Laurell, to grow green for ever.

*Upon a painted Gentlewoman.*

**M**En say y'are faire ; and faire ye are, 'tis true ;  
But, Hark ! we praise the Painter now, not  
you.

*Upon a crooked Maid.*

**C**rooked you are, but that dislikes not me ;  
So you be straight, where Virgins straight  
sho'd be.

*Draw Gloves.*

**A**T Draw-Gloves we'l play,  
And prethee, let's lay  
A wager, and let it be this ;  
Who first to the Summe  
Of twenty shall come,  
Shall have for his winning a kisse.

*To Musick, to becalme a sweet-sick-youth.*

**C**Harms, that call down the moon from out  
her sphere,  
On this sick youth work your enchantments here :  
Bind up his senses with your numbers, so,  
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.  
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep  
Lost in the civill Wildernesse of sleep :

That done, then let him, dispossess of paine,  
Like to a slumbring Bride, awake againe.

*To the High and Noble Prince, GEORGE,  
Duke, Marquesse, and Earle of  
Buckingham.*

**N**Ever my Book's perfection did appeare,  
Til I had got the name of VILLARS here.  
Now 'tis so full, that when therein I look,  
I see a Cloud of Glory fills my Book.  
Here stand it stil to dignifie our Muse,  
Your sober Hand-maid ; who doth wisely chuse,  
Your Name to be a *Laureat Wreathe* to Hir,  
Who doth both love and feare you *Honour'd Sir*.

*His Recantation.*

**L**Ove, I recant,  
And pardon crave,  
That lately I offended,  
But 'twas,  
Alas,  
To make a brave,  
But no disdaine intended.

No more Ile vaunt,  
For now I see,  
Thou onely hast the power,  
To find,

And bind  
A heart that's free,  
And slave it in an houre.

*The Comming of good luck.*

SO Good-luck came, and on my roofe did light,  
Like noyse-lesse ſnow ; or as the dew of night:  
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees  
Are, by the Sun-beams, tickel'd by degrees.

*The Present : or, The Bag of the Bee.*

FLy to my Miſtreſſe, pretty pilfring Bee,  
And ſay, thou bring'ſt this Hony-bag from me :  
When on her lip, thou haſt thy ſweet dew plac't,  
Mark, if her tongue, but ſlily, ſteale a taſte.  
If ſo, we live ; if not, with mournfull humme,  
Tole forth my death ; next, to my buryall come.

*On Love.*

LOve bade me aſke a gift,  
And I no more did move,  
But this, that I might ſhift  
Still with my clothes, my Love :  
That favour granted was ;  
Since which, though I love many,  
Yet ſo it comes to paſſe,  
That long I love not any.

*The Hock-cart, or Harveſt home :**To the Right Honourable, Mildmay, Earle of  
Westmorland.*

**C**OME, Sons of Summer, by whoſe toile,  
 We are the Lords of Wine and Oile :  
 By whoſe tough labours, and rough hands,  
 We rip up firſt, then reap our lands.  
 Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come,  
 And, to the Pipe, ſing Harveſt home.  
 Come forth, my Lord, and ſee the Cart  
 Dreſt up with all the Country Art.  
 See, here a *Maukin*, there a ſheet,  
 As ſpotleſſe pure, as it is ſweet :  
 The Horſes, Mares, and friſking Fillies,  
 Clad, all, in Linnen, white as Lillies.  
 The Harveſt Swaines, and Wenches bound  
 For joy, to ſee the *Hock-cart* crown'd.  
 About the Cart, heare, how the Rout  
 Of Rurall Younglings raiſe the ſhout ;  
 Preſſing before, ſome coming after,  
 Thoſe with a ſhout, and theſe with laughter.  
 Some bleſſe the Cart ; ſome kiſſe the ſheaves ;  
 Some prank them up with Oaken leaves :  
 Some croſſe the Fill-horſe ; ſome with great  
 Devotion, ſtroak the home-borne wheat :  
 While other Ruſticks, leſſe attent  
 To Prayers, then to Merrymment,  
 Run after with their breeches rent.

Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lord's Hearth,  
Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,  
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe  
Foundation of your Feast, Fat Beefe :  
With Upper Stories, Mutton, Veale  
And Bacon, which makes full the meale,  
With sev'rall dishes standing by,  
As here a Custard, there a Pie,  
And here all tempting Frumentie.  
And for to make the merry cheere,  
If smirking Wine be wanting here,  
There's that, which drowns all care, stout Beere ;  
Which freely drink to your Lord's health,  
Then to the Plough, the Common-wealth ;  
Next to your Flailes, your Fanes, your Fatts ;  
Then to the Maids with Wheaten Hats :  
To the rough Sickle, and crookt Sythe,  
Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe.  
Feed, and grow fat ; and as ye eat,  
Be mindfull, that the lab'ring Neat,  
As you, may have their fill of meat.  
And know, besides, ye must revoke  
The patient Oxe unto the Yoke,  
And all goe back unto the Plough  
And Harrow, though they'r hang'd up now.  
And, you must know, your Lord's word's true,  
Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.  
And that this pleasure is like raine,  
Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,  
But for to make it spring againe.

*The Perfume.*

**T**O-morrow, *Julia*, I betimes must rise,  
For some small fault, to offer sacrifice :  
The Altar's ready ; Fire to consume  
The fat ; breathe thou, and there's the rich perfume.

*Upon her Voice.*

**L**Et but thy voice engender with the string,  
And Angels will be borne, whilethou dost sing.

*Not to love.*

**H**E that will not love, must be  
My Scholar, and learn this of me :  
There be in Love as many feares,  
As the Summer's Corne has eares :  
Sighs, and sobs, and sorrowes more  
Then the sand, that makes the shore :  
Freezing cold, and fire heats,  
Fainting swoones, and deadly sweats ;  
Now an Ague, then a Fever,  
Both tormenting Lovers ever.  
Wod'st thou know, besides all these,  
How hard a woman 'tis to please ?  
How crosse, how fullen, and how soone  
She shifts and changes like the Moone.  
How false, how hollow she's in heart ;

And how she is her owne leaft part :  
 How high she's priz'd, and worth but fmall ;  
 Little thou't love, or not at all.

*To Mufick. A Song.*

**M**Ufick, thou *Queen of Heaven*, Care-charm-  
 That ftrik'ft a ftillneffe into hell : [ing fpel,  
 Thou that tam'ft *Tygers*, and fierce ftorms, that  
 With thy foule-melting Lullabies : [rife,  
 Fall down, down, down, from thofe thy chiming  
 fpheres,  
 To charme our foules, as thou enchant'ft our eares.

*To the Western Wind.*

**S**Weet Western Wind, whose luck it is,  
 Made rivall with the aire,  
 To give *Perenna's* lip a kiffe,  
 And fan her wanton haire.

Bring me but one, Ile promife thee,  
 Inftead of common showers,  
 Thy wings fhall be embalm'd by me,  
 And all befet with flowers.

*Upon the Death of his Sparrow. An Elegie.*

**W**Hy doe not all frefh maids appeare  
 To work Love's Sampler onely here,  
 Where fpring-time fmiles throughout the yeare ?



Are not here *Rose-buds*, *Pinks*, all flowers,  
 Nature begets by th' Sun and showers,  
 Met in one Hearse-cloth, to ore-spread  
 The body of the under-dead ?

*Phill*, the late dead, the late dead Deare,  
 O ! may no eye distill a Teare  
 For you once lost, who weep not here !  
 Had *Lesbia*, too-too-kind, but known  
 This Sparrow, she had scorn'd her own :  
 And for this dead which under-lies,  
 Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.  
 But endlesse Peace, sit here, and keep  
 My *Phill*, the time he has to sleep,  
 And thousand Virgins come and weep,  
 To make these flowrie Carpets show  
 Fresh, as their blood ; and ever grow,  
 Till passengers shall spend their doome,  
 Not *Virgil's* Gnat had such a Tomb.

*To Primroses fill'd with morning-dew.*

W<sup>H</sup>Y doe ye weep, sweet Babes ? can Tears  
     Speak grieve in you,  
     Who were but borne  
     Just as the modest Morne  
     Teem'd her refreshing dew ?  
 Alas, you have not known that shower,  
     That marres a flower ;  
     Nor felt th'unkind  
     Breath of a blasting wind ;

Nor are ye worne with yeares ;  
 Or warpt, as we,  
 Who think it strange to see,  
 Such pretty flowers, like to Orphans young,  
 To speak by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.

Speak, whim'ring Younglings, and make known  
 The reason, why  
 Ye droop, and weep ;  
 Is it for want of sleep ?  
 Or childish Lullaby ?  
 Or that ye have not seen as yet  
 The *Violet* ?  
 Or brought a kisse  
 From that Sweet-heart, to this ?  
 No, no, this sorrow shown  
 By your teares shed,  
 Wo'd have this Lecture read,  
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought  
 forth.

*How Roses came red.*

Roses at first were white,  
 Till they co'd not agree, •  
 Whether my *Sappho's* breast,  
 Or they more white sho'd be.

But being vanquish'd quite,  
 A blush their cheeks bespred ;

Since which, beleeve the rest,  
The *Roses* first came red.

*Comfort to a Lady upon the Death of  
her Husband.*

**D**Ry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sor-  
rows raine ;  
Since Clouds disperst, Suns guild the Aire again.  
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile ;  
But turne soone after calme, as Balme, or Oile.  
Winds have their time to rage ; but when they cease,  
The leavie-trees nod in a still-born peace.  
Your storme is over ; Lady, now appeare  
Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare.  
Off then with grave clothes ; put fresh colours on ;  
And flow, and flame, in your *Vermillion*.  
Upon your cheek sate *Yficles* awhile ;  
Now let the Rose raigne like a Queene, and smile.

*How Violets came blew.*

**L**Ove on a day, wife Poets tell,  
Some time in wrangling spent,  
Whether the Violets sho'd excell,  
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But *Venus* having lost the day,  
Poore Girles, she fell on you ;

And beat ye so, as some dare say,  
Her blowes did make ye blew.

*Upon Groynes. Epig.*

**G***roynes*, for his fleshly *Burglary* of late,  
Stood in the *Holy-Forum Candidate* :  
The word is *Roman* ; but in English knowne :  
Penance, and standing so, are both but one.

*To the Willow-tree.*

**T**Hou art to all lost love the best,  
The onely true plant found,  
Wherewith young men and maids distressed,  
And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the Lover's Rose is dead,  
Or laid aside forlorne ;  
Then Willow-garlands, 'bout the head,  
Bedew'd with teares, are worne.

When with Neglect, the Lover's bane,  
Poore Maids rewarded be,  
For their love lost : their onely gaine  
Is but a Wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,  
When weary of the light,  
The love-spent Youth, and love-sick Maid,  
Come to weep out the night.

*Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler, under the name of the  
Lost Shepardsse.*

**A**mong the *Mirtles*, as I walkt,  
Love and my sighs thus intertalkt :  
Tell me, said I, in deep distresse,  
Where I may find my Shepardsse.  
Thou foole, said Love, know'st thou not this ?  
In every thing that's sweet, she is.  
In yond' *Carnation* goe and seek,  
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek :  
In that ennamel'd *Pansie* by,  
There thou shalt have her curious eye :  
In bloome of *Peach*, and *Roses* bud,  
There waves the Streamer of her blood.  
'Tis true, said I, and thereupon  
I went to pluck them one by one,  
To make of parts an union ;  
But on a sudden all were gone.  
At which I stopt ; Said Love, these be  
The true resemblances of thee ;  
For as these flowers, thy joyes must die,  
And in the turning of an eye ;  
And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
Like those short sweets ere knit together.

*To the King.*

**I**F when these Lyricks, CESAR, You shall heare,  
And that *Apollo* shall so touch Your eare,

As for to make this, that, or any one  
Number, Your owne, by free Adoption ;  
That Verfe, of all the Verfes here, fhall be  
The Heire to This *great Realme of Poetry.*

*To the Queene.*

**G**Oddeffe of Youth, and Lady of the Spring,  
*Most fit to be the Consort to a King.*  
Be pleas'd to rest you in *This Sacred Grove,*  
Beset with *Mirtles* ; whose each leafe drops Love.  
Many a sweet-fac't *Wood-Nymph* here is seene,  
Of which chaste *Order You* are now the *Queene* :  
Witnesse their *Homage*, when they come and strew  
Your Walks with Flowers, and give their Crowns  
to you.  
Your Leavie-Throne, with *Lilly-work*, possesse ;  
And be both *Princesse* here, and *Poetresse.*

*The Poet's good Wishes for the most hope-  
full and handsome Prince, the  
Duke of Yorke.*

**M**Ay his pretty Duke-ship grow  
Like t'a Rose of *Jericho* :  
Sweeter far, then ever yet  
Shows or Sun-shines co'd beget.  
May the Graces, and the Howers  
Strew his hopes, and Him with flowers :  
And so dresse him up with Love,

As to be the Chick of *Jove*.  
 May the thrice-three-Sisters sing  
 Him the Sovereigne of their Spring :  
 And entitle none to be  
 Prince of *Hellicon*, but He.  
 May his soft foot, where it treads,  
 Gardens thence produce and Meads :  
 And those Meddowes full be set  
 With the Rose, and Violet.  
 May his ample Name be knowne  
 To the last succession :  
 And his actions high be told  
 Through the world, but writ in gold.

*To Anthea, who may command him  
 any thing.*

**B** Id me to live, and I will live  
 Thy Protestant to be :  
 Or bid me love, and I will give  
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
 A heart as sound and free,  
 As in the whole world thou canst find,  
 That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
 To honour thy Decree :  
 Or bid it languish quite away,  
 And't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,  
While I have eyes to see :  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,  
Under that *Cypresse* tree :  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me :  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

*Previfion, or Provifion.*

**T**hat Princetakes foone enough the Victor's roome,  
Who first provides, not to be overcome.

*Obedience in Subjects.*

**T**He Gods to Kings the Judgement give to fway :  
The Subjects onely glory to obey.

*More potent, leffe peccant.*

**H**E that may fin, fins leaft; Leave to transgreffe  
Enfeebles much the feeds of wickedneffe.



*Upon a Maid that dyed the day ſhe was  
married.*

**T**Hat Morne which ſaw me made a Bride,  
The Ev'ning witneſt that I dy'd.  
Thoſe holy lights, wherewith they guide  
Unto the bed the baſhfull Bride,  
Serv'd, but as Tapers, for to burne,  
And light my Reliques to their Urne.  
This *Epitaph*, which here you ſee,  
Supply'd the *Epithalamie*.

*Upon Pink an ill-fac'd Painter. Epig.*

**T**O paint the Fiend, *Pink* would the Devill ſee;  
And ſo he may, if he'll be rul'd by me:  
Let but *Pink's* face i' th' Looking-glaſſe be ſhowne,  
And *Pink* may paint the Devill's by his owne.

*Upon Brock. Epig.*

**T**O clenſe his eyes, *Tom Brock* makes much adoe,  
But not his mouth, the fouler of the two.  
A clammie Reume makes loathſome both his eyes:  
His mouth worſe furr'd with oathes and blaſphemies.

*To Meddowes.*

**Y**E have been freſh and green,  
Ye have been fill'd with flowers:

And ye the Walks have been  
Where Maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld, how they  
With *Wicker Arks* did come  
To kisse, and beare away  
The richer Couflips home.

Y've heard them sweetly sing,  
And seen them in a Round :  
Each Virgin, like a Spring,  
With Hony-suckles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,  
Whose silv'rie feet did tread,  
And with dishevell'd Haire,  
Adorn'd this smoother Mead.

Like Unthrifts, having spent  
Your stock, and needy grown,  
Y'are left here to lament  
Your poore estates, alone.

*Crosses.*

**T**Hough good things answer many good intents;  
*Crosses doe still bring forth the best events.*

*Miseries.*

**T**Hough hourelly comforts from the Gods we see,  
*No life is yet life-prooffe from miserie.*

*Laugh and lie downe.*

**Y**'Ave laught enough, fweet, vary now your  
Text;  
And laugh no more ; or laugh, and lie down next.

*To his Household-gods.*

**R**ife, Household-gods, and let us goe ;  
But whither, I my felfe not know.  
Firft, let us dwell on rudeft feas ;  
Next, with fevereft Salvages ;  
Laft, let us make our beft abode,  
Where humane foot, as yet, ne'r trod :  
Search worlds of Ice ; and rather there  
Dwell, then in lothed *Devonfhire*.

*To the Nightingale, and Robin Red-breft.*

**W**Hen I departed am, ring thou my knell,  
Thou pittifull, and pretty *Philomel* :  
And when I'm laid out for a Corfe ; then be  
Thou *Sexton*, *Red-breft*, for to cover me.

*To the Yew and Cyprefse to grace his  
Funerall.*

**B**Oth you two have  
Relation to the grave :  
And where  
The *Fun'rall-Trump* founds, you are there.

I shall be made  
Ere long a fleeting shade :  
Pray come,  
And doe some honour to my Tomb.

Do not deny  
My last request ; for I  
Will be  
Thankfull to you, or friends, for me.

*I call and I call.*

**I** Call, I call : who doe ye call ?  
The Maids to catch this Cowflip-ball :  
But since these Cowflips fading be,  
Troth, leave the flowers, and Maids, take me.  
Yet, if that neither you will doe,  
Speak but the word, and Ile take you.

*On a perfum'd Lady.*

**Y**OU say y'are sweet ; how sho'd we know  
Whether that you be sweet or no ?  
From *Powders* and *Perfumes* keep free ;  
Then we shall smell how sweet you be.

*A Nuptiall Song, or Epithalamie, on Sir  
Clipseby Crew and his Lady.*

**W**Hat's that we see from far ? the spring of  
Day  
Bloom'd from the East, or faire Injewel'd May



*Himen, O Himen!* tread the sacred ground;  
Shew thy white feet, and head with Marjoram  
crown'd :

Mount up thy flames, and let thy Torch  
Display the Bridegroom in the porch,

In his desires

More towring, more disparkling then thy fires :

Shew her how his eyes do turne

And roule about, and in their motions burne

Their balls to Cindars : haste,

Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and passe  
The Shewers of Roses, lucky foure-leav'd grassie :

The while the cloud of younglings sing,

And drown yee with a flowrie Spring :

While some repeat

Your praise, and bleſs you, sprinkling you with

While that others doe divine ; [Wheat :

*Blest is the Bride, on whom the Sun doth shine ;*

And thousands gladly wish

You multiply, as doth a Fiſh.

And beautious Bride we do confes y'are wiſe,

In dealing forth theſe baſhfull jealousies :

In Love's name do ſo ; and a price

Set on your ſelfe, by being nice :

But yet take heed ;

What now you ſeem, be not the ſame indeed,

And turne *Apoſtate* : Love will

Part of the way be met ; or ſit ſtone-ſtill.

On then, and though you slowly  
go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now y'are enter'd ; see the Codled Cook  
Runs from his *Torrid Zone*, to prie, and look,  
And blesse his dainty Mistresse : see,  
The Aged point out, This is she,  
Who now must fway  
The House (Love shield her) with her Yea and  
And the smirk Butler thinks it [Nay :  
Sin, in's Nap'rie, not to expresse his wit ;  
Each striving to devise  
Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind Turtles, now, and write  
This the short'st day, and this the longest night ;  
But yet too short for you : 'tis we,  
Who count this night as long as three,  
Lying alone,  
Telling the Clock strike Ten, Eleven, Twelve,  
Quickly, quickly then prepare ; [One.  
And let the Young-men and the Bride-maids share  
Your Garters ; and their joynts  
Encircle with the Bride-grooms Points.

By the Bride's eyes, and by the teeming life  
Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no strife,  
Farther then Gentlenes tends, gets place  
Among ye, striving for her lace :  
O doe not fall  
Foule in these noble pastimes, left ye call

Discord in, and so divide  
 The youthfull Bride-groom, and the fragrant Bride:  
     Which Love fore-fend; but spoken,  
 Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of Spring-time, tender whimpring maids,  
 Now *Autumne's* come, when all those flowrie aids  
     Of her Delays must end; Dispose  
     That *Lady-smock*, that *Pansie*, and that *Rose*  
         Neatly apart;  
 But for *Prick-madam*, and for *Gentle-heart*;  
     And soft *Maidens-blush*, the Bride  
 Makes holy these, all others lay aside:  
     Then strip her, or unto her  
 Let him come, who dares undo her.

And to enchant yee more, see every where  
 About the Roofe a *Syren* in a Sphere,  
     As we think, singing to the dinne  
     Of many a warbling *Cherubim*:

    O marke yee how  
 The soule of Nature melts in numbers: now  
     See, a thousand *Cupids* flye,  
 To light their Tapers at the Bride's bright eye.  
     To Bed; or her they'l tire,  
 Were she an Element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see, the proud  
 Plumpe Bed beare up, and swelling like a cloud,  
     Tempting the two too modest; can  
 Yee see it bruste like a Swan,



And you be cold  
 To meet it, when it woo's and seemes to fold  
     The Armes to hugge it? throw, throw  
 Your felves into the mighty over-flow  
     Of that white Pride, and Drowne  
 The night, with you, in floods of Downe.

The bed is ready, and the maze of Love  
 Lookes for the treaders; every where is wove  
     Wit and new misterie; read, and  
     Put in practise, to understand  
         And know each wile,  
 Each hieroglyphick of a kisse or smile;  
     And do it to the full; reach  
 High in your own concept, and some way teach  
     Nature and Art, one more  
 Play, then they ever knew before.

If needs we must for Ceremonies-fake,  
 Blesse a *Sack-poffet*; Luck go with it; take  
     The Night-Charme quickly; you have spells,  
     And magicks for to end, and hells,  
         To passe; but such  
 And of such Torture as no one would grutch  
     To live therein for ever: Frie  
 And consume, and grow again to die,  
     And live, and in that case,  
 Love the confusion of the place.

But since It must be done, dispatch, and sowe  
 Up in a sheet your Bride, and what if so

It be with Rock, or walles of Brasse,  
 Ye Towre her up, as *Danae* was ;  
   Thinke you that this,  
 Or hell it felse a powerfull Bulwarke is ?  
                   I tell yee no ; but like a  
 Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,  
                   And rend the cloud, and throw  
                   The sheet about, like flakes of snow.

All now is husht in silence ; *Midwife-moone*,  
 With all her *Owle-ey'd* issue, begs a boon  
                   Which you must grant ; that's entrance ;  
                   Which extract, all we can call pith   [with  
   And quintessence  
 Of Planetary bodies ; so commence  
                   All faire *Constellations*  
 Looking upon yee, that, That Nations  
                   Springing from two such Fires,  
                   May blaze the vertue of their Sires.

*The filken Snake.*

FOR sport my *Julia* threw a Lace  
 Of filke and silver at my face :  
 Watchet the filke was ; and did make  
 A shew, as if 't 'ad been a snake :  
 The suddennesse did me affright ;  
 But though it scar'd, it did not bite.

*Upon himselfe.*

**I** Am Sive-like, and can hold  
Nothing hot, or nothing cold.  
Put in Love, and put in too  
Jealousie, and both will through :  
Put in Feare, and Hope, and Doubt ;  
What comes in, runnes quickly out :  
Put in Secrecies withall,  
What ere enters, out it shall :  
But if you can stop the Sive,  
For mine own part I'de as lieve  
Maides sho'd say, or Virgins sing,  
*Herrick* keeps, as holds nothing.

*Upon Love.*

**L** Ove's a thing, as I do heare,  
Ever full of pensive feare ;  
Rather then to which I'le fall,  
Trust me, I'le not like at all :  
If to love I should entend,  
Let my haire then stand an end :  
And that terrour likewise prove,  
Fatale to me in my love.  
But if horreur cannot flake  
Flames, which wo'd an entrance make ;  
Then the next thing I desire,  
Is to love, and live i'th fire.

*Reverence to Riches.*

**L**ike to the Income must be our expence;  
*Man's Fortune must be had in reverence.*

*Devotion makes the Deity.*

**W**ho formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone,  
*Makes not a God; but he that prayes to one.*

*To all young Men that love.*

**I** Could wish you all, who love,  
 That ye could your thoughts remove  
 From your Mistresses, and be,  
 Wisely wanton, like to me.  
 I could wish you dispossess  
 Of that *Fiend that marres your rest*;  
 And with Tapers comes to fright  
 Your weake senses in the night.  
 I co'd wish, ye all, who frie  
 Cold as Ice, or coole as I.  
 But if flames best like ye, then  
 Much good do't ye, Gentlemen.  
 I a merry heart will keep,  
 While you wring your hands and weep.

*The Eyes.*

**T**is a known principle in War,  
 The eies be first, that conquer'd are.

*No Fault in Women.*

**N**O fault in women to refuse  
 The offer, which they most wo'd chuse.  
 No fault in women, to confesse  
 How tedious they are in their dresse.  
 No fault in women, to lay on  
 The tincture of *Vermillion* :  
 And there to give the cheek a die  
 Of white, where nature doth deny.  
 No fault in women, to make shew  
 Of largeness, when th'are nothing so :  
 When, true it is, the out-side swels  
 With inward Buckram, little else.  
 No fault in women, though they be  
 But seldome from suspition free :  
 No fault in womankind, at all,  
 If they but slip, and never fall.

*Upon Shark. Epig.*

**S**Hark when he goes to any publick feast,  
 Eates to ones thinking, of all there, the least.  
 What saves the master of the House thereby ?  
 When if the servants search, they may descry  
 In his wide Codpeece, dinner being done,  
 Two Napkins cram'd up, and a silver Spooone.

## Oberon's Feast.

**S** Hapcot ! to thee the Fairy State  
 I, with discretion, dedicate.  
*Because thou prizest things that are  
 Curious, and un-familiar.  
 Take first the feast ; these dishes gone ;  
 Wee'l see the Fairy-Court anon.*

**A** Little mushroome table spread,  
 After short prayers, they set on bread ;  
 A Moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,  
 With some small glit'ring gritt, to eat  
 His choyce bitts with ; then in a trice  
 They make a feast lesse great then nice.  
 But all this while his eye is ferv'd,  
 We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd :  
 But that there was in place to stir  
 His Spleen, the chirring Grafhopper ;  
 The merry Cricket, puling Flie,  
 The piping Gnat for minstralcy.  
 And now, we must imagine first,  
 The Elves present to quench his thirst  
 A pure feed-Pearle of Infant dew,  
 Brought and besweetned in a blew  
 And pregnant violet ; which done,  
 His kitling eyes begin to runne  
 Quite through the table, where he spies  
 The hornes of paperie Butterflies,

Of which he eates, and tastes a little  
Of that we call the Cuckoes spittle.  
A little Fuz-ball pudding stands  
By, yet not blessed by his hands,  
That was too coorse; but then forthwith  
He ventures boldly on the pith  
Of sugred Rush, and eates the sagge  
And well bestrutted Bees sweet bagge:  
Gladding his pallat with some store  
Of Emits eggs; what wo'd he more?  
But Beards of Mice, a Newt's stew'd thigh,  
A bloated Earewig, and a Flie;  
With the Red-capt worme, that's shut  
Within the concave of a Nut,  
Browne as his Tooth. A little Moth,  
Late fatned in a piece of cloth:  
With withered cherries; Mandrakes eares;  
Moles eyes; to these, the slain-Stags teares:  
The unctuous dewlaps of a Snail;  
The broke-heart of a Nightingale  
Ore-come in musicke; with a wine,  
Ne're ravisht from the flattering Vine,  
But gently prest from the soft side  
Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,  
Brought in a dainty daizie, which  
He fully quaffs up to bewitch  
His blood to height; this done, commended  
Grace by his Priest; *The feast is ended.*

*Event of Things not in our Power.*

BY Time, and Counsell, doe the best we can,  
Th'event is never in the power of man.

*Upon her Blush.*

WHen *Julia* blushes, she do's show  
Cheeks like to *Roses*, when they blow.

*Merits make the Man.*

OUR Honours, and our Commendations be  
Due to the Merits, not Authoritie.

*To Virgins.*

HEare, ye Virgins, and Ile teach,  
What the times of old did preach.

*Rosamond* was in a Bower  
Kept, as *Danae* in a Tower :  
But yet Love, who subtile is,  
Crept to that, and came to this.  
Be ye lockt up like to these,  
Or the rich *Hesperides* ;  
Or those Babies in your eyes,  
In their Christall Nunneries ;  
Notwithstanding Love will win,  
Or else force a passage in :  
And as coy be, as you can,  
Gifts will get ye, or the man.



*Vertue.*

**E**Ach must, in vertue, strive for to excell;  
*That man lives twice, that lives the first lifewell.*

*The Bell-man.*

**F**rom noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,  
 From Murders *Benedicite*.  
 From all mischances, that may fright  
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night:  
 Mercie secure ye all, and keep  
 The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.  
 Past one a'clock, and almost two,  
 My Masters all, *Good day to you.*

*Bashfulnesse.*

**O**F all our parts, the eyes expresse  
 The sweetest kind of bashfulnesse.

*To the most accomplit Gentleman, Master  
 Edward Norgate, Clark of the Signet  
 to His Majesty. Epig.*

**F**Or one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts;  
 For one to whom espous'd are all the Arts;  
 Long have I fought for: but co'd never see  
 Them all concenter'd in one man, but Thee.

Thus, thou that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd  
To make but One, and that's thy selfe, admir'd.

*Upon Prudence Baldwin her Sicknesse.*

**P***Rue*, my dearest Maid, is sick,  
Almost to be Lunatick :  
*Æsculapius* ! come and bring  
Means for her recovering ;  
And a gallant Cock shall be  
Offer'd up by Her, to Thee.

*To Apollo. A short Hymne.*

**P***Hæbus* ! when that I a Verse,  
Of some numbers more rehearse ;  
Tune my words, that they may fall,  
Each way smoothly Musically :  
For which favour, there shall be  
Swans devoted unto thee.

*A Hymne to Bacchus.*

**B***Acchus*, let me drink no more ;  
Wild are Seas, that want a shore.  
When our drinking has no stint,  
There is no one pleasure in't.  
I have drank up for to please  
Thee, that great cup *Hercules* :  
Urge no more ; and there shall be  
Daffadills g'en up to Thee.

*Upon Bungie.*

**B** *Ungie* do's fast ; looks pale ; puts Sack-cloth  
 Not out of Conscience, or Religion : [on ;  
 Or that this Yonker keeps so strict a Lent,  
 Fearing to break the King's Commandement :  
 But being poore, and knowing Flesh is deare,  
 He keeps not one, but many Lents i'th'yeare.

*On Himselfe.*

**H** Ere down my wearyed limbs Ile lay ;  
 My Pilgrims staffe ; my weed of gray :  
 My Palmers hat ; my Scallops shell ;  
 My Crosse ; my Cord ; and all farewell.  
 For having now my journey done,  
 Just at the setting of the Sun,  
 Here I have found a Chamber fit,  
 God and good friends be thank't for it,  
 Where if I can a lodger be  
 A little while from Trampers free ;  
 At my up-rising next, I shall,  
 If not requite, yet thank ye all.  
 Meane while, the *Holy-Rood* hence fright  
 The fouler Fiend, and evill Spright,  
 From scaring you or yours this night.

*Casualties.*

**G**ood things, that come of course, far lesse doe  
 please,  
 Then those, which come by sweet contingences.

*Bribes and Gifts get all.*

**D**Ead falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute;  
But let that speak, the Client gets the suit.

*The End.*

**I**F well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right;  
*It is the End that crownes us, not the Fight.*

*Upon a Child that dyed.*

**H**ERE she lies, a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood:  
Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,  
As her lirtle eyes did peep.  
Give her strewings; but not stir  
The earth, that lightly covers her.

*Upon Sneape. Epig.*

**S**NEAPE has a face so brittle, that it breaks  
Forth into blushes, whensoever he speaks.

*Content, not Cates.*

**T**IS not the food, but the content  
That makes the Table's merriment.  
Where Trouble serves the board, we eate  
The Platters there, as soone as meat.  
A little Pipkin with a bit  
Of Mutton, or of Veale in it,

Set on my Table, Trouble-free,  
More then a Feast contenteth me.

*The Entertainment: or, Porch-verse, at the  
Marriage of Mr. Hen. Northly, and  
the most witty Mrs. Lettice Yard.*

**W**Eelcome ! but yet no entrance, till we blesse  
First you, then you, and both for white  
successe.

Profane no Porch, young man and maid, for fear  
Ye wrong the *Thresbold-god*, that keeps peace here :  
Pleafe him, and then all good-luck will betide  
You, the brisk Bridegroom, you, the dainty Bride.  
Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise ;  
Put on your Garlands first, then Sacrifice :  
That done ; when both of you have seemly fed,  
We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to Bed :  
Where being laid, all Faire signes looking on,  
Fish-like, encrease then to a million :  
And millions of spring-times may ye have,  
Which spent, on death, bring to ye both one Grave.

*The Good-night or Blessing.*

**B**lessings, in abundance come,  
To the Bride, and to her Groome ;  
May the Bed, and this short night,  
Know the fulness of delight !  
Pleasures many here attend ye,  
And ere long, a Boy Love send ye

Curld and comely, and so trimme,  
Maides, in time, may ravish him.  
Thus a dew of Graces fall  
On ye both ; Goodnight to all.

*Upon Leech.*

**L** *Each* boasts, he has a Pill, that can alone,  
With speed give sick men their salvation :  
'Tis strange, his Father long time has been ill,  
And credits Physick, yet not trusts his Pill :  
And why ? he knowes he must of Cure despaire,  
Who makes the slie Physitian his Heire.

*To Daffadills.*

**F**aire Daffadills, we weep to see  
You haste away so soone :  
As yet the early-rising Sun  
Has not attain'd his Noone.  
Stay, stay,  
Untill the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the Even-song ;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will goe with you along.  
We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a Spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet Decay,  
As you, or any thing.

We die,  
 As your hours doe, and drie  
     Away,  
 Like to the Summers raine ;  
 Or as the pearles of Morning's dew  
     Ne'r to be found againe.

*To a Maid.*

**Y**OU say, you love me ; that I thus must prove ;  
 If that you lye, then I will sweare you love.

*Upon a Lady that dyed in child-bed, and left  
 a Daughter behind her.*

**A**S Gilly flowers do but stay  
 To blow, and feed, and so away ;  
 So you sweet Lady, sweet as May,  
 The gardens-glory liv'd a while,  
 To lend the world your scent and smile.  
 But when your own faire print was set  
 Once in a Virgin *Floſculet*;  
 Sweet as your ſelfe, and newly blown,  
 To give that life, reſign'd your own :  
 But ſo, as ſtill the mother's power  
 Lives in the pretty Lady-flower.

*A New-yeares Gift ſent to Sir Simeon  
 Steward.*

**N**O newes of Navies burnt at Seas ;  
 No noiſe of late ſpawn'd *Tittyries* :

No cloffet plot, or open vent,  
That frights men with a Parliament :  
No new devise, or late found trick,  
To read by th' Starres, the Kingdoms sick :  
No ginne to catch the State, or wring  
The free-born Nosthrills of the King,  
We send to you ; but here a jolly  
Verse crown'd with *Yvie*, and with *Holly* :  
That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth,  
That Milk-maids make about the hearth,  
Of Christmas sports, the *Wassell-boule*,  
That tost up, after *Fox-i'th' hole* :  
Of *Blind-man-buffe*, and of the care  
That young men have to shooe the *Mare* :  
Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes  
Wherewith ye make those merry Sceanes,  
When as ye chuse your King and Queen,  
And cry out, *Hey, for our town green*.  
Of Ash-heapes, in the which ye use  
Husbands and Wives by streakes to chuse :  
Of crackling Laurell, which fore-sounds,  
A Plentious harvest to your grounds :  
Of these, and such like things, for shift,  
We send in stead of New-yeares gift.  
Read then, and when your faces shine  
With bucksome meat and capring Wine :  
Remember us in Cups full crown'd,  
And let our Citie-health go round,  
Quite through the young maids and the men,  
To the ninth number, if not tenne ;



Untill the fired Cheshnuts leape  
 For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,  
 From the plumpe Chalice, and the Cup,  
 That tempts till it be tossed up :  
 Then as ye sit about your embers,  
 Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;  
 But think on these, that are t'appeare,  
 As Daughters to the instant yeare :  
 Sit crown'd with Rose-buds, and carouse,  
 Till *Liber Pater* twirles the house  
 About your eares ; and lay upon  
 The yeare, your cares, that's fled and gon.  
 And let the russet Swaines the Plough  
 And Harrow hang up resting now ;  
 And to the Bag-pipe all addresse ;  
 Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.  
 And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes  
 Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

*Mattens, or Morning Prayer.*

**W**Hen with the Virgin morning thou do'st rise,  
 Crossing thy selfe ; come thus to sacrifice :  
 First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring  
 Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.  
 Next to the Altar humbly kneele, and thence,  
 Give up thy soule in clouds of frankinsence.  
 Thy golden Censors fill'd with odours sweet,  
 Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

*Evenfong. .*

**B**Eginnewith *Jove* ; then is the worke halfe done ;  
And runnes most smoothly, when tis well begunne.

*Jove's* is the first and last : the Morn's his due,  
The midst is thine ; but *Joves* the Evening too ;  
As sure a *Mattins* do's to him belong,  
So sure he layes claime to the *Evenfong*.

*The Braclet to Julia.*

**W**Hy I tye about thy wrift,  
*Julia*, this my filken twift ;  
For what other reason is't,  
But to shew thee how in part,  
Thou my pretty Captive art ?  
But thy Bondslave is my heart :  
'Tis but filke that bindeth thee,  
Knap the thread, and thou art free :  
But 'tis otherwise with me ;  
I am bound, and fast bound so,  
That from thee I cannot go,  
If I co'd, I wo'd not so.

*The Christian Militant.*

**A**Man prepar'd against all ills to come,  
That dares to dead the fire of martirdome :  
That sleeps at home ; and sayling there at ease,

Feares not the fierce sedition of the Seas :  
 That's counter-prooffe againſt the Farms miſ-haps,  
 Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps :  
 That weares one face, like heaven, and never ſhowes  
 A change, when Fortune either comes, or goes :  
 That keepes his own ſtrong guard, in the deſpight  
 Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night :  
 That takes and re-delivers every ſtroake  
 Of Chance, as made up all of rock, and oake :  
 That ſighs at other's death ; ſmiles at his own  
 Moſt dire and horrid crucifixion.  
 Who for true glory ſuffers thus ; we grant  
 Him to be here our *Chriſtian militant*.

*A ſhort Hymne to Larr.*

**T**Hough I cannot give thee fires  
 Glit'ring to my free deſires :  
 Theſe accept, and Ile be free,  
 Offering *Poppy* unto thee.

*Another to Neptune.*

**M**Ighty *Neptune*, may it pleaſe  
 Thee, the *Rector* of the Seas,  
 That my Barque may ſafely runne  
 Through thy watrie-region ;  
 And a *Tunnie-fiſh* ſhall be  
 Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

*Upon Greedy. Epig.*

**A**N old, old widow *Greedy* needs wo'd wed,  
 Not for affection to her, or her Bed ;  
 But in regard, 'twas often said, this old  
 Woman wo'd bring him more then co'd be told,  
 He tooke her ; now the jest in this appears,  
 So old she was, that none co'd tell her yeares.

*His Embalming to Julia.*

**F**Or my embalming, *Julia*, do but this,  
 Give thou my lips but their supreamest kifs :  
 Or else trans-fuse thy breath into the chest,  
 Where my small reliques must for ever rest :  
 That breath the *Balm*, the *myrrh*, the *Nard* shal  
 To give an *incorruption* unto me. [be,

*Gold, before Goodnesse.*

**H**Ow rich a man is, all desire to know ;  
 But none enquires if good he be, or no.

*The Kisse. A Dialogue.*

1. **A**Mong thy Fancies, tell me this,  
 What is the thing we call a kisse ?
2. I shall resolve ye, what it is.

It is a creature born and bred  
 Between the lips, all cherrie-red,

By love and warme desires fed,

*Chor.* And makes more soft the Bridall Bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies,  
First, to the Babies of the eyes ;  
And charmes them there with lullabies ;

*Chor.* And stils the Bride too, when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare,  
It frisks, and flyes, now here, now there,  
'Tis now farre off, and then tis nere ;

*Chor.* And here, and there, and every where.

1. Has it a speaking virtue ? 2. Yes.  
1. How speaks it, say ? 2. Do you but this,  
Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse ;

*Chor.* And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body ? 2. I, and wings,  
With thousand rare encolourings :  
And as it flyes, it gently sings,

*Chor.* Love, honie yeelds ; but never stings.

### *The Admonition.*

Seeft thou those *Diamonds* which she weares  
In that rich Carkanet ;  
Or those on her dishevel'd haire,  
Faire *Pearles* in order set ?  
Beleeve, young man, all those were teares  
By wretched Wooers sent,  
In mournfull *Hyacinths* and *Rue*,  
That figure discontent ;

Which when not warmed by her view,  
 By cold neglect, each one,  
 Congeal'd to Pearle and stone ;  
 Which precious spoiles upon her,  
 She weares as trophees of her honour.  
 Ah, then consider what all this implies ; [eyes.  
 She that will weare thy teares, wo'd weare thine

*To his honoured Kinsman Sir William  
 Soame. Epig.*

I Can but name thee, and methinks I call  
 All that have been, or are canonicall  
 For love and bountie, to come neare, and see,  
 Their many vertues volum'd up in thee ;  
 In thee, Brave Man ! whose incorrupted fame,  
 Casts forth a light like to a Virgin flame :  
 And as it shines, it throwes a scent about,  
 As when a Rain-bow in perfumes goes out.  
 So vanish hence, but leave a name, as sweet,  
 As *Benjamin*, and *Storax*, when they meet.

*On Himselfe.*

A Ske me, why I do not sing  
 To the tension of the string,  
 As I did, not long ago,  
 When my numbers full did flow ?  
 Griefe, ay me ! hath struck my Lute,  
 And my tongue at one time mute.

*To Larr.*

**N**O more shall I, since I am driven hence,  
 Devote to thee my graines of Frankinfence :  
 No more shall I from mantle-trees hang downe,  
 To honour thee, my little Parsly crown :  
 No more shall I, I feare me, to thee bring  
 My chives of Garlick for an offering :  
 No more shall I, from henceforth, heare a quire  
 Of merry Crickets by my Country fire.  
 Go where I will, thou luckie *Larr*, stay here,  
 Warme by a glit'ring chimnie all the yeare.

*The Departure of the good Dæmon.*

**W**Hat can I do in Poetry,  
 Now the good Spirit's gone from me ?  
 Why nothing now, but lonely sit,  
 And over-read what I have writ.

*Clemency.*

**F**Or punishment in warre, it will suffice,  
 If the chiefe Author of the faction dyes ;  
 Let but few smart, but strike a feare through all :  
 Where the fault springs, there let the judgement fall.

*His Age, dedicated to his peculiar friend,  
 M. John Wickes, under the Name  
 of Posthumus.*

**A**H *Posthumus* ! our yeares hence flye,  
 And leave no sound ; nor piety,

Or prayers, or vow  
Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow :

But we must on,  
As Fate do's lead or draw us ; none,  
None, *Posthumus*, co'd ere decline  
The doome of cruell *Proserpine*.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground  
Must all be left, no one plant found

To follow thee,  
Save only the *Curst-Cipresse* tree :

A merry mind  
Looks forward, scornes what's left behind :  
Let's live, my *Wickes*, then, while we may,  
And here enjoy our Holiday.

W've seen the past-best Times, and these  
Will nere return, we see the Seas,

And Moons to wain ;  
But they fill up their Ebbs again :

But vanisht man,  
Like to a Lilly-lost, nere can,  
Nere can repullulate, or bring  
His dayes to see a second Spring.

But on we must, and thither tend,  
Where *Anchus* and rich *Tullus* blend

Their sacred feed :  
Thus has *Infernall Jove* decreed ;

We must be made,  
Ere long, a song, ere long, a shade.



Why then, since life to us is short,  
 Lets make it full up, by our sport.

Crown we our Heads with Roses then,  
 And 'noint with *Tirian Balme*; for when

We two are dead,  
 The world with us is buried.

Then live we free,  
 As is the Air, and let us be  
 Our own fair wind, and mark each one  
 Day with the white and Luckie stone.

We are not poore; although we have  
 No roofs of Cedar, nor our brave

*Baia*, nor keep  
 Account of such a flock of sheep;  
 Nor Bullocks fed  
 To lard the shambles: Barbels bred  
 To kisse our hands, nor do we wish  
 For *Pollio's* Lampries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so conferre,  
 Both by a shining Salt-feller;

And have our Roofe,  
 Although not archt, yet weather prooffe,  
 And feeling free,

From that cheape *Candle baudery*:  
 We'll eate our Beane with that full mirth,  
 As we were Lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what Seas we are toft,  
 Our comfort is, we can't be lost.

Let the winds drive  
 Our Barke ; yet she will keepe alive  
 Amidst the deepes ;  
 'Tis constancy, my *Wickes*, which keeps  
 The Pinnacle up ; which though she erres  
 I'th' Seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part, sweet mercy blesse,  
 Us both i'th' Sea, Camp, Wildernesse,

Can we so farre  
 Stray, to become lesse circular,

Then we are now ?  
 No, no, that selfe same heart, that vow,  
 Which made us one, shall ne'r undoe ;  
 Or ravell so, to make us two.

Live in thy peace ; as for my selfe,  
 When I am bruised on the Shelve

Of Time, and show  
 My locks behung with frost and snow :

When with the reume,  
 The cough, the ptisick, I consume  
 Unto an almost nothing ; then,  
 The Ages fled, Ile call agen :

And with a teare compare these last  
 Lame, and bad times, with those are past,

While *Baucis* by,  
 My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry :

And so we'l fit  
 By 'th' fire, foretelling snow and flit,

And weather by our aches, grown  
Now old enough to be our own

True Calenders, as Puffles care  
Washt or's, to tell what change is neare :

Then to asswage  
The gripings of the chine by age ;  
I'le call my young  
*Iulus* to sing such a song  
I made upon my *Julia's* brest ;  
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flowre of mine  
Enclos'd within a christall shrine :

A Primrose next ;  
A piece, then of a higher text :  
For to beget  
In me a more transcendant heate,  
Then that insinuating fire,  
Which crept into each aged Sire.

When the faire *Hellen*, from her eyes,  
Shot forth her loving Sorceries :

At which I'le reare  
Mine aged limbs above my chaire :  
And hearing it,  
Flutter and crow, as in a fit  
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,  
*No lust theres like to Poetry.*

Thus frantick crazie man, Got wot,  
He call to mind things half forgot :  
And oft between,

Repeat the Times that I have seen !

Thus ripe with tears,

And twisting my *Iulus* hairs ;

Doting, Ile weep and say, In Truth,

*Baucis*, these were my fins of youth.

Then next Ile cause my hopefull Lad,

If a wild Apple can be had,

To crown the Hearth,

*Larr* thus conspiring with our mirth,

Then to infuse

Our browner Ale into the cruse :

Which sweetly spic't, we'l first carouse

Unto the *Genius* of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine,

Loving the brave *Burgundian wine*,

High sons of Pith,

Whose fortunes I have frolickt with :

Such as co'd well

: Bear up the Magick bough, and spel :

And dancing 'bout the Mystick *Thyrse*,

Give up the just applause to verse :

To those, and then agen to thee

We'l drink, my *Wickes*, untill we be

Plump as the cherry,

Though not so fresh, yet full as merry

As the cricket ;

The untam'd Heifer, or the Pricket,

Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,

W'are younger by a score of years.



*Upon a delaying Lady.*

Come, come away,  
Or let me go ;  
Must I here stay,  
Because y'are slow ;  
And will continue so ?  
Troth, Lady, no.

I scorne to be  
A slave to state :  
And since I'm free,  
I will not wait,  
Henceforth at such a rate,  
For needy Fate.

If you desire  
My spark sho'd glow,  
The peeping fire  
You must blow ;  
Or I shall quickly grow,  
To Frost or Snow.

*To the Lady Mary Villars, Governess to the  
Princessse Henretta.*

WHen I of *Villars* doe but heare the name,  
It calls to mind, that mighty *Buckingham*,  
Who was your brave exalted Uncle here,  
Binding the wheele of Fortune to his Sphere ;  
Who spurn'd at Envie ; and co'd bring, with ease,

An end to all his stately purposes.  
 For his love then, whose sacred Reliques show  
 Their Resurrection, and their growth in you :  
 And for my sake, whoever did prefer  
 You, above all Those *Sweets of Westminster* :  
 Permit my Book to have a free access  
 To kisse your hand, most Dainty Governesse.

*Upon his Julia.*

Will ye heare, what I can say  
 Briefly of my *Julia* ?  
 Black and rowling is her eye,  
 Double chinn'd, and forehead high :  
 Lips she has, all Rubie red,  
 Cheeks like Creame Enclarited :  
 And a nose that is the grace  
 And *Proscenium* of her face.  
 So that we may guesse by these,  
 The other parts will richly please.

*To Flowers.*

In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse ;  
 Doe now your flowrie honours to my Herse.  
 You shall not languish, trust me : Virgins here  
 Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the yeere.

*To my ill Reader.*

Thou say'st my lines are hard ;  
 And I the truth will tell ;

They are both hard, and marr'd,  
If thou not read'st them well.

*The Power in the People.*

**L**Et Kings Command, and doe the best they may,  
The faucie Subjects still will beare the sway.

*A Hymne to Venus, and Cupid.*

**S**Ea-born Goddesse, let me be,  
By thy sonne thus grac't, and thee;  
That when ere I wooe, I find  
Virgins coy, but not unkind.  
Let me when I kisse a maid,  
Taste her lips, so over-laid  
With Loves-sirrop; that I may,  
In your Temple, when I pray,  
Kisse the Altar, and confesse  
Ther's in love, no bitterness.

*On Julia's Picture.*

**H**Ow am I ravisht! when I do but see,  
The Painter's art in thy *Sciography*?  
If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,  
When once he gives it incarnation?

*Her Bed.*

**S**Ee'st thou that Cloud as silver cleare,  
Plump, soft, & swelling everywhere?  
'Tis *Julia's* Bed, and she sleeps there.



*Her Legs.*

Fain would I kifs my *Julia's* dainty Leg,  
Which is as white and hair-lefs as an egge.

*Upon her Almes.*

See how the poore do waiting stand,  
For the expansion of thy hand.  
A wafer Dol'd by thee, will swell  
Thousands to feed by miracle.

*Rewards.*

Still to our gains our chief respect is had ;  
Reward it is, that makes us good or bad.

*Nothing new.*

Nothing is New : we walk where others went.  
Ther's no vice now, but has his president.

*The Rainbow.*

Look, how the *Rainbow* doth appeare  
But in one onely *Hemisphere* :  
So likewise after our diffeace,  
No more is feen the Arch of Peace.  
That Cov'nant's here ; the under-bow,  
That nothing fhoots, but war and woe.

*The meddow Verse or Aniversary to Mistris  
Bridget Lowman.*

Come with the Spring-time forth, Fair Maid,  
This year again, the *meddow's Deity*. [and be  
Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set  
Upon your Head this flowry Coronet :  
To make this neat distinction from the rest ;  
You are the Prime, and Princeesse of the Feast :  
To which, with silver feet lead you the way,  
While sweet-breath Nymphs, attend on you this Day.  
This is your houre ; and best you may command,  
Since you are Lady of this Fairie land.  
Full mirth wait on you ; and such mirth as shall  
Cherrish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

*The parting Verse, the Feast there ended.*

L Oth to depart, but yet at last, each one  
Back must now go to's habitation :  
Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,  
Whether or no, that we shall meet here ever.  
As for my self, since time a thousand cares  
And griefs hath fil'de upon my silver hairs ;  
'Tis to be doubted whether I next yeer,  
Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.  
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,  
You'l with a tear or two, remember me,  
Your sometime Poet ; but if fates do give

Me longer date, and more fresh springs to live :  
 Oft as your field, shall her old age renew,  
*Herrick* shall make the meddow-verse for you.

*Upon Judith. Epig.*

**J***udith* has cast her old-skin, and got new ;  
 And walks fresh varnisht to the publick view.  
 Foule *Judith* was ; and foule she will be known,  
 For all this fair *Transfiguration*.

*Long and lazie.*

**T**hat was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be  
 Lasie to others, but be long to me.

*Upon Ralph. Epig.*

**C**urse not the mice, no grift of thine they eat :  
 But curse thy children, they consume thy wheat.

*To the right honourable, Philip, Earle of  
 Pembroke, and Montgomerie.*

**H**ow dull and dead are books, that cannot show  
 A *Prince of Pembroke*, and that *Pembroke*, you !  
 You, who are High born, and a Lord no lesse  
 Free by your fate, then Fortune's mightinesse,  
 Who hug our Poems, Honour'd Sir, and then  
 The paper gild, and Laureat the pen.

Nor suffer you the Poets to sit cold,  
 But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.  
 Others there be, who righteously will swear  
 Those smooth-pac't Numbers, amble every where;  
 And these brave Measures go a stately trot;  
 Love those, like these; regard, reward them not.  
 But you, my Lord, are One, whose hand along  
 Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue;  
 Paying before you praise; and cockring wit,  
 Give both the Gold and Garland unto it.

*An Hymne to Juno.*

**S**Tately Goddesse, do thou please,  
 Who art chief at marriages,  
 But to dresse the Bridall-Bed,  
 When my Love and I shall wed:  
 And a *Peacock* proud shall be  
 Offerd up by us, to thee.

*Upon Mease. Epig.*

**M***Ease* brags of Pullets which he eats: but  
*Mease*  
 Ne'r yet set tooth in stump, or rump of these.

*Upon Sapho, sweetly playing, and sweetly  
 singing.*

**W**hen thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,  
 Whether it be the voice or string,

Or both of them, that do agree  
 Thus to en-trance and ravish me :  
 This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute ;  
 And dye away upon thy Lute.

*Upon Paske a Draper.*

**P**aske, though his debt be due upon the day  
 Demands no money by a craving way ;  
 For why, sayes he, all debts and their arrears,  
 Have reference to the shoulders, not the cares.

*Chop-Cherry.*

**T**Hou gav'st me leave to kisse ;  
 Thou gav'st me leave to wooe ;  
 Thou mad'st me thinke by this,  
 And that, thou lov'd'st me too.

But I shall ne'r forget,  
 How for to make thee merry ;  
 Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,  
 Another snapt the Cherry.

*To the most learned, wise, and Arch-Anti-  
 quary, M. John Selden.*

**I** Who have favour'd many, come to be  
 Grac't, now at last, or glorifi'd by thee.  
 Loe, I, the Lyrick Prophet, who have set  
 On many a head the Delphick Coronet,  
 Come unto thee for Laurell, having spent,

My wreaths on those, who little gave or lent.  
 Give me the *Daphne*, that the world may know it,  
 Whom they neglected, thou hast crown'd a Poet.  
 A City here of *Heroes* I have made,  
 Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,  
 Shall never shrink, where making thine abode,  
 Live thou a *Selden*, that's a Demi-god.

*Upon himself.*

**T**Hou shalt not All die ; for while Love's fire  
 shines  
 Upon his Altar, men shall read thy lines ;  
 And learn'd Musicians shall to honour *Herrick's*  
 Fame, and his Name, both set, and sing his Lyricks.

*Upon wrinkles.*

**W**Rinkles no more are, or no lesse,  
 Then beauty turn'd to fowerneffe.

*Upon Prigg.*

**P***Rigg*, when he comes to houses, oft doth use,  
 Rather then fail, to steal from thence old shoes :  
 Sound or unsound, be they rent or whole,  
*Prigg* bears away the body and the sole.

*Upon Moon.*

**M**Oon is an Usurer, whose gain,  
 Seldome or never, knows a wain,

Onely Moon's conscience, we confesse,  
That ebs from pittie lesse and lesse.

*Pray and prosper.*

**F**irst offer Incense, then thy field and meads  
Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.  
The spangling Dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be  
Turn'd all to Mell, and Manna there for thee.  
Butter of *Amber*, *Cream*, and *Wine*, and *Oile*  
Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soyl.  
Wod'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy mold?  
Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to gold.

*His Lacrime or Mirth, turn'd to Mourning.*

**C**All me no more,  
As heretofore,  
The musick of a Feast;  
Since now, alas,  
The mirth, that was  
In me, is dead or ceast.

Before I went  
To banishment  
Into the loathed West;  
I co'd rehearse  
A Lyrick verse,  
And speak it with the best.

But Time, Ai me,  
Has laid, I see,

My Organ fast asleep ;  
And turn'd my voice  
Into the noise  
Of those that sit and weep.

*Upon Shift.*

**S***Hift* now has cast his clothes : got all things  
new ;  
Save but his hat, and that he cannot mew.

*Upon Cuts.*

**I**F wounds in clothes, *Cuts* calls his rags, 'tis cleere,  
His linings are the matter running there.

*Gain and Gettings.*

**W**HEN others gain much by the present cast,  
The coblers getting time, is at the Laft.

*To the most fair and lovely Mistris, Anne  
Soame, now Lady Abdie.*

**S**O smell those odours that do rise  
From out the wealthy spiceries :  
So smells the flowre of *blooming Clove* ;  
Or *Roses* smother'd in the stove :  
So smells the Aire of spiced wine ;  
Or *Essences* of *Jessimine* :  
So smells the Breath about the hives,



When well the work of hony thrives ;  
 And all the *busie Faſtours* come  
 Laden with wax and hony home :  
 So ſmell thoſe neat and woven Bowers,  
 All over-archt with *Oringe flowers*,  
 And *Almond bloſſoms*, that do mix  
 To make rich theſe *Aromatikes* :  
 So ſmell thoſe bracelets, and thoſe bands  
 Of *Amber* chaſt between the hands,  
 When thus enkindled they tranſpire  
 A noble perfume from the fire.  
 The wine of cherries, and to theſe,  
 The cooling breath of *Reſpaſſes* ;  
 The ſmell of mornings milk, and cream ;  
 Butter of *Cowſlips* mixt with them ;  
 Of roſted warden, or bak'd peare,  
 Theſe are not to be reckon'd here ;  
 When as the meanest part of her,  
 Smells like the maiden-Pomander.  
 Thus ſweet ſhe ſmells, or what can be  
 More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

*Upon his kinswoman Miſtris Elizabeth*  
 Herrick.

Sweet virgin, that I do not fet  
 The pillars up of weeping *Fet*,  
 Or mournfull *Marble* ; let thy ſhade  
 Not wrathfull ſeem, or fright the Maide,  
 Who hither at her wonted howers

Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.  
 No, know, blest Maide, when there's not one  
 Remainder left of Brasse or stone,  
 Thy living Epitaph shall be,  
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.  
 Dear, in thy *bed of Roses*, then,  
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,  
 Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,  
 Drawing thy curtains round : *Good night*.

*A Panegerick to Sir Lewis Pemberton.*

Till I shall come again, let this suffice,  
 I send my salt, my sacrifice  
 To Thee, thy Lady, younglings, and as farre  
     As to thy *Genius* and thy *Larre* ; [chin,  
 To the worn Threshold, Porch, Hall, Parlour, Kit-  
     The fat-fed smoking Temple, which in  
 The wholesome savour of thy mighty Chines  
     Invites to supper him who dines,  
 Where laden spits, warp't with large Ribbs of Beefe,  
     Not represent, but give reliefe  
 To the lanke-Stranger, and the sowre Swain ;  
     Where both may feed, and come againe :  
 For no black-bearded *Vigil* from thy doore  
     Beats with a button'd-staffe the poore :  
 But from thy warm-love-hatching gates each may  
     Take friendly morsels, and there stay  
 To Sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,  
     For thou no Porter keep'st who strikes.

No commer to thy Roofe his *Guest-rite* wants ;  
 Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts  
 Of some rough Groom, who, yirkt with Corns,  
     saves, Sir,  
     Y'ave dipt too long i'th Vinegar ;  
 And with our Broth and bread, and bits ; Sir friend,  
     Y'ave fared well, pray make an end ;  
 Two dayes y'ave larded here ; a third, yee know,  
     Makes guefts and fish smell strong ; pray go  
 You to some other chimney, and there take  
     Essay of other giblets ; make  
 Merry at another's hearth ; y'are here  
     Welcome as thunder to our beere :  
 Manners knowes distance, and a man unrude  
     Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude  
 His Stomach to a second Meale. No, no,  
     Thy house, well fed and taught, can show  
 No such crab'd vizard : Thou hast learnt thy Train,  
     With heart and hand to entertain :  
 And by the Armes-full, with a Brest unhid,  
     As the old Race of mankind did,  
 When either's heart, and either's hand did strive  
     To be the nearer Relative :  
 Thou do'st redeeme those times ; and what was lost  
     Of antient honesty, may boast  
 It keeps a growth in thee ; and so will runne  
     A course in thy Fames-pledge, *thy Sonne*.  
 Thus, like a *Roman Tribune*, thou thy gate  
     Early fetts ope to feast, and late :  
 Keeping no *currish Waiter* to affright,

With blasting eye, the appetite,  
Which fain would waste upon thy Cates, but that  
The *Trencher-creature* marketh what  
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by  
Some private pinch tels danger's nie,  
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites  
Skin deepe into the Porke, or lights  
Upon some part of Kid, as if mistooke,  
When checked by the Butler's look.  
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund Beere  
Is not reserv'd for *Trebius* here,  
But all, who at thy table seated are,  
Find equall freedome, equall fare ;  
And Thou, like to that *Hospitable God*,  
*Jove*, joy'ft when guests make their abode  
To eate thy Bullocks thighs, thy Veales, thy fat  
Weathers, and never grudged at. [*Raile*,  
The *Pheasant*, *Partridge*, *Gotwit*, *Reeve*, *Ruffe*,  
The *Cock*, the *Curlew*, and the *quaile* ;  
These, and thy choicest viands do extend  
Their taste unto the lower end  
Of thy glad table : not a dish more known  
To thee, then unto any one :  
But as thy meate, so thy *immortall wine*  
Makes the smirk face of each to shine,  
And spring fresh *Rose-buds*, while the salt, the wit  
Flowes from the Wine, and graces it :  
While Reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,  
Honours my Lady and my Lord.  
No scurrile jest ; no open Sceane is laid

Here, for to make the face affraid ;  
But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-  
ly that it makes the meate more sweet ;  
And adds perfumes unto the Wine, which thou  
Do'st rather poure forth, then allow  
By cruse and meafure ; thus devoting Wine,  
As the *Canary* Ifles were thine :  
But with that wifdome, and that method, as  
No One that's there his guilty glaffe  
Drinks of diftemper, or ha's caufe to cry  
Repentance to his liberty.  
No, thou know'st order, Ethicks, and ha's read  
All Oeconomicks, know'st to lead  
A Houfe-dance neatly, and can'st truly fhew,  
How farre a Figure ought to go,  
Forward, or backward, fide-ward, and what pace  
Can give, and what retract a grace ;  
What Gefture, Courtfhip ; Comlinefs agrees,  
With thofe thy primitive decrees,  
To give fubfiftance to thy houfe, and prooffe,  
What *Genii* fupport thy rooffe,  
*Goodnes* and *Greatnes* ; not the oaken Piles ;  
*For thefe, and marbles have their whiles*  
*To laft, but not their ever* : Vertues Hand  
It is, which builds, 'gainft Fate to ftand.  
Such is thy houfe, whofe firme foundations trust  
Is more in thee, then in her duft,  
Or depth, thefe laft may yeeld, and yearly fhinke,  
When what is ftongly built, no chinke  
Or yawning rupture can the fame devour,

But fixt it stands, by her own power,  
 And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,  
 Which tryes, and counter-stands the shock,  
 And *Ramme* of time, and by vexation growes  
 The stronger : *Vertue dies when foes*  
*Are wanting to her exercise, but great*  
*And large she spreads by dust, and sweat*  
 Safe stand thy Walls, and Thee, and so both will,  
 Since neithers height was rais'd by th'ill  
 Of others ; since no Stud, no Stone, no Piece,  
 Was rear'd up by the Poore-mans fleece :  
 No Widowes Tenement was rackt to guild  
 Or fret thy Seeling, or to build  
 A *Sweating-Cloffet*, to annoint the filke-  
 soft-skin, or bath in *Asses milke* :  
 No *Orphans* pittance, left him, serv'd to set  
 The Pillars up of *lasting Jet*, [cares,  
 For which their cryes might beate against thine  
 Or in the dampe Jet read their Teares.  
 No *Planke* from *Hallowed Altar*, do's appeale  
 To yond' *Star-chamber*, or do's seale  
 A curse to Thee, or Thine ; but all things even  
 Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.  
 Go on directly so, as just men may  
 A thousand times, more sweare, then say,  
 This is that *Princely Pemberton*, who can  
 Teach man to keepe a God in man :  
 And when wise Poets shall search out to see  
 Good men, *They find them all in Thee.*

*To his Valentine, on S. Valentine's day.*

**O**Ft have I heard both Youths and Virgins say,  
Birds chuse their Mates, and couple too, this  
But by their flight I never can divine, [day :  
When I shall couple with my Valentine.

*Upon Doll. Epig.*

**D**OLL she so foone began the wanton trade ;  
She ne'r remembers that she was a maide.

*Upon Skrew. Epig.*

**S**KREW lives by shifts ; yet sweares by no small  
oathes ;  
For all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

*Upon Linnit. Epig.*

**L**INNIT playes rarely on the Lute, we know ;  
And sweetly sings, but yet his breath sayes no.

*Upon M. Ben. Johnson. Epig.*

**A**FTER the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd,  
The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskins  
Together with the Stages glory stood [pride,  
Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.  
The Cirque prophan'd was ; and all postures rackt :

For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.  
 Then temper flew from words ; and men did  
     squeake,  
 Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake :  
 No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did stirre,  
 Or flash about the spacious Theater.  
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-proofe  
 Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her roofe.  
*Artlesse the Sceane was ;* and that monstrous sin  
 Of deep and *arrant ignorance* came in ;  
 Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hift  
 At thy unequal'd Play, the *Alchymist* :  
 Oh fie upon 'em ! Lastly too, all witt  
 In utter darkenes did, and still will sit  
 Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she  
 Her Refurrection ha's again with Thee.

*Another.*

THou had'st the wreath before, now take the  
     Tree ;  
 That henceforth none be *Laurel crown'd but Thee.*

*To his Nephew, to be prosperous in his art  
 of Painting.*

ON, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get  
 The Palme from *Urbino*, *Titian*, *Tintoret*,  
*Brugel* and *Coxe*, and the workes out-doe,  
 Of *Holben*, and That mighty *Ruben* too.



So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,  
No, not the glory of the World, *Vandike*.

*Upon Glasfe. Epig.*

**G** *Lasse*, out of deepe, and out of desp'rate want,  
Turn'd, from a Papist here, a Predicant.  
A Vicarige at last *Tom Glasfe* got here,  
Just upon five and thirty pounds a yeare.  
Adde to that thirty five, but five pounds more,  
He'l turn a Papist, rancker then before.

*A Vow to Mars.*

**S** Tore of courage to me grant,  
Now I'm turn'd a combatant :  
Helpe me so, that I my *shield*,  
Fighting, lose not in the field.  
That's the greatest shame of all,  
That in warfare can befall.  
Do but this ; and there shall be  
Offer'd up a Wolfe to thee.

*To his maid Prew.*

**T** Hese *Summer-Birds* did with thy Master stay  
The times of warmth ; but then they flew  
Leaving their Poet, being now grown old, [away ;  
Expos'd to all the coming Winters cold.  
But thou, *kind Prew*, did'st with my Fates abide,

As well the Winter's, as the Summer's tide :  
For which thy Love, live with thy Master here,  
Not two, but all the seasons of the yeare.

*A Canticle to Apollo.*

**P**Lay, *Phœbus*, on thy Lute ;  
And we will all sit mute :  
By listning to thy Lire,  
That sets all eares on fire.

Hark, harke, the God do's play !  
And as he leads the way  
Through heaven, the very Spheres,  
As men, turne all to eares.

*A just Man.*

**A** Just man's like a Rock that turnes the wroth  
Of all the raging Waves, into a froth.

*Upon a hoarse Singer.*

**S**ing me to death ; for till thy voice be cleare,  
'Twill never please the pallate of mine eare.

*How Panfies or Hearts-ease came first.*

**F**Rollick Virgins once these were,  
Over-loving, living here :  
Being here their ends deny'd

Ranne for Sweet-hearts mad, and dy'd.  
 Love in pitie of their teares,  
 And their losse in blooming yeares ;  
 For their restlesse here-spent houres,  
 Gave them *Hearts-ease* turn'd to Flow'rs.

*To his peculiar Friend Sir Edward Fish,  
 Knight Baronet.*

**S**INCE for thy full deserts, with all the rest  
 Of these chaste spirits, that are here possesst  
 Of Life eternall, Time has made Thee one,  
 For growth in this my rich Plantation :  
 Live here : But know 'twas vertue, & not chance,  
 That gave Thee this so high inheritance.  
 Keepe it for ever ; grounded with the good,  
 Who hold fast here an endlesse lively-hood.

*Larr's Portion, and the Poet's Part.*

**A**T my homely Country-seat,  
 I have there a little wheat ;  
 Which I worke to Meale, and make  
 Therewithall a *Holy-cake* :  
 Part of which I give to *Larr*,  
 Part is my peculiar.

*Upon Man.*

**M**AN is compos'd here of a two-fold part ;  
 The first of Nature, and the next of Art :

Art presuppofes Nature ; Nature ſhee  
Prepares the way to man's docility.

*Liberty.*

**T**Hose ills that mortall men endure,  
So long are capable of cure,  
As they of freedome may be fure :  
But that deni'd ; a griefe, though ſmall,  
Shakes the whole Roofe, or ruines all.

*Lots to be liked.*

**L**Earn this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth fall ;  
Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

*Griefes.*

**J**Ove may afford us thouſands of reliefs ;  
Since man expoſ'd is to a world of griefs.

*Upon Eeles. Epig.*

**E**Les winds and turnes, and cheats and ſteales ;  
yet *Eeles*  
Driving theſe ſharking trades, is out at heels.

*The Dreame.*

**B**Y Dream I ſaw, one of the three  
Siſters of Fate appeare to me.

Cloſe to my Beds ſide ſhe did ſtand  
 Shewing me there a fire brand ;  
 She told me too, as that did ſpend,  
 So drew my life unto an end.  
 Three quarters were conſum'd of it ;  
 Onely remaind a little bit,  
 Which will be burnt up by and by,  
 Then *Julia* weep, for I muſt dy.

*Upon Raſpe. Epig.*

**R***aſpe* plays at Nine-holes ; and 'tis known he  
 Many a Teaſter by his game, and bets : [gets  
 But of his gettings there's but little ſign ;  
 When one hole waſts more then he gets by Nine.

*Upon Center a Spectacle-maker with a  
 flat Noſe.*

**C***enter* is known weak fighted, and he ſells  
 To others ſtore of helpfull ſpectacles.  
 Why weres he none ? Becauſe we may ſuppoſe,  
 Where *Leaven* wants, there *Levill* lies the noſe.

*Clothes do but cheat and couſen us.*

**A**Way with filks, away with Lawn,  
 Ile have no Sceans, or Curtains drawn :  
 Give me my Miſtreſſe, as ſhe is,  
 Dreſt in her nak't ſimplicities :

For as my Heart, ene so mine Eye  
Is wone with flesh, not *Drapery*.

*To Dianeme.*

**S** Hew me thy feet ; shew me thy legs, thy thighs ;  
Shew me Those *Fleshie Principalities* ;  
Shew me that Hill (where smiling Love doth sit)  
Having a living Fountain under it.  
Shew me thy waste ; Then let me there withall,  
By the *Affention* of thy Lawn, see All.

*Upon Electra.*

**W** hen out of bed my Love doth spring,  
'Tis but as day a kindling :  
But when She's up and fully drest,  
'Tis then *broad Day throughout the East*.

*To his Booke.*

**H** Ave I not blest Thee ? Then go forth ; nor  
fear  
Or spice, or fish, or fire, or clofe-stools here.  
But with thy fair Fates leading thee, Go on  
With thy most white *Predestination*.  
Nor thinke these Ages that do hoarcely sing  
The *farting Tanner*, and *familiar King* ;  
The *dancing Frier*, tatter'd in the bush ;  
Those monstrous lies of little *Robin Rush* :  
*Tom Chipperfeild*, and pritty-lipping *Ned*,

That doted on a Maide of *Gingerbred* :  
 The *flying Pilcher*, and the *friſking Dace*,  
 With all the rabble of *Tim-Trundells* race,  
 (Bred from the dung-hils, and adulterous rhimes,) Shall live, and thou not ſuperlaſt all times ?  
 No, no, thy Stars have deſtin'd Thee to ſee  
 The whole world die, and turn to duſt with thee.  
*He's greedie of his life, who will not fall,*  
*When as a publick ruine bears down All.*

*Of Love.*

I Do not love, nor can it be  
 Love will in vain ſpend ſhafts on me :  
 I did this God-head once deſie ;  
 Since which I freeze, but cannot frie.  
 Yet out, alas ! the death's the ſame,  
 Kil'd by a froſt or by a flame.

*Upon himſelf.*

I Diſlikt but even now ;  
 Now I love I know not how.  
 Was I idle, and that while  
 Was I fier'd with a ſmile ?  
 Ile too work, or pray ; and then  
 I ſhall quite diſlike agen.

*Another.*

L Ove he that will ; it beſt likes me,  
 To have my neck from Love's yoke free.

*Upon Skinns. Epig.*

**S***kinns* he din'd well to day ; how do you think ?  
His Nails they were his meat, his Reume the  
drink.

*Upon Pievish. Epig.*

**P**ievish doth boast, that he's the very first  
Of English Poets, and 'tis thought the Worst.

*Upon Jolly and Jilly. Epig.*

**J**olly and *Jillie*, bite and scratch all day,  
But yet get children, as the neighbours say.  
The reason is, though all the day they fight,  
They cling and close, some minutes of the night.

*The mad Maids song.*

**G**ood morrow to the Day so fair ;  
Good morning, Sir, to you :  
Good morrow to mine own torn hair  
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this Prim-rose too ;  
Good morrow to each maid ;  
That will with flowers the *Tomb* bestrew,  
Wherein my Love is laid.

Ah ! woe is mee, woe, woe is me,  
Alack and welladay !



For pittie, Sir, find out that Bee,  
Which bore my Love away.

I'le seek him in your *Bonnet* brave ;  
Ile seek him in your eyes ;  
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave  
I'th'bed of strawburies.

Ile seek him there ; I know, ere this,  
The cold, cold Earth doth shake him ;  
But I will go, or send a kisse  
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,  
He knowes well who do love him,  
And who with green-turfes reare his head,  
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (Pray take heed)  
With bands of Cow-slips bind him ;  
And bring him home ; but 'tis decreed,  
That I shall never find him.

*To Springs and Fountains.*

**I** Heard ye co'd coole heat ; and came  
With hope you would allay the same :  
Thrice I have washt, but feel no cold,  
Nor find that true, which was foretold.  
Me thinks like mine, your pulses beat ;  
And labour with unequall heat :  
Cure, cure your selves, for I discrie,  
Ye boil with Love, as well as I.

*Upon Julia's unlacing her self.*

TELL, if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come  
 This *Camphire*, *Storax*, *Spiknard*, *Galbanum*:  
 These *Musks*, these *Ambers*, and those other smells,  
 Sweet as the *Vestrie of the Oracles*.  
 Ile tell thee; while my *Julia* did unlace  
 Her silken bodies, but a breathing space:  
 The passive Aire such odour then assum'd,  
 As when to *Jove* Great *Juno* goes perfum'd.  
 Whose pure-Immortall body doth transmit  
 A scent, that fills both Heaven and Earth with it.

*To Bacchus, a Canticle.*

WHITHER dost thou whorry me,  
*Bacchus*, being full of thee?  
 This way, that way, that way, this,  
 Here, and there a fresh Love is.  
 That doth like me, this doth please;  
 Thus a thousand Mistresses,  
 I have now; yet I alone,  
 Having All, injoy not *One*.

*The Lawne.*

WO'D I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and  
 It sho'd be onely in my *Julia's* skin: [thin?  
 Which so betrayes her blood, as we discover  
 The blush of cherries, when a Lawn's cast over.

*The Frankincense.*

WHen my off'ring next I make,  
 Be thy hand the hallowed Cake :  
 And thy brest the Altar, whence  
 Love may smell the *Frankincense*.

*Upon Patrick a footman, Epig.*

NOW *Patrick* with his footmanship has done,  
 His eyes and ears strive which sho'd fastest run.

*Upon Bridget. Epig.*

OF foure teeth onely *Bridget* was posselt ;  
 Two she spat out, a cough forc't out the rest.

*To Sycamores.*

I'M sick of Love ; O let me lie  
 Under your shades, to sleep or die !  
 Either is welcome ; so I have  
 Or here my Bed, or here my Grave.  
 Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep  
 Time with the tears, that I do weep ?  
 Say, have ye fence, or do you prove  
 What *Crucifixions* are in Love ?  
 I know ye do ; and that's the why,  
 You sigh for Love, as well as I.

*A Pastorall sung to the King :*

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, *Shepherds.*

*Mon.* **B**Ad are the times. *Sil.* And wors then  
they are we. [the tree :

*Mon.* Troth, bad are both ; worse fruit, and ill  
The feast of Shepherds sail. *Sil.* None crowns the  
Of *Wassail* now, or sets the *quintell* up : [cup  
And He, who u'd to leade the Country-round,  
Youthfull *Mirtillo*, here he comes, Grief drownd.

*Ambo.* Lets cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weep-  
ing ripe.

*Mirt.* Ah ! *Amarillis*, farewell mirth and pipe ;  
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,  
To these smooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roundelay.  
Dear *Amarillis* ! *Mon.* Hark ! *Sil.* mark : *Mir.*

this earth grew sweet

Where, *Amarillis*, Thou didst set thy feet.

*Ambo.* Poor pittied youth ! *Mir.* And here the  
breth of kine [Thine.

And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breth of  
This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,  
This ball of *Cow-slips*, these she gave me here.

*Sil.* Words sweet as Love it self. *Montano*, Hark.

*Mirt.* This way she came, and this way too she  
How each thing smells divinely redolent ! [went ;  
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown ;  
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

*Mon.* A sweet-sad passion.—

*Mirt.* In dewie-mornings when she came this way,

Sweet Bents wode bow, to give my Love the day :  
 And when at night, she folded had her sheep,  
*Dayfies* wo'd shut, and closing, sigh and weep.  
 Besides, Ai me ! since she went hence to dwell,  
 The voices Daughter nea'r spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil. Mirtillo*, tell us whether,  
*Mirt.* Where she and I shall never meet together.

*Mont.* Fore-fend it *Pan*, and *Pales* do thou please  
 To give an end : *Mir.* To what ? *Scil.* such griefs  
 as these.

*Mirt.* Never, O never ! Still I may endure  
 The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

*Mont.* Love for thy sake will bring her to these hills  
 And dales again : *Mir.* No I will languish still ;  
 And all the while my part shall be to weep ;  
 And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep :  
 And in the Rind of every comely tree  
 Ile carve thy name, and in that name kisse thee :

*Mont.* Set with the Sunne, thy woes : *Scil.* The  
 day grows old :  
 And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

*Chor.* The shades grow great ; but greater growes  
 But lets go sleepe [our sorrow,  
 Our eyes in sleepe ;  
 And meet to weep  
 To morrow.

*The Poet loves a Mistresse, but not to marry.*

I Do not love to wed,  
 Though I do like to wooe ;

And for a maidenhead  
Ile beg, and buy it too.

Ile praise, and Ile approve  
Thosè maids that never vary;  
And fervently Ile love;  
But yet I would not marry.

Ile hug, Ile kisse, Ile play,  
And Cock-like Hens Ile tread:  
And sport it any way;  
But in the Bridall Bed:

For why? that man is poore,  
Who hath but one of many;  
But crown'd he is with store,  
That single may have any.

Why then, say, what is he,  
To freedome so unknown,  
Who having two or three,  
Will be content with one?

*Upon Flimsy. Epig.*

**W**Hy walkes *Nick Flimsy* like a Male-content?  
Is it because his money all is spent?  
No, but because the Ding-thrift now is poore,  
And knowes not where i'th world to borrow more.

*Upon Shewbread. Epig.*

**L**ast night thou didst invite me home to eate;  
And shew'ft me there much Plate, but little  
meate.

Prithee, when next thou do'st invite, barre State,  
And give me meate, or give me else thy Plate.

*The Willow Garland.*

A Willow Garland thou did'st send  
Perfum'd, last day, to me :  
Which did but only this portend,  
I was forfooke by thee.

Since so it is ; Ile tell thee what,  
To morrow thou shalt see  
Me weare the Willow ; after that,  
To dye upon the Tree.

As Beasts unto the Altars go  
With Garlands drest, so I  
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,  
Come forth and sweetly dye.

*A Hymne to Clipseby Crew.*

'T Was not Lov's Dart ;  
Or any blow  
Of want, or foe,  
Did wound my heart  
With an eternall smart :

But only you,  
My sometimes known  
Companion,

My dearest *Crew*,  
That me unkindly slew.

May your fault dye,  
And have no name  
In Bookes of fame;  
Or let it lye  
Forgotten now, as I.

We parted are,  
And now no more,  
As heretofore,  
By jocund Larr,  
Shall be familiar.

But though we Sever  
My *Crew* shall see,  
That I will be  
Here faithlesse never;  
But love my *Clipseby* ever.

*Upon Roots. Epig.*

**R**oots had no money; yet he went o'th score  
For a wrought Purse; can any tell wherefore?  
Say, What sho'd *Roots* do with a Purse in print,  
That h'ad nor Gold nor Silver to put in't?

*Upon Craw.*

**C**raw cracks in firrop; and do's stinking say,  
Who can hold that, my friends, that will away?



*Observation.*

**W**Ho to the North, or South, doth set  
His Bed, Male children shall beget.

*Empires.*

**E**Mpires of Kings, are now, and ever were,  
As *Salust* saith, co-incident to feare.

*Felicity, quick of flight.*

**E**Very time seemes short to be,  
That's measur'd by felicity :  
But one halfe houre, that's made up here  
With grieve ; seemes longer then a yeare.

*Putrefaction.*

**P**utrefaction is the end  
Of all that Nature doth entend.

*Passion.*

**W**Ere there not a Matter known,  
There wo'd be no Passion.

*Jack and Jill.*

**S**Ince *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be ;  
It seems a wonder unto me,  
That they no better do agree.

*Upon Parson Beanes.*

**O**Ld Parson *Beanes* hunts six dayes of the week,  
 And on the seaventh, he has his Notes to seek.  
 Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,  
 That on the seaventh, he can nor preach, or pray.

*The Crowd and Company.*

**I**N holy meetings, there a man may be  
 One of the crowd, not of the companie.

*Short and long both likes.*

**T**HIS Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall;  
 But long or short, I'm well content with all.

*Pollicie in Princes.*

**T**Hat Princes may possesse a surer feat,  
 'Tis fit they make no One with them too great.

*Upon Rook, Epig.*

**R**Ook he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie  
 Fie on this pride, this Female vanitie.  
 Thus, though the Rooke do's raile against the fin,  
 He loves the gain that vanity brings in.

*Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast.*

**H**Ave ye beheld, with much delight,  
 A red-Rose peeping through a white?

Or else a Cherrie, double grac't,  
 Within a Lillie? Center plac't?  
 Or ever mark't the pretty beam,  
 A Strawberry shewes halfe drown'd in Creame?  
 Or seen rich Rubies blushing through  
 A pure smooth Pearle, and Orient too?  
 So like to this, nay all the rest,  
 Is each neate Niplet of her breast.

*To Daifies, not to shut so soone.*

**S**Hut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night  
 Ha's not as yet begunne  
 To make a seisure on the light,  
 Or to seale up the Sun.

No Marigolds yet closed are;  
 No shadowes great appeare;  
 Nor doth the early Shepherds Starre  
 Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my *Julia* close  
 Her life-begetting eye;  
 And let the whole world then dispose  
 It selfe to live or dye.

*To the little Spinners.*

**Y**Ee pretty Hufwives, wo'd ye know  
 The worke that I wo'd put ye to?  
 This, this it sho'd be, for to spin,

A Lawn for me, so fine and thin,  
 As it might serve me for my skin.  
 For cruell Love ha's me so whipt,  
 That of my skin, I all am stript ;  
 And shall dispaire, that any art  
 Can ease the rawnesse, or the smart ;  
 Unlesse you skin again each part.  
 Which mercy if you will but do,  
 I call all Maids to witnesse too  
 What here I promise, that no Broom  
 Shall now, or ever after come  
 To wrong a *Spinner* or her Looome.

Oberon's *Palace*.

**A**fter the Feast, my *Shapcot*, see,  
 The Fairie Court I give to thee :  
 Where we'le present our *Oberon* led  
 Halfe tipsie to the Fairie Bed,  
 Where *Mab* he finds ; who there doth lie  
 Not without mickle majesty.  
 Which, done ; and thence remov'd the light,  
 We'l wish both Them and Thee, good night.

Full as a Bee with Thyme, and Red,  
 As Cherry harvest, now high fed  
 For Lust and action ; on he'l go,  
 To lye with *Mab*, though all say no.  
 Lust ha's no cares ; He's sharpe as thorn ;  
 And fretfull, carries Hay in's horne,

And lightning in his eyes ; and flings  
 Among the Elves, if mov'd, the stings  
 Of peltish wasps ; we'l know his Guard  
*Kings though th'are hated, will be fear'd.*  
 Wine lead him on. Thus to a Grove,  
 Sometimes devoted unto Love,  
*Tinseld with Twilight,* He, and They  
 Lead by the shine of Snails ; a way  
 Beat with their num'rous feet, which by  
 Many a neat perplexity,  
 Many a turn, and man' a crosse-  
 Track they redeem a bank of mosse  
 Spungie and swelling, and farre more  
 Soft then the finest Lemster Ore.  
 Mildly disparkling, like those fiers,  
 Which break from the Injeweld tyres  
 Of curious Brides ; or like those mites  
 Of Candi'd dew in Moony nights.  
 Upon this *Convex*, all the flowers,  
 Nature begets by th' Sun, and showers,  
 Are to a wilde digestion brought,  
 As if Love's *Sampler* here was wrought :  
 Or *Citherea's Ceston*, which  
 All with temptation doth bewitch.  
 Sweet Aires move here ; and more divine  
 Made by the breath of great ey'd-kine,  
 Who as they lowe empearl with milk  
 The four-leav'd grasse, or mosse-like filk.  
 The breath of *Munkies* met to mix  
 With *Musk-flies*, are th' *Aromaticks*.

Which cense this Arch ; and here and there,  
And farther off, and every where,  
Throughout that *Brave Mosaick* yard  
Those Picks or Diamonds in the Card :  
With peeps of Harts, of Club and Spade,  
Are here most neatly inter-laid.  
Many a Counter, many a Die,  
Half rotten, and without an eye,  
Lies here abouts ; and for to pave  
The excellency of this Cave,  
Squirrils' and children's teeth late shed,  
Are neatly here enchequered.  
With brownest *Toadstones*, and the Gum  
That shines upon the blewer Plum.  
The nails faln off by Whit-flawes : Art's  
Wife hand enchafing here those warts,  
Which we to others, from our selves,  
Sell, and brought hither by the Elves.  
The tempting Mole, stoln from the neck  
Of the shie Virgin, seems to deck  
The holy Entrance ; where within  
The roome is hung with the blew skin  
Of shifted Snake : enfrez'd throughout  
With eyes of Peacocks Trains, & Trout-  
flies curious wings ; and these among  
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue  
Of the red infant, neatly hung.  
The glow-wormes eyes ; the shining scales  
Of silv'rie fish ; wheat-strawes, the snail's  
Soft Candle-light ; the Kitling's eyne ;

Corrupted wood ; serve here for shine.  
No glaring light of bold-fac't Day,  
Or other over radiant Ray  
Ranfacks this roome ; but what weak beams  
Can make reflected from these jems,  
And multiply ; Such is the light,  
But ever doubtfull Day, or night.  
By this quaint Taper-light he winds  
His Errours up ; and now he finds  
His Moon-tann'd *Mab*, as somewhat sick,  
And, Love knowes, tender as a chick.  
Upon six plump *Dandillions*, high-  
Rear'd, lyes her Elvish-majestie :  
Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne  
Hir *Mab-ship* in obedient Downe.  
For either shee, was spread the Caule  
That doth the Infants face enthrall,  
When it is born : (by some enstyl'd  
The luckie *Omen* of the child)  
And next to these two blankets ore-  
Cast of the finest *Gossamore*.  
And then a Rug of carded wooll,  
Which, *Spunge-like* drinking in the dull-  
Light of the Moon, seem'd to comply,  
Cloud-like, the *daintie Deitie*.  
Thus soft she lies : and over-head  
A *Spinners* circle is bespread,  
With Cob-web-curtains : from the roof  
So neatly sunck, as that no proof  
Of any tackling can declare

What gives it hanging in the Aire.  
 The Fringe about this, are those *Threads*  
 Broke at the Loffe of *Maiden-heads* :  
 And all behung with these pure Pearls,  
 Dropt from the eyes of *ravisht Girles*  
*Or writting Brides* ; when, panting, they  
 Give unto Love the straiter way.  
 For Musick now ; He has the cries  
 Of fained-lost-Virginities ;  
 The which the *Elves* make to excite  
 A more unconquer'd appetite.  
 The King's undrest ; and now upon  
 The Gnats-watch-word the *Elves* are gone.  
 And now the bed, and *Mab* possesse  
 Of this great-little-kingly-Guest.  
 We'll nobly think, what's to be done,  
 He'll do no doubt ; *This flax is spun*.

*To his peculiar Friend Master Thomas  
 Shapcott, Lawyer.*

I'VE paid Thee, what I promis'd ; that's not All ;  
 Besides I give Thee here a Verse that shall  
 (When hence thy Circum-mortall-part is gon)  
 Arch-like, hold up, *Thy Name's Inscription*.  
*Brave men can't die* ; whose Candid Actions are  
 Writ in the Poets Endlesse-Kalendar :  
 Whose *velome*, and whose *volumne* is the Skie,  
 And the pure Starres the praising Poetrie.  
 Farewell.



*To Julia in the Temple.*

**B**Efides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one  
 To make up now a Congregation.  
 Let's to the *Altar of perfumes* then go,  
 And say short Prayers ; and when we have done so,  
 Then we shall see, how in a little space,  
*Saints* will come in to fill each Pew and Place.

*To Oenone.*

**W**Hat Conscience, say, is it in thee  
 When I a Heart had one,  
 To Take away that Heart from me,  
 And to retain thy own ?

For shame or pitty now encline  
 To play a loving part ;  
 Either to send me kindly thine,  
 Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both ; but if thou dost  
 Resolve to part with neither ;  
 Why ! yet t' shew that thou art just,  
 Take me and mine together.

*His Weaknesse in Woes.*

**I** Cannot suffer ; And in this, my part [*Heart*.  
 Of Patience wants. *Grief breaks the stoutest*

*Fame makes us forward.*

TO Print our Poems, the propulsive cause  
Is Fame, the breath of popular applause.

*To Groves.*

YEE silent shades, whose each tree here  
Some Relique of a Saint doth weare :  
Who for some sweet-hearts sake, did prove  
The fire, and martyrdome of love.  
Here is the Legend of those Saints  
That di'd for love ; and their complaints :  
Their wounded hearts ; and names we find  
Encarv'd upon the Leaves and Rind.  
Give way, give way to me, who come  
Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdome :  
And have deserv'd as much, Love knows,  
As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those,  
Whose deeds, and deaths here written are  
Within your *Greenie-Kalendar* :  
By all those Virgins Fillets hung  
Upon your Boughs, and Requiems sung  
For Saints and Soules departed hence,  
(Here honour'd still with Frankincense)  
By all those teares that have been shed,  
As a *Drink-offering*, to the dead :  
By all those True-love-knots, that be  
With Motto's carv'd on every tree,

By sweet S. *Phillis* ; pitie me :  
 By deare S. *Iphis* ; and the rest,  
 Of all those other Saints now blest ;  
 Me, me, forsaken, here admit  
 Among your Mirtles to be writ :  
 That my poore name may have the glory  
 To live remembred in your story.

*An Epitaph upon a Virgin.*

**H**ERE a solemne Fast we keepe,  
 While all beauty lyes asleep,  
 Husht be all things ; no noyse here,  
 But the toning of a teare :  
 Or a sigh of such as bring  
 Cowslips for her covering.

*To the right gracious Prince, Lodwick, Duke  
 of Richmond and Lenox.*

**O**F all those three-brave-brothers, faine i' th'  
     Warre,  
 Not without glory, Noble Sir, you are,  
 Despite of all concussions left the Stem  
 To shoot forth Generations like to them.  
 Which may be done, if, Sir, you can beget  
 Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.  
 Such Essences as those Three Brothers ; known  
 Eternall by their own production.

Of whom, from Fam's white Trumpet, This Ile  
 Worthy their everlasting Chronicle, [Tell,  
 Never since first *Bellona* us'd a Shield,  
*Such Three brave Brothers fell in Mars his Field.*  
 These were those Three *Horatii* Rome did boast,  
*Rom's* where these *Three Horatii* we have lost.  
 One *Cordelion* had that Age long since;  
 This, Three; which Three, you make up Four  
*Brave Prince.*

*To Jealousie.*

O *Jealousie*, that art  
 The Canker of the heart :  
 And mak'st all hell  
 Where thou do'st dwell ;  
 For pitie be  
 No *Furie*, or no *Fire-brand* to me.

Farre from me Ile remove  
 All thoughts of irksome Love :  
 And turn to snow,  
 Or Christall grow ;  
 To keep still free  
 O ! Soul-tormenting *Jealousie*, from Thee.

*To live Freely.*

L Et's live in hast ; use pleasures while we may :  
 Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

*Upon Spunge. Epig.*

**S***Punge* makes his boasts that he's the onely man  
 Can hold of Beere and Ale an Ocean ;  
 Is this his Glory ? then his Triumph's Poore ;  
 I know the *Tunne* of *Hidleberge* holds more.

*His Almnes.*

**H**Ere, here I live,  
 And somewhat give,  
 Of what I have,  
 To those, who crave.  
 Little or much,  
 My Almnes is such :  
 But if my deal  
 Of Oyl and Meal  
 Shall fuller grow,  
 More Ile bestow :  
 Mean time be it  
 E'en but a bit,  
 Or else a crum,  
 The scrip hath some.

*Upon Himself.*

**C**ome, leave this loathed Country-life, and then  
 Grow up to be a Roman *Citizen*.  
 Those mites of Time, which yet remain unspent,

Waste thou in that most Civill Government.  
 Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue  
 Of those mild Men, thou art to live among :  
 Then being seated in that smoother *Sphere*,  
 Decree thy everlasting *Topick* there.  
 And to the Farm-house nere return at all,  
 Though Granges do not love thee, Cities shall.

*To enjoy the Time.*

WHile Fates permit us, let's be merry ;  
 Passe all we must the fatall Ferry :  
 And this our life too whirls away,  
 With the Rotation of the Day.

*Upon Love.*

LOve, I have broke  
 Thy yoke ;  
 The neck is free :  
 But when I'm next  
     Love vext,  
 Then shackell me.

'Tis better yet  
     To fret  
 The feet or hands ;  
 Then to enthrall,  
     Or gall  
 The neck with bands.

*To the right Honourable Mildmay, Earle  
of Westmorland.*

**Y**OU are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man,  
Who writes sweet Numbers well as any can :  
If so, why then are not These Verses hurld,  
Like Sybels Leaves, throughout the ample world ?  
What is a Jewell if it be not set  
Forth by a Ring, or some rich Carkanet ?  
But being so ; then the beholders cry,  
See, see a Jemme (as rare as *Balus* eye.)  
Then publick praise do's runne upon the Stone,  
For a most rich, a rare, a precious One.  
Expose your jewels then unto the view, [You.  
That we may praise Them, or themselves prize  
*Vertue* conceal'd, with *Horace* you'l confesse,  
*Differs not much from drowzie slothfullnesse.*

*The Plunder.*

**I** Am of all bereft ;  
Save but some few Beanes left,  
Whereof, at last, to make,  
For me, and mine a Cake :  
Which eaten, they and I  
Will say our grace, and die.

*Littlenesse no Cause of Leannesse.*

**O** Ne feeds on Lard, and yet is leane ;  
And I but feasting with a Beane,

Grow fat and smooth : The reason is,  
*Jove* prospers my meat, more than his.

*Upon One who said she was alwayes young.*

**Y**OU say y'are young ; but when your Teeth  
 are told  
 To be but three, Black-ey'd, wee'l thinke y'are old.

*Upon Huncks. Epig.*

**H**Uncks ha's no money (he do's sweare, or say)  
 About him, when the Taverns shot 's to pay.  
 If he ha's none in 's pockets, trust me, *Huncks*  
 Ha's none at home, in Coffers, Desks, or Trunks.

*The Jimmall Ring, or True-love-knot.*

**T**HOU sent'st to me a True-love-knot ; but I  
 Return'd a Ring of Jimmals, to imply  
 Thy Love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

*The parting Verse, or Charge to his supposed  
 Wife when he travelled.*

**G**O hence, and with this parting kisse,  
 Which joyns two souls, remember this ;  
 Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and faire,  
 And may'st draw thousands with a haire :  
 Yet let these glib temptations be  
 Furies to others, Friends to me.



Looke upon all ; and though on fire  
Thou set'st their hearts, let chaffe desire  
Steere Thee to me ; and thinke, me gone,  
In having all, that thou hast none.  
Nor so immured wo'd I have  
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave ;  
But walke abroad, yet wisely well  
Stand for my comming, Sentinell.  
And think, as thou do'st walke the street,  
Me, or my shadow thou do'st meet.  
I know a thousand greedy eyes  
Will on thy Feature tyrannize,  
In my short absence ; yet behold  
Them like some Picture, or some Mould  
Fashion'd like Thee ; which though 'tave eares  
And eyes, it neither sees or heares.  
Gifts will be sent, and Letters, which  
Are the expreffions of that itch,  
And salt, which frets thy Suters ; fly  
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty :  
For that once lost, thou't fall to one,  
Then prostrate to a million.  
But if they wooe thee, do thou say,  
As that chaste Queen of *Ithaca*  
Did to her suitors, this web done  
(Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne ;  
I will not urge Thee, for I know,  
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,  
And no again, and so deny,  
Those thy Lust-burning *Incubi*.

Let them enfile Thee Fairest faire,  
The Pearle of Princes, yet despaire  
That so thou art, because thou must  
Believe, Love speaks it not, but Lust ;  
And this their Flatt'rie do's commend  
Thee chiefly for their pleasures end.  
I am not jealous of thy Faith,  
Or will be ; for the Axiome saith,  
He that doth suspect, do's haste  
A gentle mind to be unchaste.  
No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep  
Thy thoughts as cold, as is thy sleep :  
And let thy dreames be only fed  
With this, that I am in thy bed.  
And thou then turning in that Sphere,  
Waking shalt find me sleeping there.  
But yet if boundlesse Lust must skaille  
Thy Fortrefs, and will needs prevaile ;  
And wildly force a passage in,  
Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne  
Of Thine ; so *Lucrece* fell, and the  
Chaste *Syracusan Cyane*.  
So *Medullina* fell, yet none  
Of these had imputation  
For the least trespassse ; 'cause the mind  
Here was not with the act combin'd.  
*The body sins not, 'tis the Will*  
*That makes the Action, good, or ill.*  
And if thy fall sho'd this way come,  
Triumph in such a Martirdome.

I will not over-long enlarge  
 To thee, this my religious charge.  
 Take this compreffion, fo by this  
 Means I fhall know what other kiffe  
 Is mixt with mine ; and truly know,  
 Returning, if 't be mine or no :  
 Keepe it till then ; and now my Spoufe,  
 For my wifht fafety pay thy vowes,  
 And prayers to *Venus* ; if it please  
 The *Great-blew-ruler* of the Seas ;  
 Not many full-fac't-moons fhall waine,  
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again  
 As one triumphant ; when I find  
 In thee, all faith of Woman-kind.  
 Nor wo'd I have thee thinke, that Thou  
 Had'ft power thy felfe to keep this vow ;  
 But having fcap't temptations fhelfe,  
 Know vertue taught thee, not thy felfe.

*To his Kinsman, Sir Tho. Soame.*

Seeing Thee *Soame*, I fee a Goodly man,  
 And in that Good, a great *Patrician*.  
 Next to which Two ; among the City-Powers,  
 And Thrones, thy felfe one of Thofe Senatours :  
 Not wearing Purple only for the fhew ;  
 As many Confcripts of the Citie do ;  
 But for True Service, worthy of that Gowne,  
 The *Golden* chain too, and the *Civick* Crown.

*To Blossoms.*

**F**Aire pledges of a fruitfull Trée,  
Why do yee fall so fast ?  
Your date is not so past ;  
But you may stay yet here a while,  
To blush and gently smile ;  
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be  
An houre or half's delight ;  
And so to bid goodnight ?  
'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth  
Meerly to shew your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely Leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'r so brave :  
And after they have shewn their pride,  
Like you a while : They glide  
Into the Grave.

*Man's Dying-place uncertain.*

**M**An knowes where first he ships himselfe ;  
but he  
Never can tell, where shall his Landing be.

*Nothing Free-coſt.*

**N**Othing comes Free-coſt here ; *Jove* will not  
 let  
 His gifts go from him ; if not bought with ſweat.

*Few fortunate.*

**M**Any we are, and yet but few poſſeſſe  
 Thoſe Fields of everlaſting happineſſe.

*To Perenna.*

**H**Ow long, *Perenna*, wilt thou ſee  
 Me languish for the love of Thee ?  
 Conſent and play a friendly part  
 To ſave ; when thou may'ſt kill a heart.

*To the Ladyes.*

**T**Ruſt me, Ladies, I will do  
 Nothing to diſtemper you ;  
 If I any fret or vex,  
 Men they ſhall be, *not your ſex*.

*The old Wives Prayer.*

**H***Oly-Rood* come forth and ſhield  
 Us i'th' Citie, and the Field :  
 Safely guard us, now and aye,  
 From the blaſt that burns by day ;

And those sounds that us affright  
In the dead of dampish night.  
Drive all hurtfull Feinds us fro,  
By the Time the Cocks first crow.

*Upon a cheap Laundresse. Epig.*

**F**Eacie, some say, doth wash her clothes i'th'Lie  
That sharply trickles from her either eye.  
The *Laundresses*, They envie her good-luck,  
Who can with so small charges *drive the buck*.  
What needs she fire and ashes to consume,  
Who can scoure Linnens with her own salt *recume*?

*Upon his departure hence.*

**T**Hus I  
Passe by,  
And die :  
As One,  
Unknown,  
And gon :  
I'm made  
A shade,  
And laid  
I'th grave,  
There have  
My Cave.  
Where tell  
I dwell,  
*Farewell.*

*The Waffaile.*

**G**Ive way, give way, ye Gates, and win  
An easie blessing to your Bin,  
And Basket, by our entring in.

May both with manchet stand repleat ;  
Your Larders too so hung with meat,  
That though a thousand, thousand eat ;

Yet, ere twelve *Moones* shall whirl about  
Their silv'rie Spheres, ther's none may doubt,  
But more's sent in, then was serv'd out.

Next, may your Dairies prosper so,  
As that your pans no Ebbe may know ;  
But if they do, the more to flow.

Like to a solemne sober Stream  
Bankt all with Lillies, and the Cream  
Of sweetest *Cow-slips* filling Them.

Then, may your Plants be preft with Fruit,  
Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute ;  
But sweetly founding like a Lute.

Next may your Duck and teeming Hen  
Both to the Cocks-tread say *Amen* ;  
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your Harrows, Shares and Ploughes,  
Your Stacks, your Stocks, your sweetest Mowes,  
All prosper by your Virgin-vowes.

Alas ! we blesse, but see none here,  
That brings us either Ale or Beere ;  
*In a drie-house all things are neere.*

Let's leave a longer time to wait,  
Where Rust and Cobwebs bind the gate ;  
And all live here with *needy Fate.*

Where Chimneys do for ever weepe,  
For want of warmth, and Stomachs keepe  
With noise, the servants eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay  
Our free-feet here ; but we'l away :  
Yet to the Lares this we'l say,

The time will come, when you'l be sad,  
And reckon this for fortune bad,  
T've lost the good ye might have had.

*Upon a Lady faire, but fruitlesse.*

**T**Wice has *Pudica* been a Bride, and led  
By holy *Himen* to the Nuptiall Bed.  
Two Youths sha's known, thrice two, and twice  
Yet not a Lillie from the Bed appeares ; [3. yeares ;  
Nor will ; for why, *Pudica*, this may know,  
*Trees never beare, unlesse they first do blow.*

*How Springs came first.*

**T**Hese Springs were Maidens once that lov'd,  
But lost to that they most approv'd :



My Story tells, by Love they were  
 Turn'd to these Springs, which wee see here :  
 The pretty whimpering that they make,  
 When of the Banks their leave they take ;  
 Tels ye but this, they are the same,  
 In nothing chang'd but in their name.

*To Rosemary and Baies.*

**M**wooing's ended: now my wedding's neere;  
 When Gloves are giving, *Guilded be you there.*

*Upon Skurffe.*

**S***Kurffe* by his Nine-bones sweares, and well he  
 All know a Fellon eate the Tenth away. [may,

*Upon a Scarre in a Virgin's Face.*

**'T**Is Herefie in others: In your face  
 That Scarr's no *Schisme*, but the *sign of grace.*

*Upon his Eye-fight failing him.*

**I** Beginne to waine in fight;  
 Shortly I shall bid goodnight:  
 Then no gazing more about,  
 When the Tapers once are out.

*To his worthy Friend, M. Tho. Falconbirge.*

**S**Tand with thy Graces forth, brave man, and rise  
 High with thine own *Auspitious Destinies*:

Nor leave the search, and prooffe, till Thou canst find  
 These, or those ends, to which Thou wast design'd.  
 Thy lucky *Genius*, and thy guiding *Starre*,  
 Have made Thee prosperous in thy wayes, thus farre:  
 Nor will they leave Thee, till they both have shown  
 Thee to the World a *Prime* and *Publique One*.  
 Then, when Thou see'st thine Age all turn'd to gold,  
 Remember what thy *Herrick* Thee foretold,  
 When at the holy Threshold of thine house,  
*He Boded good-luck to thy Selfe and Spouse.*  
 Lastly, be mindfull, when thou art grown great,  
*That Towers high rear'd dread most the lightnings*  
*When as the humble Cottages not feare* [threat;  
*The cleaving Bolt of Jove the Thunderer.*

*Upon Julia's Haire fill'd with Dew.*

**D**Ew fate on *Julia's* haire,  
 And spangled too,  
 Like Leaves that laden are  
 With trembling Dew:  
 Or glitter'd to my sight,  
 As when the Beames  
 Have their reflected light,  
 Daunc't by the Streames.

*Another on her.*

**H**OW can I choose but love, and follow her,  
 Whose shadow smels like milder *Pomander*!  
 How can I chuse but kisse her, whence do's come  
 The *Storax*, *Spiknard*, *Myrrhe*, and *Ladanum*.

*Losse from the leaf.*

**G**reat men by small meanes oft are overthrown :  
*He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.*

*Rewards and Punishments.*

**A**LL things are open to these two events,  
 Or to Rewards, or else to Punishments.

*Shame, no Statist.*

**S**Hame is a bad attendant to a State :  
*He rents his Crown, that feares the Peoples hate.*

*To Sir Clisbie Crew.*

**S**Ince to th' Country first I came,  
 I have lost my former flame :  
 And, methinks, I not inherit,  
 As I did, my ravisht spirit.  
 If I write a Verse, or two,  
 'Tis with very much ado ;  
 In regard I want that Wine,  
 Which sho'd conjure up a line.  
 Yet, though now of Muse bereft,  
 I have still the manners left  
 For to thanke you, Noble Sir,  
 For those gifts you do conferre  
 Upon him, who only can  
 Be in Prose a gratefull man.

*Upon Himselfe.*

**I** Co'd never love indeed ;  
 Never see mine own heart bleed :  
 Never crucifie my life ;  
 Or for Widow, Maid, or Wife.

I co'd never seeke to please  
 One, or many Mistresses :  
 Never like their lips, to sweare  
*Oyle of Roses* still smelt there.

I co'd never breake my sleepe,  
 Fold mine Armes, sob, sigh, or weep :  
 Never beg, or humbly wooe  
 With oathes, and lyes, as others do.

I co'd never walke alone ;  
 Put a shirt of sackcloth on :  
 Never keep a fast, or pray  
 For good luck in love (that day.)

But have hitherto liv'd free,  
 As the aire that circles me :  
 And kept credit with my heart,  
 Neither broke i'th whole, or part.

*Fresh Cheefe and Cream.*

**W**O'd yee have fresh Cheefe and Cream ?  
*Iulia's* Breast can give you them :

And if more ; Each *Nipple* cries,  
To your *Cream*, her's *Strawberries*.

*An Eclogue, or Pastorall between Endimion  
Porter and Lycidas Herrick,  
set and sung.*

*Endym.* **A**H ! *Lycidas*, come tell me why  
Thy whilome merry Oate  
By thee doth so neglected lye ;  
And never purls a Note ?

I prithee speake: *Lyc.* I will. *End.* Say on :  
*Lyc.* 'Tis thou, and only thou,  
That art the cause, *Endimion* ;  
*End.* For Love's-sake, tell me how.

*Lyc.* In this regard, that thou do'st play  
Upon an other Plain :  
And for a Rurall Roundelay,  
Strik'st now a Courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our Hills, our Dales, our  
Our finer fleeced sheep : [Bowers,  
Unkind to us, to spend thine houres,  
Where Shepheards sho'd not keep.

I meane the Court : Let *Latmos* be  
My lov'd *Endymions* Court ;  
*End.* But I the Courtly State wo'd see :  
*Lyc.* Then see it in report.

What ha's the Court to do with Swaines,  
Where *Phillis* is not known ?  
Nor do's it mind the Rustick straines  
Of us, or *Coridon*.

Breake, if thou lov'st us, this delay ;  
*End.* Dear *Lycidas*, e're long,  
I vow by *Pan*, to come away  
And Pipe unto thy Song.

Then *Jessimine*, with *Florabell* ;  
And dainty *Amarillis*,  
With handsome-handed *Drofmell*  
Shall pranke thy Hooke with Lillies.

*Lyc.* Then *Tityrus*, and *Coridon*,  
And *Thyrsis*, they shall follow  
With all the rest ; while thou alone  
Shalt lead, like young *Apollo*.

And till thou com'st, thy *Lycidas*,  
In every *Geniall* Cup,  
Shall write in Spice, *Endimion* 'twas  
That kept his Piping up.

And my most luckie Swain, when I shall live to see  
*Endimion's* Moon to fill up full, remember me :  
Mean time, let *Lycidas* have leave to Pipe to thee.

*To a Bed of Tulips.*

**B** Right Tulips, we do know,  
You had your comming hither ;

And Fading-time do's shew,  
That Ye must quickly wither.

Your *Sister-hoods* may stay,  
And smile here for your houre ;  
But dye ye must away :  
Even as the meanest Flower.

Come, Virgins, then, and see  
Your frailties ; and bemone ye ;  
For lost like these, 'twill be,  
As Time had never known ye.

*A Caution.*

**T**Hat Love last long ; let it thy first care be  
To find a Wife, that is most fit for Thee.  
Be She too wealthy, or too poore ; be sure,  
*Love in extreames, can never long endure.*

*To the Water Nymphs, drinking at the  
Fountain.*

**R**Each, with your whiter hands, to me,  
Some Christall of the Spring ;  
And I, about the Cup shall see  
Fresh Lillies flourishing.

Or else sweet Nymphs do you but this ;  
To'th' Glasse your lips encline ;  
And I shall see by that one kisse,  
The Water turn'd to Wine.

*To his Honoured Kinsman, Sir Richard Stone.*

TO this *white Temple* of my *Heroes*, here  
 Beset with stately Figures, every where,  
 Of such rare *Saint-ships*, who did here consume  
 Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume.  
 Come, thou *Brave man* ! And bring with Thee a  
 Unto thine own *Edification*. [Stone  
 High are These Statues here, besides no lesse  
 Strong then the Heavens for everlastingnesse :  
 Where build aloft ; and being fixt by These,  
 Set up Thine own *eternall Images*.

*Upon a Flie.*

A Golden Flie one shew'd to me,  
 Clos'd in a Box of Yvorie :  
 Where both seem'd proud ; the Flie to have  
 His buriall in an yvorie grave :  
 The yvorie tooke State to hold  
 A Corps as bright as burnisht gold.  
 One Fate had both ; both equall Grace ;  
 The Buried, and the Burying-place.  
 Not *Virgils Gnat*, to whom the Spring  
 All Flowers sent to'is burying.  
 Not *Marshals Bee*, which in a Bead  
 Of *Amber* quick was buried.  
 Nor that fine Worme that do's interre  
 Her selfe i'th' *silken Sepulchre*.



Not my rare *Pill*,\* that lately was  
 With *Lilies* Tomm'd up in a *Giazie*;  
 More honour had, then this same *Fie*;  
 Dead, and clos'd up in *Towrie*.

*Upon Jack and Jill. Epig.*

**W**hen *Jill* complains to *Jack* for want of  
 meate;  
*Jack* kisses *Jill*, and bids her freely eate:  
*Jill* sayes, of what? sayes *Jack*, on that sweet kisse,  
 Which full of Nectar and Ambrosia is,  
 The food of Poets; so I thought sayes *Jill*,  
 That makes them looke so lanke, so Ghost-like  
 Let Poets feed on aire, or what they will; [still.  
 Let me feed full, till that I fart, sayes *Jill*.

*To Julia.*

**J***ulia*, when thy *Herrick* dies,  
 Close thou up thy Poets eyes:  
 And his last breath, let it be  
 Taken in by none but Thee.

*To Mistrresse Dorothy Parsons.*

**I**F thou aske me, Deare, wherefore  
 I do write of thee no more:  
 I must answer, Sweet, thy part  
 Lesse is here, then in my heart.

---

\* Sparrow.

*Upon Parrat.*

**P***Arrat* protests 'tis he, and only he  
 Can teach a man the *Art of memory* :  
 Believe him not ; for he forgot it quite, [night-  
 Being drunke, who 'twas that Can'd his Ribs last

*How he would drinke his Wine.*

**F**ill me my Wine in Christall ; thus, and thus  
 I see't in's *puris naturalibus* :  
 Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine,  
 'Tis *sin I know*, 'tis *sin to throttle Wine*.  
 What Mad-man's he, that when it sparkles so,  
 Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with snow ?

*How Marigolds came yellow.*

**J***alous Girles* these sometimes were,  
 While they liv'd, or lasted here :  
 Turn'd to *Flowers*, still they be  
 Yellow, markt for Jealousie.

*The broken Christall.*

**T**O Fetch me Wine my *Lucia* went,  
 Bearing a Christall *continent* :  
 But making haste, it came to passe,  
 She brake in two the purer Glasse,  
 Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed ;  
 So with a blush, befhrew'd the deed.

*Precepts.*

Good Precepts we must firmly hold,  
By daily *Learning* we wax old.

*To the right Honourable Edward Earle of  
Dorset.*

IF I dare write to You, my Lord, who are,  
Of your own selfe, a *Publick Theater*.  
And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, walks of wit,  
And give a righteous judgement upon it.  
What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,  
If *Dorset* say, what *Herrick* writes, is good?  
We know y'are learn'd i'th'Muses, and no lesse  
In our *State-sanctions*, deep, or bottomlesse.  
Whose smile can make a Poet; and your glance  
Dash all bad Poems out of countenance.  
So, that an Author needs no other Bayes  
For Coronation, then Your onely Praise.  
And no one mischief greater then your frown,  
To null his Numbers, and to blast his Crowne.  
*Few live the life immortall. He ensures  
His Fame's long life, who strives to set up Yours.*

*Upon Himself.*

Th'art hence removing, like a Shepherds Tent,  
And walk thou must the way that others went:

Fall thou must first, then rise to life with These,  
Markt in thy Book for faithfull Witnesses.

*Hope well and Have well : or, Faire after  
Foule weather.*

**W**Hat though the Heaven be lowring now,  
And look with a contracted brow ?  
We shall discover, by and by,  
A Repurgation of the Skie :  
And when those clouds away are driven,  
Then will appeare a cheerfull Heaven.

*Upon Love.*

**I** Held Love's head while it did ake ;  
But so it chanc't to be ;  
The cruell paine did his forsake,  
And forthwith came to me.

Ai me ! How shal my grieve be stil'd ?  
Or where else shall we find  
One like to me, who must be kill'd  
For being too-too-kind ?

*To his Kinswoman, Mrs. Penelope Wheeler.*

**N**Ext is your lot, Faire, to be number'd one,  
Here, in my Book's Canonization :  
Late you come in ; but you a Saint shall be,  
In Chiefe, in this Poetick Liturgie.

*Another upon her.*

**F**Irſt, for your ſhape, the curious cannot ſhew  
 Any one part that's diſſonant in you :  
 And 'gainſt your chaſt behaviour there's no Plea,  
 Since you are knowne to be *Penelope*.  
 Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be  
*A mighty ſtriſe 'twixt Forme and Chaſtitie.*

*Kiſſing and Buſſing.*

**K**iſſing and buſſing differ both in this ; [kiſſe.  
 We buſſe our Wantons, but our Wives we

*Croſſe and Pile.*

**F**Aire and foule dayes trip Croſſe and Pile ;  
 The faire  
 Far leſſe in number, then our foule dayes are.

*To the Lady Crew, upon the Death of  
 her Child.*

**W**Hy, Madam, will ye longer weep,  
 When as your Baby's lull'd aſleep ?  
 And, pretty Child, feelles now no more  
 Thoſe paines it lately felt before.  
 All now is ſilent ; groanes are fled :  
 Your Child lyes ſtill, yet is not dead :

But rather like a flower hid here  
To spring againe another yeare.

*His Winding-sheet.*

Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit  
Of all I've writ :  
The Grace, the Glorie, and the best  
Piece of the rest.  
Thou art of what I did intend  
The All, and End.  
And what was made, was made to meet  
Thee, thee my sheet.  
Come then, and be to my chaste side  
Both Bed, and Bride.  
We two, as Reliques left, will have  
One Rest, one Grave.  
And, hugging close, we will not feare  
Lust entering here :  
Where all Desires are dead, or cold  
As is the mould :  
And all Affections are forgot,  
Or Trouble not.  
Here, here the Slaves and Pris'ners be  
From Shackles free :  
And weeping Widowes long oppress'd  
Doe here find rest.  
The wronged Client ends his Lawes  
Here, and his Cause.  
Here those long suits of Chancery lie



*Change gives Content.*

**W**Hat now we like, anon we disapprove :  
*The new successor drives away old Love.*

*Upon Magot a Frequenter of Ordinaries.*

**M**Agot frequents those houses of good-cheere,  
 Talks most, eats most, of all the Feeders  
 there.

He raves through leane, he rages through the fat;  
 (What gets the master of the Meal by that ?)  
 He who with talking can devoure so much,  
 How wo'd he eate, were not his hindrance such ?

*On Himselfe.*

**B**Orne I was to meet with Age,  
 And to walke Life's pilgrimage.  
 Much I know of Time is spent,  
 Tell I can't, what's Resident.  
 Howsoever, cares, adue ;  
 Ile have nought to say to you :  
 But Ile spend my comming houres,  
 Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

*Fortune favours.*

**F**ortune did never favour one  
 Fully, without exception ;



Though free she be, ther's something yet  
Still wanting to her Favourite.

*To Phillis to love, and live with him.*

**L**ive, live with me, and thou shalt see  
The pleasures Ile prepare for thee :  
What sweets the Country can afford  
Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse thy Board.  
The soft sweet Mosse shall be thy bed,  
With crawling Woodbine over-spread ;  
By which the silver-shedding streames  
Shall gently melt thee into dreames.  
Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne  
Made of the Fleeces purest Downe.  
The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate ;  
Their Milke thy drinke ; and thou shalt eate  
The Paste of Filberts for thy bread  
With Cream of Cowslips buttered :  
Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills  
With *Daisies* spread, and *Daffadils* ;  
Where thou shalt sit, and *Red-breft* by,  
For meat, shall give thee melody.  
Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets  
Of *Primroses* and *Violets*.  
A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have ;  
That richly wrought, and This as brave ;  
So that as either shall expresse  
The Wearer's no meane Shepheardesse.  
At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,  
When *Themilis* his pastime makes,

There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,  
Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.  
On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet  
To dance the Heyes with nimble feet ;  
Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare  
The *Queen of Roses* for that yeere.  
And having danc't ('bove all the best)  
Carry the Garland from the rest.  
In Wicker-baskets Maids shal bring  
To thee, my dearest Shepharling,  
The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,  
And shame-fac't Plum, all simp'ring there,  
Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find  
The name of *Phillis* in the Rind  
Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree ;  
Where kissing that, Ile twice kisse thee.  
To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,  
Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,  
This, this alluring Hook might be  
Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me.  
Thou shalt have Poffets, Waffails fine,  
Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine ;  
To make thy Maids and selfe free mirth,  
All sitting neer the glitt'ring Hearth.  
Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings,  
Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes, and Strings  
Of winning Colours, that shall move  
Others to Lust, but me to Love.  
These, nay, and more, thine own shal be,  
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

*To his Kinswoman, Mistresse Susanna Herrick*

**W**Hen I confider, Deareft, thou doft ftay  
 But here awhile, to languifh and decay ;  
 Like to thefe Garden-glories, which here be  
 The Flowrie-fweet refemblances of Thee :  
 With grieve of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,  
 Wo'd thou haft ne'r been born, or might'ft not die.

*Upon Mistresse Susanna Southwell  
 her Cheeks.*

**R**Are are thy cheeks, *Susanna*, which do fhew  
 Ripe Cherries fmiling, while that others blow.

*Upon her Eyes.*

**C**Leere are her eyes,  
 Like pureft Skies.  
 Discovering from thence  
 A Babie there  
 That turns each Sphere,  
 Like an Intelligence.

*Upon her Feet.*

**H**Er pretty feet  
 Like fnailes did creep  
 A little out, and then,  
 As if they played at Bo-peep,  
 Did foon draw in agen,

*To his honoured Friend, Sir John Mince.*

**F**OR civill, cleane, and circumcised wit,  
 And for the comely carriage of it;  
 Thou art The Man, the onely Man best known,  
 Markt for the *True-wit* of a Million:  
 From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but since  
 The *Calculation* of thy Birth, *Brave Mince*.

*Upon his gray Haires.*

**F**Ly me not, though I be gray,  
 Lady, this I know you'l say;  
 Better look the *Roses* red,  
 When with white commingled.  
 Black your haires are; mine are white;  
 This begets the more delight,  
 When things meet most opposite:  
 As in *Pictures* we descry,  
*Venus* standing *Vulcan* by.

*Accusation.*

**I**F *Accusation* onely can draw blood,  
 None shall be guiltlesse, be he ne'r so good.

*Pride allowable in Poets.*

**A**S thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let  
 The *Muse* give thee the *Delphick Coronet*.

*A Vow to Minerva.*

**G**Oddeſſe, I begin an Art ;  
 Come thou in, with thy beſt part,  
 For to make the Texture lye  
 Each way ſmooth and civilly :  
 And a broad-fac't Owle ſhall be  
 Offer'd up with Vows to Thee.

*On Jone.*

**J**One wo'd go tel her haireſ ; and well ſhe might,  
 Having but ſeven in all ; three black, foure white.

*Upon Letcher. Epig.*

**L**etcher was Carted firſt about the ſtreets,  
 For falſe Poſition in his neighbours ſheets :  
 Next, hang'd for Theeving : Now the people ſay,  
 His Carting was the *Prologue* to this Play.

*Upon Dundrige.*

**D**undrige his Iſſue hath ; but is not ſtyl'd  
 For all his Iſſue, Father of one Child.

*To Electra.*

**'T**Is Ev'ning, my Sweet,  
 And dark ; let us meet ;

Long time w'ave here been a toying :

And never, as yet,

That season co'd get,

Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pittie or shame,

Then let not Love's flame,

Be ever and ever a spending ;

Since now to the Port

The path is but short ;

And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast ;

Our houres doe waste :

The while we never remember,

How soone our life, here,

Growes old with the yeere,

That dyes with the next *December*.

*Discord not disadvantageous.*

**F**ortune no higher Project can devise,  
Then to sow Discord 'mongst the Enemies.

*Ill Government.*

**P**Reposterous is that Government, and rude,  
When Kings obey the wilder Multitude.

*To Marygolds.*

**G**ive way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun,  
And hang the head when as the Act is done,

Spread as He spreads ; wax lesse as He do's wane ;  
And as He shuts, close up to Maids again.

To Dianeme.

GIVE me one kisse,  
And no more ;  
If so be, this  
Makes you poore ;  
To enrich you,  
Ile restore  
For that one, two  
Thousand score.

To Julia, the Flaminica Dialis,  
or Queen-Priest.

THOU know'st, my *Julia*, that it is thy turne  
This Mornings Incense to prepare, and burne.  
The Chaplet, and *Inarculum*\* here be,  
With the white Vestures, all attending Thee.  
This day, the *Queen-Priest*, thou art made t'ap-  
Love for our very-many Trespasses. [pease  
One chiefe transgression is among the rest,  
Because with Flowers her Temple was not drest:  
The next, because her Altars did not shine  
With daily Fyers : The last, neglect of Wine :

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\* A twig of a Pomgranat, which the queen-priest did use to wear  
on her head at sacrificing.

For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume  
Us all, unlesse preserv'd by thy Perfume.  
Take then thy Censer ; Put in Fire, and thus,  
O *Pious-Priestresse!* make a Peace for us.  
For our neglect, Love did our Death decree,  
That we escape. *Redemption comes by Thee.*

*Anacreontike.*

**B**orn I was to be old,  
And for to die here :  
After that, in the mould  
Long for to lye here.  
But before that day comes,  
Still I be Boufing ;  
For I know, in the Tombs  
There's no Caroufing.

*Meat without Mirth.*

**E**aten I have ; and though I had good cheere,  
I did not sup, becaufe no friends were there.  
Where Mirth and Friends are absent when we Dine  
Or Sup, there wants the Incense and the Wine.

*Large Bounds doe but bury us.*

**A**LL things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance ;  
The greatest mans Inheritance.  
Where ere the luckie Lot doth fall,  
Serves but for place of Buriall.



*Upon Urley.*

URley, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace  
 The Candid Temples of her comely face :  
 But he will say, who e'r those Circlets seeth,  
 They be but signs of *Urleys* hollow teeth.

*An Ode to Sir Clipsebie Crew.*

HERE we securely live, and eate  
 The Creame of meat ;  
 And keep eternal fires,  
 By which we sit, and doe Divine  
 As Wine  
 And Rage inspires.

If full we charme ; then call upon  
*Anacreon*  
 To grace the frantick Thyrsē :  
 And having drunk, we raise a shout  
 Throughout  
 To praise his Verse.

Then cause we *Horace* to be read,  
 Which sung, or seyed,  
 A Goblet, to the brim,  
 Of Lyrick Wine, both swell'd and crown'd,  
 A Round  
 We quaffe to him.

Thus, thus, we live, and spend the houres  
 In Wine and Flowers :  
 And make the frolick yeere,  
 The Month, the Week, the instant Day  
 To stay  
 The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and see the Cell  
 Wherein I dwell ;  
 And my Enchantments too ;  
 Which Love and noble freedome is ;  
 And this  
 Shall fetter you.

Take Horfe, and come ; or be so kind,  
 To send your mind  
 (Though but in Numbers few)  
 And I shall think I have the heart,  
 Or part  
 Of *Clipsby Crew*.

*To his worthy Kinsman, Mr. Stephen Soame.*

NOr is my Number full, till I inscribe  
 Thee sprightly *Soame*, one of my righteous  
 A Tribe of one Lip ; Leven, and of One [Tribe:  
 Civil Behaviour, and Religion.  
 A Stock of Saints ; where ev'ry one doth weare  
 A stole of white, and Canonized here,  
 Among which Holies, be Thou ever known,  
 Brave Kinsman, markt out with the whiter stone :

Which seals Thy Glorie ; since I doe prefer  
Thee here in my eternall Calender.

*To his Tomb-maker.*

**G**O I must ; when I am gone,  
Write but this upon my Stone ;  
Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,  
That's the Story of my life.  
Strewings need none, every flower  
Is in this word, Batchelour.

*Great Spirits survive.*

**O**Ur mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths  
lye :  
*Great Spirits never with their bodies dye.*

*None free from fault.*

**O**Ut of the world he must, who once comes in :  
*No man exempted is from Death, or sinne.*

*Upon Himselfe being buried.*

**L**Et me sleep this night away,  
Till the Dawning of the day :  
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,  
I, and all the world shall rise.

*Pitie to the prostrate.*

**T**Is worse then barbarous cruelty to show  
No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

*Way in a Crowd.*

ONce on a Lord-Mayors day, in Cheapſide,  
when  
*Skulls* co'd not well paſſe through that ſcum of men.  
For quick diſpatch, *Skulls* made no longer ſtay,  
Then but to breath, and every one gave way :  
For as he breath'd, the People ſwore from thence  
A Fart flew out, or a *Sir-reverence*.

*His Content in the Country.*

HEre, here I live with what my Board,  
Can with the ſmalleſt coſt afford.  
Though ne'r ſo mean the Viands be,  
They well content my *Prew* and me.  
Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet,  
What ever comes, content makes ſweet :  
Here we rejoyce, becauſe no Rent  
We pay for our poore Tenement :  
Wherein we reſt, and never feare  
The Landlord, or the Uſurer.  
The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright  
Our Peacefull ſlumbers in the night.  
We eate our own, and batten more,  
Becaufe we feed on no mans ſcore :  
But pitie thoſe, whoſe flanks grow great,  
Swel'd with the Lard of others meat.  
We bleſſe our Fortunes, when we ſee  
Our own beloved privacie :

And like our living, where w'are known  
To very few, or else to none.

*The Credit of the Conqueror.*

**H**E who commends the vanquisht, speaks the  
And glorifies the worthy Conquerer. [Power,

*On Himselfe.*

**S**ome parts may perish ; dye thou canst not all :  
The most of Thee shall scape the funerall,

*Upon one-ey'd Broomsted. Epig.*

**B***roomsted* a lameness got by cold and Beere ;  
And to the *Bath* went, to be cured there :  
His feet were helpt, and left his Crutch behind :  
But home return'd, as he went forth, halfe blind.

*The Fairies,*

**I**F ye will with *Mab* find grace,  
Set each Platter in his place :  
Rake the Fier up, and get  
Water in, ere Sun be set.  
Wash your Pailes, and clense your Dairies ;  
Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies :  
Sweep your house : Who doth not so,  
*Mab* will pinch her by the toe.

To his honoured Friend, M. John Weare,  
Councillour,

**D**Id I or love, or could I others draw  
To the indulgence of the rugged Law :  
The first foundation of that zeale sho'd be  
By Reading all her *Paragraphs* in Thee.  
Who dost so fitly with the Lawes unite,  
As if You Two, were one *Hermophrodite* :  
Nor courts thou Her because she's well attended  
With wealth, but for those ends she was entended :  
Which were, and still her offices are known,  
*Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne.*  
To shore the Feeble up, against the strong ;  
To shield the Stranger, and the Poore from wrong :  
This was the Founders grave and good intent,  
To keepe the out-cast in his Tenement :  
To free the Orphan from that Wolfe-like-man,  
Who is his *Butcher* more then *Guardian*.  
To drye the Widowes teares ; and stop her Swoones,  
By pouring Balme and Oyle into her wounds.  
This was the old way ; and 'tis yet thy course,  
To keep those pious Principles in force.  
Modest I will be ; but one word Ile say  
(Like to a sound that's vanishing away)  
Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow  
Hisped, and hairie, ere thy Palm shall know  
A *Postern-bribe* tooke, or a *Forked-Fee*  
To fetter Justice, when She might be free.

*Eggs Ile not shave :* But yet, brave man, if I  
 Was destin'd forth to golden Sovereignty :  
 A Prince I'de be, that I might Thee preferre  
 To be my Counsell both, and Chancellor.

*The Watch.*

**M**An is a Watch, wound up at first, but never  
 Wound up again : Once down, He's down  
 for ever.

The Watch once downe, all motions then do cease ;  
 And Mans Pulse stopt, *All Passions sleep in Peace.*

*Lines have their Linings, and Bookes their  
 Buckram.*

**A**S in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes,  
 Shall find much farcing Buckram in our Books.

*Art above Nature, to Julia.*

**W**Hen I behold a Forrest spread  
 With filken trees upon thy head ;  
 And when I see that other Dresse  
 Of flowers set in comlineffe :  
 When I behold another grace  
 In the ascent of curious Lace,  
 Which like a Pinacle doth shew  
 The top, and the top-gallant too.  
 Then, when I see thy Tresses bound

Into an Ovall, square, or round ;  
 And knit in knots far more then I  
 Can tell by tongue ; or true-love tie :  
 Next, when those Lawnie Filmes I see  
 Play with a wild civility :  
 And all those airie filks to flow,  
 Alluring me, and tempting so :  
 I must confesse, mine eye and heart  
 Dotes les on Nature, then on Art.

*Upon Sibilla.*

W<sup>I</sup>th paste of Almonds, *Syb* her hands doth  
 scoure ;  
 Then gives it to the children to devoure.  
 In Cream she bathes her thighs, more soft then filk,  
 Then to the poore she freely gives the milke.

*Upon his Kinswoman Mistresse Bridget  
 Herrick.*

S<sup>W</sup>weet *Bridget* blusht, & therewithall,  
 Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall.  
 I thought at first 'twas but a dream,  
 Till after I had handled them ;  
 And smelt them, then they smelt to me,  
 As Blossomes of the *Almond Tree*.



*Upon Love.*

**I** Plaid with Love, as with the fire  
 The wanton Satyre did ;  
 Nor did I know, or co'd descry  
 What under there was hid.

That Satyre he but burnt his lips ;  
 (But min's the greater smart)  
 For kissing Loves dissembling chips,  
 The fire scorcht my heart.

*Upon a comely, and curious Maide.*

**I**F Men can say that beauty dyes ;  
 Marbles will sweare that here it lyes.  
 If, Reader, then thou canst forbear,  
 In publique losf to shed a Teare :  
 The Dew of grieve upon this stone  
 Will tell thee *Pitie* thou hast none.

*Upon the Losse of his Finger.*

**O**Ne of the five straight branches of my hand  
 Is lopt already ; and the rest but stand  
 Expecting when to fall : which soon will be ;  
 First dyes the Leafe, the Bough next, next the Tree.

*Upon Irene.*

**A**Ngry if *Irene* be  
 But a Minutes life with me :  
 Such a fire I espie  
 Walking in and out her eye,  
 As at once I freeze, and frie.

*Upon Electra's Teares.*

**U**Pon her cheekes she wept, and from those  
 showers  
 Sprang up a sweet *Nativity* of Flowres.

*Upon Tooly.*

**T**He Eggs of Pheasants wrie-nos'd *Tooly* sells ;  
 But ne'r so much as licks the speckled shells :  
 Only, if one prove addled, that he eates  
 With superstition, as the Cream of meates.  
 The Cock and Hen he feeds ; but not a bone  
 He ever pickt, as yet, of any one.

*A Hymne to the Graces.*

**W**Hen I love, (as some have told,  
 Love I shall when I am old)  
 O ye Graces ! Make me fit  
 For the welcoming of it.

Clean my Roomes, as Temples be,  
 T' entertain that Deity.  
 Give me words wherewith to wooe,  
 Suppling and successefull too :  
 Winning postures ; and withall,  
 Manners each way musicall :  
 Sweetnesse to allay my fowre  
 And unsmooth behaviour.  
 For I know you have the skill  
 Vines to prune, though not to kill,  
 And of any wood ye see,  
 You can make a *Mercury*.

*To Silvia.*

**N**O more, my *Silvia*, do I mean to pray  
 For those good dayes that ne'r will come  
 I want believe ; O gentle *Silvia*, be [away.  
 The patient Saint, and send up vowes for me.

*Upon Blanch. Epig.*

**I** Have seen many Maidens to have haire ;  
 Both for their comely need, and some to spare :  
 But *Blanch* has not so much upon her head,  
 As to bind up her chaps when she is dead.

*Upon Umber. Epig.*

U**M**ber was painting of a Lyon fierce,  
And working it, by chance from *Umbers* Erse  
Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the Fart,  
(As *Umber* sweares) did make his Lyon start.

*The Poet hath lost his Pipe.*

I Cannot pipe as I was wont to do,  
Broke is my Reed, hoarse is my finging too :  
My wearied Oat Ile hang upon the Tree,  
And give it to the *Silvan Deitie*.

*True Friendship.*

W**I**lt thou my true Friend be ?  
Then love not mine, but me.

*The Apparition of his Mistresse calling him  
to Elizium.*

*Defunct nonnulla —*

C**O**me then, and like two Doves with silv'rie  
wings,  
Let our soules flie to'the'shades, where ever springs  
Sit smiling in the Meads ; where Balme and Oile,

Roses and Cassia crown the untill'd soyle.  
Where no disease raignes, or infection comes  
To blast the Aire, but *Amber-greece* and *Gums*.  
This, that, and ev'ry Thicket doth transpire  
More sweet, then *Storax* from the hallowed fire :  
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares  
Of fragrant Apples, blushing Plums, or Peares :  
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew  
Like Morning-Sun-shine tinfilling the dew.  
Here in green Meddowes sits eternall May,  
Pursling the Margents, while perpetuall Day  
So double gilds the Aire, as that no night  
Can ever rust th'Enamel of the light.  
Here, naked Younglings handsome Striplings run  
Their Goales for Virgins kisses; which when done,  
Then unto Dancing forth the learned Round  
Commixt they meet, with endlesse Roses crown'd.  
And here we'l sit on Primrose-banks, and see  
Love's *Chorus* led by *Cupid*; and we'l be  
Two loving followers too unto the Grove,  
Where Poets sing the stories of our love.  
There thou shalt hear Divine *Musæus* sing  
Of *Hero*, and *Leander*; then Ile bring  
Thee to the Stand, where honour'd *Homer* reades  
His *Odisees*, and his high *Iliads*.  
About whose Throne the crowd of Poets throng  
To heare the incantation of his tongue :  
To *Linus*, then to *Pindar*; and that done,  
Ile bring thee *Herrick* to *Anacreon*,  
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning Wine,

And in his Raptures speaking Lines of Thine,  
 Like to His subject ; and as his Frantick-  
 Looks, shew him truly *Bacchanalian* like,  
 Besmear'd with Grapes ; welcome he shall thee  
 thither,

Where both may rage, both drink and dance to-  
 Then stately *Virgil*, witty *Ovid*, by [gether.  
 Whom faire *Corinna* sits, and doth comply  
 With Yvorie wrists, his Laureat head, and sleeps  
 His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.

Then soft *Catullus*, sharp-fang'd *Martial*,  
 And trowning *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*,  
 And Snakie *Perseus*, these, and those, whom Rage  
 (Dropt for the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage  
 All times unto their frenzies ; Thou shalt there  
 Behold them in a spacious Theater.

Among which glories, crown'd with sacred Bayes,  
 And flatt'ring Ivie, Two recite their Plaies,  
*Beumont* and *Fletcher*, Swans, to whom all eares  
 Listen, while they, like Syrens in their Spheres,  
 Sing their *Evadne* ; and still more for thee  
 There yet remains to know, then thou can'st see  
 By glim'ring of a fancie : Doe but come,  
 And there Ile shew thee that capacious roome  
 In which thy Father *Johnson* now is plac't,  
 As in a Globe of Radiant fire, and grac't  
 To be in that Orbe crown'd, that doth include  
 Those Prophets of the former Magnitude,  
 And he one chiefe ; But harke, I heare the Cock,  
 The Bell-man of the night, proclaime the clock

Of late struck one ; and now I see the prime  
 Of Day break from the pregnant East, 'tis time  
 I vanish ; more I had to say ;  
 But Night determines here, Away.

*Life is the Bodies Light.*

**L**ife is the Bodies light ; which once declining,  
 Those crimson clouds i'th' cheeks & lips leave  
 shining.

Those counter-changed *Tabbies* in the ayre,  
 The Sun once set, all of one colour are. [place,  
 So, when Death comes, *Fresh tinctures* lose their  
 And dismall Darknesse then doth smutch the face.

*Upon Urles. Epig.*

**U**Rles had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand ;  
 Then from his Feet, it shifted to his Hand :  
 When 'twas in's Feet, his Charity was small ;  
 Now tis in's Hand, he gives no Almes at all.

*Upon Franck.*

**F**Ranck ne'r wore silk she sweares ; but I reply,  
 She now weares silk to hide her blood-shot eye.

*Love lightly pleased.*

**L** Et faire or foule my Miftresse be,  
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me :  
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,  
The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it.  
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,  
Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her.  
Or let her Grant, or else Deny,  
*My Love will fit each Historie.*

*The Primrose.*

**A** Ske me why I send you here  
This sweet *Infanta* of the yeere ?  
Aske me why I send to you  
This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew ?  
I will whisper to your eares,  
The sweets of Love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show  
So yellow-green, and sickly too ?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak  
And bending, yet it doth not break ?  
I will answer, These discover  
What fainting hopes are in a Lover.



*The Tythe. To the Bride.*

**I**F nine times you your Bride-groome kisse ;  
 The tenth you know the Parsons is.  
 Pay then your Tythe ; and doing thus,  
 Prove in your Bride-bed numerous.  
 If children you have ten, Sir *John*  
 Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

*A Frolick.*

**B**Ring me my Rose-buds, Drawer, come ;  
 So, while I thus sit crown'd ;  
 Ile drink the aged *Cecubum*,  
 Untill the roofe turne round.

*Change common to all.*

**A**LL things subjected are to Fate ;  
 Whom this Morne sees most fortunate,  
 The Ev'ning sees in poore estate.

π

*To Julia.*

**T**He Saints-bell calls ; and, *Julia*, I must read  
 The Proper Lessons for the Saints now dead :  
 To grace which Service, *Julia*, there shall be  
 One *Holy Collect*, said or sung for Thee.

Dead when thou art, Deare *Julia*, thou shalt have  
A *Tentrall* sung by Virgins o're thy Grave :  
Meane time we two will sing the Dirge of these ;  
Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

*No Luck in Love.*

I Doe love I know not what ;  
Sometimes this, & sometimes that :  
All conditions I aime at.

But, as lucklesse, I have yet  
Many shrewd difasters met,  
To gaine her whom I wo'd get.

Therefore now Ile love no more,  
As I've doted heretofore :  
He who must be, shall be poore.

*In the Darke none dainty.*

Night hides our thefts ; all faults then pardon'd be :

All are alike faire, when no spots we see.  
*Lais* and *Lucrece*, in the night time are  
Pleasing alike ; alike both singular :  
*Jone*, and my *Lady* have at that time one,  
One and the selfe-same priz'd complexion.  
Then please alike the Pewter and the Plate ;  
The chosen *Rubie*, and the *Reprobate*.

*A Charme, or an Allay for Love.*

**I**F so be a Toad be laid  
 In a Sheeps-skin newly flaid,  
 And that ty'd to man 'twil sever  
 Him and his affections ever.

*Upon a free Maid, with a foule Breath.*

**Y**Ou say you'l kifs me, and I thanke you for it :  
 But stinking breath, I do as hell abhorre it.

*Upon Coone. Epig.*

**W**Hat is the reason *Coone* so dully smels ?  
 His Nose is over-cool'd with Isicles.

*To his Brother in Law Master John Wingfield.*

**F**OR being comely, consonant, and free  
 To most of men, but most of all to me :  
 For so decreeing, that thy clothes expence  
 Keeps still within a just circumference :  
 Then for contriving so to loade thy Board,  
 As that the Messes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord :  
 Next for Ordaining, that thy words not swell  
 To any one unsober syllable.  
 These I co'd praise thee for beyond another,  
 Wert thou a *Winckfield* onely, not a Brother.

*The Head-ake.*

**M**Y head doth ake,  
 O *Sappho*! take  
 Thy fillit,  
 And bind the paine;  
 Or bring some bane  
 To kill it.

But lesse that part,  
 Then my poore heart,  
 Now is sick:  
 One kisse from thee  
 Will counsell be,  
 And Physick.

*On Himselfe.*

**L**Ive by thy Muse thou shalt; when others die,  
 Leaving no Fame to long Posterity:  
 When Monarchies transhifted are, and gone;  
 Here shall endure thy vast Dominion.

*Upon a Maide.*

**H**ENCE a blessed soule is fled,  
 Leaving here the body dead:  
 Which, since here they can't combine,  
 For the Saint, we'l keep the Shrine.

*Upon Spalt.*

**O**F *Pushes Spalt* has such a knottie race,  
He needs a Tucker for to burle his face.

*Of Horne, a Comb-maker.*

**H***orne* sells to others teeth ; but has not one  
To grace his own Gums, or of Box, or bone.

*Upon the troublesome Times.*

**O** ! Times most bad,  
Without the scope  
Of hope  
Of better to be had !

Where shall I goe,  
Or whither run  
To shun  
This publique overthrow ?

No places are  
(This I am sure)  
Secure  
In this our waisting Warre.

Some storms w'ave past ;  
Yet we must all  
Down fall,  
And perish at the last.

*Cruelty base in Commanders.*

**N**Othing can be more loathsome, then to see  
*Power conjoyn'd with Natures Crueltie.*

*Upon a sowre-breath Lady. Epig.*

**F**ie, (quoth my Lady) what a stink is here?  
 When 'twas her breath that was the *Carrionere*.

*Upon Lucia.*

**I** Askt my *Lucia* but a kisse;  
 And she with scorn deny'd me this;  
 Say then, how ill sho'd I have sped,  
 Had I then askt her Maidenhead?

*Little and loud.*

**L**ittle you are; for Womans sake be proud;  
 For my sake next, (though little) *be not loud.*

*Ship-wrack.*

**H**E, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, seares to faile  
 Upon the Seas, though with a gentle gale.

*Paines without Profit.*

**A** Long-lifes-day I've taken paines  
For very little, or no gaines :  
The Ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,  
And work no more ; but shut up Shop.

END OF VOL. I.









